JAMES G. BLAINE.

FAMOUS AMERICAN STATESMEN & ORATORS

PAST AND PRESENT

WITH

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

—AND—

THEIR FAMOUS ORATIONS

IN SIX VOLUMES

VOLUME V

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Lowell, James Russell, a distinguished American diplomat, orator and man of letters, born in Cambridge, Mass., February 22, 1819; died there August 12, 1891. He began the study of law, but soon abandoned it for literature, and presently attracted favorable notice as a poet. He succeeded Longfellow as professor of modern languages at Harvard College in 1855, and from 1857 to 1862 was editor of the "Atlantic Monthly." Both as poet and essayist he had now won distinction, and in 1877 he was appointed Minister to Spain, remaining at Madrid in that capacity till 1880. From 1880 to 1885 he was Minister to England, where he was exceedingly popular, both as a writer and for personal reasons. He delivered many public addresses and ranked among the most polished, scholarly orators of his time. Beside many volumes of poems and essays he published a collection of his public discourses, entitled "Democracy and Other Addresses," in 1887.

ORATION AT THE 250TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE FOUNDING OF HARVARD COLLEGE.

DELIVERED AT CAMBRIDGE, NOVEMBER 8, 1886.

It seems an odd anomaly that while respect for age and deference to its opinions have diminished, and are still sensibly diminishing among us, the relish of antiquity should be more pungent and the value set upon things merely because they are old should be greater in America than anywhere else. It is merely a sentimental relish, for ours is a new country in more senses than one, and like children when they are fancying themselves this or that, we have to play very hard in order to believe that we are old.

But we like the game none the worse and multiply our anniversaries with honest zeal, as if we increased our centuries by the number of events we could congratulate ourselves on having happened a hundred years ago. There is something of instinct in this, and it is a wholesome instinct if it serve to quicken our consciousness of the forces that are gathered by duration and continuity; if it teach us that, ride fast and far as we may, we carry the past on our crupper, as immovably seated there as the black care of the Roman poet. The generations of men are braided inextricably together, and the very trick of our gait may be countless generations older than we. . . .

Are we to suppose that these memories were less dear and gracious to the Puritan scholars at whose instigation this college was founded than to that other Puritan who sang in the dim religious light, the long-drawn aisles and fretted vaults, which these memories recalled? Doubtless all these things were present to their minds, but they were ready to forego them all for the sake of that truth whereof, as Milton says of himself, they were members incorporate.

The pitiful contrast which they must have felt between the carven sanctuaries of learning they had left behind and the wattled fold they were rearing here on the edge of the wilderness is to me more than tenderly—it is almost sublimely—pathetic. When I think of their unpliable strength of purpose, their fidelity to their ideal, their faith in God and in themselves, I am inclined to say, with Donne, that

"We are scarce our father's shadows cast at noon."

Our past is well-nigh desolate of aesthetic stimulus. We have none, or next to none, of these aids to the imagination, of these coigns of vantage for the tendrils of memory or affection. Not one of our older buildings is venerable or will ever become so. Time refuses to console them. They all look as though they meant business and nothing more. And it is precisely because this college meant business—business of the gravest import—and did that business as thoroughly as it might with no means that were not niggardly, except an abundant purpose to do its best, it is precisely for this that we have gathered to-day. We come back hither from the experiences of a richer life as the son who has prospered returns to the household of his youth, to find in its very homeliness a pulse, if not of deeper, certainly of fonder emotion than any splendor could stir. "Dear old mother," we say, "How charming you are in your plain cap and the drab silk that has been turned again since we saw you! You were constantly forced to remind us that you could not afford to give us this and that which some other boys had, but your discipline and diet were wholesome, and you sent us forth into the world with the sound constitutions and healthy appetites that are bred of simple fare."

It is good for us to commemorate this homespun past of ours; good in these days of reckless and swaggering prosperity, to remind ourselves how poor our fathers were, and that we celebrate them because for themselves and their children they chose wisdom and understanding and the things that are of God rather than any other riches. This is our Founder's Day,

and we are come together to do honor to them all. First, to the Commonwealth, which laid our corner-stone; next, to the gentle and godly youth from whom we took our name—himself scarce more than a name—and with them to the countless throng of benefactors, rich and poor, who have built us up to what we are. We cannot do it better than in the familiar words:

"Let us now praise famous men and our fathers that begat us. The Lord hath wrought great glory by them through his great power from the beginning. Leaders of the people by their counsels, and, by their knowledge of learning, meet for the people; wise and eloquent in their instructions. There be of them that have left a name behind them that their praises might be reported. And some there be which have no memorial, who are perished as though they had never been. But these were merciful men whose righteousness hath not been forgotten. With their seed shall continually remain a good inheritance. Their seed standeth fast and their children for their sakes."

This 250th anniversary of our college is not remarkable as commemorating any venerable length of days. There is hardly a country in Europe that cannot show us universities that were older than ours now is when ours was but a grammar school with Eaton as master. Bologna, Paris, Oxford were already famous schools when Dante visited them six hundred years ago. We are ancient, it is true, on our own continent, ancient even as compared with several German universities more renowned than we. It is not, then, pri-

marily the longevity of our alma mater upon which we are gathered here to congratulate her and each other.

Kant says, somewhere, that as the record of human transactions accumulate, the memory of man will have room only for those of supreme cosmopolitical importance. Can we claim for the birthday we are keeping significance of so wide a bearing and so long a reach? If we may not do that, we may at least affirm, confidently, that the event it records and emphasizes is second in real import to none that has happened in this western hemisphere. The material growth of the colonies would have brought about their political separation from the mother country in the fulness of time, without that stain of blood which unhappily keeps its own memory green so long.

But the founding of the first English college here was what saved New England from becoming a mere geographical expression. It did more, for it ensured, and I believe was meant to ensure, our intellectual independence of the Old World. That independence has been long in coming, but it will come at last; and are not the names of the chiefest of those who have hastened its coming written on the roll of Harvard College?

I think this foundation of ours a quite unexampled thing. Surely never were the bases of such a structure as this has become, and was meant to be, laid by a community of men so poor, in circumstances so unprecedented, and under what seemed such sullen and averted stars. The colony was in danger of an Indian war, was in the throes of that Antinomian controversy which threatened its very existence, yet the lead-

ers of opinion on both sides were united in the resolve that sound learning and an educated clergy should never cease from among them or their descendants in the Commonwealth they were building up.

In the midst of such fears and such tumults Harvard College was born; and not Marina herself had a more blusterous birth or a more chiding nativity. The provision of those men must have been as clear as their faith was steadfast. Well they knew and had laid to heart the wise man's precept, "Take fast hold of instruction; let her not go, for she is thy life."

There can be little question that the action of the general court received its impulse and direction from the clergy, men of eminent qualities and of well-deserved authority. Among the Massachusetts Bay colonists the proportion of ministers trained at Oxford and Cambridge was surprisingly large, and if we may trust the evidence of contemporary secular literature, such men as Higginson, Cotton, Wilson, Norton, Shephard, Bulkley, Davenport, to mention no more, were in learning, intelligence, and general accomplishment far above the average parson of the country and the church from which their conscience had driven them out.

The presence and influence of such men were of inestimable consequence to the fortunes of the colony. If they were narrow, it was as the sword of righteousness was narrow. If they had but one idea it was as the leader of a forlorn hope had but one and can have no other—namely, to do the duty that is laid on him and ask no questions.

Our Puritan ancestors have been misrepresented and

maligned by persons without imagination enough to make themselves contemporary with, and therefore able to understand, the men whose memories they strive to blacken. That happy breed of men who both in church and state led our first emigration were children of the most splendid intellectual epoch that England has ever known. They were the coevals of a generation which passed on, in scarcely a diminished radiance, the torch of life kindled in great Eliza's golden days. Out of the new learning, the new ferment, alike religious and national, and the new discoveries with their suggestion of boundless possibility, the alembic of that age had distilled a potent elixir either inspiring or intoxicating, as the mind that imbibed it was strong or weak.

Are we to suppose that the lips of the founders of New England alone were unwetted by a drop of that stimulating draught? That Milton was the only Puritan that had read Shakespeare and Ben Johnson and Beaumont and Fetcher? I do not believe it, whoever may. Communities as well as men have a right to be judged by their best. We are justified in taking the elder Winthrop as a type of the leading emigrants, and the more we know him the more we learn to reverence his great qualities, whether of mind or character. The posterity of those earnest and single-minded men may have thrown the creed of their fathers into the waste basket, but their fidelity to it and to the duties they believed it to involve is the most precious and potent drop in their transmitted blood. It is especially noteworthy that they did not make a strait-waistcoat of this creed for their new college. The more I medi-

tate upon them the more I am inclined to pardon the enthusiasm of our old historian when he said that God had sifted three kingdoms to plant New England.

The Massachusetts Bay colony itself also was then, and since, without a parallel. It was established by a commercial company whose members combined in themselves the two by no means incongruous elements, enthusiasm and business sagacity, the earthly ingredient, as in dynamite, holding in check its explosive partner, which yet could and did explode on sufficient concussion. They meant that their venture should be gainful, but at the same time believed that nothing could be longer profitable for the body wherein the soul found not also her advantage. They feared God, and kept their powder dry because they feared him, and meant that others should.

I think their most remarkable characteristic was their public spirit, and in nothing did they show both that and the wise forecast that gives it its best value more clearly than when they resolved to keep the higher education of youth in their own hands and under their own eye. This they provided for in the college. Eleven years later they established their system of public schools, where reading and writing should be taught. This they did partly, no doubt, to provide feeders for the more advanced schools, and so for the college, but even more, it may safely be inferred, because they had found that the policy to which their ends, rough-hew them as they might, must be shaped by the conditions under which they were forced to act, could be safe only in the hands of intelligent men, or,

at worst, of men to whom they had given a chance to become such.

One is sometimes tempted to think that all learning is as repulsive to ingenuous youth as the multiplication table to Scott's little friend, Marjorie Fleming, though this is due in great part to mechanical methods of teaching.

"I am now going to tell you," she writes, "the horrible and wretched plague that my multiplication table gives me; you can't conceive it; the most devilish thing is eight times eight and seven times seven; it is what nature itself can't endure."

I know that I am approaching treacherous ashes which cover burning coals, but I must on. Is not Greek, nay, even Latin, yet more unendurable than poor Marjorie's task? How many boys have not sympathized with Heine in hating the Romans because they invented Latin grammar? And they were quite right, for we begin the study of languages at the wrong end, at the end which nature does not offer us, and are thoroughly tired of them before we arrive at them, if you will pardon the bull. But is that any reason for not studying them in the right way?

I am familiar with the arguments for making the study of Greek especially a matter of choice or chance. I admit their plausibility and the honesty of those who urge them. I should be willing, also, to admit that the study of the ancient languages without the hope or the prospect of going on to what they contain would be useful only as a form of intellectual gymnastics. Even so they would be as serviceable as the higher mathematics to most of us. But I think that a wise teacher

should adapt his tasks to the highest and not the lowest capacities of the taught.

For those lower, also, they would not be wholly without profit. When there is a tedious sermon, says George Herbert,

"God takes a text, and teacheth patience."

not the least pregnant of lessons. One of the arguments against the compulsory study of Greek, namely, that it is wiser to give our time to modern languages and modern history than to dead languages and ancient history, involves, I think, a verbal fallacy. Only those languages can properly be called dead in which nothing living has been written. If the classic languages are dead they yet speak to us and with a clearer voice than that of any living tongue.

If their language is dead, yet the literature it enshrines is crammed with life as, perhaps, no other writing except Shakespeare's ever was or will be. It is as contemporary with to-day as with the ears it first enraptured, for it appeals not to the man of then or now, but to the entire round of human nature itself. Men are ephemeral or evanescent, but whatever badge the authentic soul of man has touched with her immortalizing finger, no matter how long ago, is still young and fair as it was to the world's gray father's. Oblivion looks in the face of the Grecian muse only to forget her purpose. Even for the mastering of our own tongue there is no expedient so truthful as translation out of another; how much more when that other is a language at once so precise and so flexible as the Greek! Greek literature is also

the most fruitful comment on our own. Coleridge has told us with what profit he was made to study Shakespeare and Milton in conjunction with the Greek dramatists. It is no sentimental argument for this study that the most justly balanced, the most serene and the most fecundating minds since the revival of learning have been saturated with Greek literature. We know not whither other studies will lead us, especially if dissociated from this; we do not know to what summits, far above our lower region of turmoil this has led, and what the many-sided outlook thence.

Will such studies make anachronisms of us? Unfit us for the duties and the business of to-day? I can recall no writer more truly modern than Montaigne, who was almost more at home in Athens and Rome than in Paris. Yet he was a thrifty manager of his estate and a most competent mayor of Bordeaux.

I remember passing once in London where demolition for a new thoroughfare was going on. Many houses left standing in the rear of those cleared away bore signs with the inscription "Ancient Lights." This was the protest of their owners against being built out by the new improvements from such glimpse of heaven as their fathers had, without adequate equivalent. I laid the moral to heart.

I am speaking of the college as it has always existed and still exists. In so far as it may be driven to put on the forms of the university—I do not mean the four faculties merely, but in the modern sense—we shall naturally find ourselves compelled to assume the method with the function. Some day we shall offer here a chance, at least, to acquire the *omne scibile*. I shall

be glad, as shall we all, when the young American need no longer go abroad for any part of his training, though that may not be always a disadvantage, if Shakespeare was right in thinking that—

> " Home-keeping youths have ever homely wits."

I should be still gladder if Harvard should be the place that offered the alternative. It seems more than ever probable that this will happen, and happen in our day.

And whenever this consummation is accomplished it will be due, more than to any and all others, to the able, energetic, and simple-minded man who has presided over the college during the trying period of transition, and who by a rare combination of eminent qualities, will carry that transition to its fulfilment without haste and without jar. *" Ohne Hast, ohne Rast."* He more than any of his distinguished predecessors, has brought the university into closer and more telling relations with the national life in whatever that life has which is most distinctive, most excellent, and most hopeful.

But we still mainly occupy the position of a German gymnasium. Under existing circumstances therefore, and with the methods of teaching they enforce, I think that special and advanced courses should be pushed on, as the other professional courses are, into the post-graduate period. The opportunity would be greater because the number would be less, and the teaching not only more thorough but more vivifying through the more intimate relation of teacher and pupil. Under those conditions the voluntary system will not only be possible, but will come of itself, for every student

will know what he wants, and where he may get it, and learning will be loved as it should be, for its own sake as well as for what it gives.

The friends of university training can do nothing that would forward it more than the founding of post-graduate fellowships and the building and endowing of a hall where the holders of them might be commensals, remembering that when Cardinal Wolsey built Christ Church at Oxford his first care was the kitchen. Nothing is so great a quickener of the faculties or so likely to prevent their being narrowed to a single groove as the frequent social commingling of men who are aiming at one goal by different paths: If you would have really great scholars, and our life offers no prize for such, it would be well if the university could offer them. I have often been struck with the many-sided versatility of the fellows of the English Colleges who have kept their wits in training by continual fencing with one another.

During the first two centuries of her existence it may be affirmed that Harvard did sufficiently well the only work she was called on to do, perhaps the only work it was possible for her to do. She gave to Boston her scholarly impress, to the Commonwealth her scholastic impulse. To the clergy of her training was mainly intrusted the oversight of the public schools; these were, as I have said, though indirectly, feeders of the college, for their teaching was the plainest.

But if a boy in any country village showed uncommon parts the clergyman was sure to hear of it. He and the squire and the doctor, if there was one, talked it over and the boy was sure to be helped on-

ward to college, for next to the five points of Calvinism, our ancestors believed in a college education; that is, in the best education that was to be had. The system, if system it should be called, was a good one, a practical application of the doctrine of natural selection. Ah! how the parents, nay, the whole family toiled and pinched that this boy might have the chance denied to them.

Mr. Matthew Arnold has told us that in contemporary France, which seems doomed to try every theory of enlightenment by which the fingers may be burned or the house set on fire, the children of the public schools are taught in answer to the question, "Who gives you all these fine things?" to say, "The State."

Ill fares the State in which the parental image is replaced by an abstraction. The answer of the boy of whom I have been speaking would have been in a spirit better for the State and for the hope of his own future life: "I owe them under God to my own industry, to the sacrifice of my father and mother and to the sympathy of good men." Nor was the boy's self-respect lessened, for the aid was given by loans to be repaid when possible. The times have changed, and it is no longer the ambition of a promising boy to go to college. They are taught to think that a common school education is good enough for all practical purposes; and so perhaps it is, but not for all ideal purposes. Our public schools teach too little or too much; too little, if education is to go no further; too many things if what is taught is to be taught thoroughly. And the more they seem to teach the less

likely is education to go further, for it is one of the prime weaknesses of a democracy to be satisfied with the second best if it appear to answer the purpose tolerably well, and to be cheaper—as it never is in the long run.

Harvard has done much, by raising its standard, to force upward that also of the preparatory schools. The leaven thus infused will, let us hope, filter gradually downward till it raise a ferment in the lower grades as well. What we need more than anything else is to increase the number of our highly cultivated men and thoroughly trained minds, for these, wherever they go, are sure to carry with them, consciously or not, the seeds of sounder thinking and of higher ideals. The only way in which our civilization can be maintained, even at the level it has reached; the only way in which that level can be made more general and be raised higher, is by bringing the influence of the more cultivated to bear with more energy and directness on the less cultivated and by opening more inlets to those indirect influences which make for refinement of mind and body.

Democracy must show its capacity for producing, not a higher average man, but the highest possible types of manhood in all its manifold varieties, or it is a failure. No matter what it does for the body, if it do not in some sort satisfy that inextinguishable passion of the soul for something that lifts life away from prose, from the common and the vulgar, it is a failure. Unless it know how to make itself gracious and winning, it is a failure. Has it done this? Is it doing this? Or trying to do it?

Not yet, I think, if one may judge by that commonplace of our newspapers that an American who stays long enough in Europe is sure to find his own country unendurable when he comes back. This is not true, if I may judge from some little experience, but it is interesting as implying a certain consciousness, which is of the most hopeful augury. But we must not be impatient; it is a far cry from the dwellers in caves to even such civilization as we have achieved. I am conscious that life has been trying to civilize me for now nearly seventy years with what seem to me very inadequate results. We cannot afford to wait but the race can. And when I speak of civilization I mean those things that tend to develop the moral forces of man and not merely to quicken his aesthetic sensibility, though there is often a nearer relation between the two than is popularly believed.

The tendency of a prosperous democracy—and hitherto we have had little to do but prosper—is toward an overweening confidence in itself and its home-made methods, an over-estimate of material success and a corresponding indifference to the things of the mind. The popular ideal of success seems to be more than ever before the accumulation of riches. I say "seems," for it may be only because the opportunities are greater.

I am not ignorant that wealth is the great fertilizer of civilization and of the arts that beautify it. The very names of civilization and politeness show that the refinement of manners which made the arts possible is the birth of cities where wealth earliest accumulated because it found itself secure. Wealth may be an ex-

cellent thing, for it means power, it means leisure, it means liberty.

But these, divorced from culture, that is, from intelligent purpose, become the very mockery of their own essence, not goods but evils fated to their possessor, and bring with them like the Nibelung hoard a doom instead of a blessing. I am saddened when I see our success as a nation measured by the number of acres under tillage or of bushels of wheat exported, for the real value of a country must be weighed in scales more delicately than the balance of trade. The gardens of Sicily are empty now, but the bees from all climes still fetch honey from the tiny garden plot of Theocritus. On a map of the world you may cover Judea with your thumb, Athens with a finger tip, and neither of them figures in the prices current, but they still lord it in the thought and action of every civilized man. Did not Dante cover with his hood all that was Italy six hundred years ago? And if we go back a century, where was Germany unless in Weimar?

Material success is good but only as the necessary preliminary of better things. The measure of a nation's true success is the amount it has contributed to the thought, the moral energy, the intellectual happiness, the spiritual hope and consolation of mankind. There is no other, let our candidates flatter us as they may. We still make a confusion between huge and great. I know that I am repeating truisms but they are truisms that need to be repeated in season and out of season.

The most precious property of culture and of a college as its trustee is to maintain high ideals of life and

its purpose, to keep trimmed and burning the lamps of that Pharos built by wiser than we which warps from the reefs and shallows of popular doctrine. In proportion as there are more thoroughly cultivated persons in a community will the finer uses of prosperity be taught and the vulgar uses of it become disreputable.

And it is such persons that we are commissioned to send out with such consciousness of their fortunate vocation and such devotion to it as we may. We are confronted with unexpected problems. First of all is democracy, and that under conditions in great part novel, with its hitherto imperfectly tabulated results, whether we consider its effects upon national character, on popular thought, or on the functions of law and government.

We have to deal with a time when the belief seems to be spreading that truth not only can but should be settled by a show of hands rather than by a count of heads, and that one man is as good as another for all purposes—as indeed he is till a real man is needed; with a time when the press is more potent for good or for evil than ever any human agency was before, and yet is controlled more than ever before by its interests as a business than by its sense of duty as a teacher, giving news instead of intelligence; with a time when divers and strange doctrines touching the greatest human interests are allowed to run about unmuzzled in greater number and variety than ever before since the Reformation passed into its stage of putrefactive fermentation; with a time when the idols of the market-place are more devoutly worshipped than

ever Diana of the Ephesians was; when the electric telegraph by making public opinion simultaneous is also making it liable to those delusions, panics, and gregarious impulses which transform otherwise reasonable men into a mob, and when above all the better mind of the country is said to be growing more and more alienated from the highest of all sciences and services, the government of it.

I have drawn up a dreary catalogue and the moral it points is this—that the college in so far as it continues to be still a college, as in great part it does and must, is and should be limited by pre-existing conditions, and must consider first what the more general objects of education are without neglecting special aptitudes more than cannot be helped.

That more general purpose is, I take it, to set free, to supple and train the faculties in such wise as shall make them most effective for whatever task life may afterward set them, for the duties of life rather than for its business, and to open windows on every side of the mind where thickness of wall does not prevent it. Let our aim be as hitherto to give a good all-round education, fitted to cope with as many exigencies of the day as possible. I had rather the college should turn out one of Aristotle's four squaremen, capable of holding his own in whatever field he may be cast, than a score of lop-sided ones developed abnormally in one direction.

Our scheme should be adapted to the wants of the majority of undergraduates, to the objects that drew them hither, and to such training as will make the most of them after they come. Special aptitudes are sure to

take care of themselves, but the latent possibilities of the average mind can only be discovered by experiment in many directions.

When I speak of the average mind I do not mean that the courses of study should be adapted to the average level of intelligence but to the highest, for in these matters it is wiser to grade upward than downward since the best is the only thing that is good enough. To keep the wing-footed down to the pace of the leaden-soled disheartens the one without in the least encouraging the other.

"Brains," says Machiavelli, "are of three generations, those that understand of themselves, those that understand when another shows them, and those that understand neither of themselves nor by the showing of others."

It is the first class that should set the stint; the second will get on better than if they had set it themselves, and the third will at least have the pleasure of seeing the others show their paces.

In the college proper I repeat, for it is the birthday of the college that we are celebrating, it is the college that we love and of which we are proud—let it continue to give such a training as will fit the rich to be trusted with riches and the poor to withstand the temptations of poverty. Give to history, give to political economy, the ample verge the times demand, but with no detriment to those liberal arts which have formed open-minded men and good citizens in the past nor have lost the skill to form them.

Let it be our hope to make a gentleman of every youth who is put under our charge, not a conventional

gentleman but a man of culture, a man of intellectual resource, a man of public spirit, a man of refinement, with that good taste which is the conscience of the mind and that conscience which is the good taste of the soul. This we have tried to do in the past; this let us try to do in the future. We cannot do this for all at best; perhaps only for the few; but the influence for good of a highly trained intelligence and a harmoniously developed character is incalculable, for though it be subtle and gradual in its operation, it is as pervasive as it is subtle. There may be few of these—there must be few—but

> "That few is all the world which with a few
> Doth ever live and move and work and stirre."

They who, on a tiny clearing pared from the edge of the woods built here, most probably from the timber hewed from the trees they felled, our earliest hall, with the solitude of ocean behind them, the mystery of forest before them, and all about them a desolation, must surely (*si quis animis celestibis locus*) share our gladness and our gratitude at the splendid fulfilment of their vision. If we could have but preserved the humble roof which housed so great a future, Mr. Ruskin himself would almost have admitted that no castle or cathedral was ever richer in sacred associations, in pathos of the past and in moral significance.

They who reared it had the sublime presence of that courage which fears only God, and could say confidently, in the face of all discouragement and doubt, "He hath led us forth into a large place; because he

delighted in me he hath delivered me." We cannot honor them too much; we can repay them only by showing, as occasions rise, that we do not undervalue the worth of their example.

Brethren of the alumni, it now becomes my duty to welcome in your name the guests who have come, some of them so far, to share our congratulations and hopes to-day. I cannot name them all and give to each his fitting phrase. Thrice welcome to them all, and as is fitting, first to those from abroad, representatives of illustrious universities that were old in usefulness and fame when ours was in its cradle, and next, to those of our own land from colleges and universities which, if not daughters of Harvard are young enough to be so, and are one with her in heart and hope. I said that I should single out none by name, but I should not represent you fitly if I gave no special greeting to the gentleman who brings the message of John Harvard's College Emmanuel. The welcome we give him could not be warmer than that which we offer to his colleagues, but we cannot help feeling that in pressing his hand our own instinctively closes a little more tightly as with a sense of nearer kindred. There is also one other name of which it would be indecorous not to make an exception. You all know that I can mean only the President of our country. His presence is a signal honor to us all, and to us all I may say a personal gratification. We have no politics here, but the sons of Harvard all belong to the party which admires courage, strength of purpose and fidelity to duty, and which respects, wherever he may be found, the—

" Justum et tenacem propositi virum.[1]

who knows how to withstand the

" Civium ardor prava jubentium.[2]

He has left the helm of State to be with us here, and so long as it is intrusted to his hands we are sure that, should the storm come, he will say with Seneca's pilot, " O, Neptune, you may save me if you will; you may sink me if you will, but whatever happen, I shall keep my rudder true."

[1] The man who is upright and tenacious of his purpose.
[2] The evil zeal of clamorous citizens.

Sherman, William T., a famous American general, born at Lancaster, Ohio, February 8, 1820; died in New York City, February 14, 1891. He was educated at the United States military academy at West Point, where he graduated in 1840, and served in the army till 1853. At the opening of the Civil War he obtained a colonel's commission in the Federal army, and became a major-general in 1862. He served through the war with the greatest distinction, and in 1884 retired from the service, after a long and brilliant military career. His memoirs, written by himself, appeared in 1875 and again ten years later.

THE ARMY AND NAVY.

ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE BANQUET OF THE NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY, DECEMBER 22, 1875.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN OF THE NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY,—I confess that I never come to a New England festival in this city of New York without commingling feelings of pleasure and dread: pleasure, because I am always certain of finding here all that can satisfy the palate, the fancy, the eye, and, better still, the wit and good feeling that always abound; and dread, at being compelled to face an audience such as this, every one of whom could teach me, and before whom I should be silent. Whenever I see the name of my friend Choate, I am sure of an abundant supply of that exquisite wit for which he is famous, and this, added to the many other attractions of your New England Society, will ever draw me hither, if time and distance permit.

Though I had hoped to sit to-night and listen to others, I find myself allotted to the old familiar toast, "The Army and Navy," and had a right to expect in this great seaport some representative of the navy to relieve me at least of that branch of the subject, but I look about me and see none of them present. Where is Porter, or your Vice-Admiral Rowan, or Paulding, or some other representative of that most honorable body who carry our flag to the uttermost parts of the earth, and cause it to be respected everywhere, who should avail themselves of an occasion like this to speak a few words for their honored comrades? The subject is a noble one, and would inspire any speaker. We know but little of the "Mayflower," which, two hundred and fifty-five years ago, brought the small band of Pilgrims to the dreary shores of Plymouth Bay, but there are hundreds of gentlemen who well remember those gallant clippers that used to sail for California—the "Huntress," the "Maid of the Mist," the "White Cloud," the "Mist of the Morning." How beautiful! But all are gone. In like manner did you use to go down to the Battery to see depart for foreign service the old frigates such as the "Constitution" and "Independence," so clean and beautiful, with their tiers of 18-pound carronades, bull-dogs then, but mere pop-guns now, still the same with which our gallant tars fought great battles, and the same with which Nelson fought and won at Trafalgar. Steam and modern improvement have changed all these, and in their stead what do we have? Low black monsters made of iron and driven by steam; nothing visible above water but small towers, called

pepper-boxes, with their pairs of heavy guns, with long, projecting beams with torpedoes at the ends, like devil-fish, dangerous sea-monsters, and with uncouth names like "Canonicus," "Sassacus," etc. But these changes are necessary, and our navy must conform, and we cannot but admire their courage and patriotism in so gracefully conforming, to the necessities of service. I confess I do not want to go to sea in such sea-monsters, and, had I to choose, would far prefer to accept death on the deck of the old "Constitution."

Change, however, is universal—you are no more like the old Pilgrim Fathers than are the contents of this room like the utensils and tin cups which furnish the cabins at Plymouth. Still the lessons of Plymouth Rock remain, and other Plymouths exist on our remote borders. I can take any of you to-day to some of our military posts on the upper Missouri or in Arizona where the soldiers have to practise the same economy, the same self-denial, which the Pilgrims did in their days of trial and exposure, and I assure you that your words of greeting will be as welcome to them in their rude huts and dugouts as though they were your guests here to-night. How all is changed! Houses and palaces have taken the place of huts, and abundance replaces the scanty tin cup of shelled corn; but with them nature is the same. The cold pinches now as it did then; hunger is the same. Distance and privation of the society of family and friends remain as they were when our Pilgrim Fathers banished themselves from all that was valued on earth for the sake of principle, and our little army to-day is fulfilling the same general object in preparing the way for others

to follow, who will extract from the rock its hidden gold and silver and make the desert to blossom with the rose and the corn. The little army of which I have spoken is scattered from the frozen regions of Pembina to that other arid region of Arizona, where General Porter has said the surgeon once recommended that dropsy patients be introduced to increase the supply of water.

Our country is very large, extending from the frigid to the torrid zone; from the Atlantic to the Pacific; and our little regular army of 25,000 men is the connecting link between the present and future; but, in the language of your toast, it is essentially an army of peace, preparing the way for future States and future civil communities, and I hope the day will come when even at Fort Yuma there will be a celebration like this at Delmonico's, celebrating their past hardships and privations in abundance and luxury. I repeat that the army is now one of peace, engaged in preparing the way for the expansion of peaceful communities. But I see that your minds and thoughts revert to a period only ten years ago, when this whole nation was in arms, when all were soldiers, when, in fact, we were struggling for a national existence. I did not wish to refer to this, but somehow we naturally revert to it. Then the army was numbered by millions of men and the war was essentially a struggle between two branches of civilization. The North prevailed and naturally their phase of civilization became predominant, and the principles of Plymouth Rock became the standard for this country. By it I mean that freedom of thought and speech, the asser-

tion of the rights of man, the individual to go where he chooses, and to exercise all the privileges of a freeman, which characterized our fathers—a freedom that conceded to all others the same rights and privileges he claimed for himself, giving to the black man absolute freedom and assuring to the Japanese, whose minister sits side by side, that his people may freely come and soon enjoy all the privileges and advantages of the native-born American. Still my belief is that the English-speaking races that first settled our Atlantic shores will prevail on this continent, that their civilization will prevail over all others; that their forms of education, refinement, fidelity to contracts, forms of business, will be the standard law and custom of the country. As to our Southern brethren I believe it is universally conceded that since the Christian era there never has been a case where the conquerors so promptly conceded to the conquered all the rights they themselves possessed, not only the rights to live in peace, to share in the business and prosperity of the whole country, but actually to share in its government, and the army was among the first to share with them their rations the moment hostilities ceased; and I believe, if they accept these terms in the spirit they were granted, that peace henceforth will prevail in all our country; but should they have anything in reserve, any boast of the "Old Confederacy," that a storm would arise in the land tenfold more furious than was the last.

I am sorry to hear so much talk in New York of hard times. I don't see the evidences of it in your streets. I see magnificent equipages and elegantly

dressed people, and the signs of luxury and extravagance everywhere. If your Pilgrim Fathers had possessed one tenth of the luxuries you now enjoy, they would have considered themselves rich. And were you all to practise their economy in a short while all these complaints would cease. The fact is, too many of our people flock to the cities and want to be merchants and business men. The solution is in the west, where millions of acres remain in a state of nature. In the border States there is land enough to give occupation to another forty millions of people. Food is abundant, but of course there you cannot have the luxuries and advantages of New York city. Therefore I advise the young men, instead of staying here as clerks and porters in stores, to "go west," for there is abundant room and occupation for all who are willing to work. Excuse me. I had no intention to take up so much time or to touch on so great a variety of subjects, but have been drawn on by your interest.

In conclusion I will say that I hear that the necessities of the country will compel a further reduction of our little army. If such be the case, so be it. For one, I am willing to set the example and try once more to turn my sword into a pruning-hook and earn a living as I did before the war; but I advise all in authority to bear in mind the advice of Washington, always to preserve and maintain in this country the nucleus of an army; especially a knowledge of the art of war, so that when danger does come we may not have to do, as we did in our revolutionary days, send to Germany for another Steuben, to teach our soldiers the common drill.

Hale, Edward Everett, a famous American clergyman and public speaker, born in Boston, Mass., April 3, 1822. After studying theology and entering the Unitarian ministry he was called to the Church of the Unity at Worcester in his native state, remaining in charge of that parish for ten years. In 1856 he became pastor of the South Congregational (Unitarian) church in Boston, of which he has been pastor emeritus from 1900. He has edited several papers and periodicals, and published a long series of volumes of histories, travels, short stories and other works. As a lecturer and public speaker he has been very popular, and in his clerical capacity he has exerted a wide influence upon his generation. He possesses a strong, powerful voice and his manner of delivery is earnest and forceful. The general character of his style may be seen in his addresses upon "New England Culture" and "The Sons of Massachusetts."

NEW ENGLAND CULTURE.

ADDRESS AT THE BANQUET OF THE NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY, DECEMBER 22, 1876.

Mr. President and Gentlemen,—You seem to have a very frank way of talking about each other among yourselves here. I observe that I am the first stranger who has crossed the river, which, I recollect Edward Winslow says, divides the continent of New England from the continent of America, and, as a stranger, it is my pleasure and duty at once to express the thanks and congratulations of the invited guests here for the distinguished care which has been taken on this occasion outdoors to make us feel en-

tirely at home. As I came down in the snow-storm, I could not help feeling that Elder Brewster, and William Bradford, and Carver, and Winslow, could not have done better than this in Plymouth; and, indeed, as I ate my pork and beans just now, I felt that the gospel of New England is extending beyond the Connecticut to other nations, and that what is good to eat and drink in Boston is good to eat and drink even here on this benighted point at Delmonico's.

When you talk to us about "culture," that is rather a dangerous word. I am always a little afraid of the word "culture." I recollect the very brightest squib that I read in the late election campaign—and, as the President says, gentlemen, I am going to respect the proprieties of the occasion. It was sent to one of the journals from the western reserve, and the writer, who, if I have rightly guessed his name, is one of the most brilliant of our younger poets, was descanting on the Chinook vocabulary, in which a Chinook calls an Englishman a Chinchog to this day, in memory of King George. And this writer says that when they have a young chief whose war paint is very perfect, whose blanket is thoroughly embroidered, whose leggins are tied up with exactly the right colors, and who has the right kind of a star upon his forehead and cheeks, but who never took a scalp, never fired an arrow, and never smelled powder, but was always found at home in the lodges whenever there was anything that scented of war—he says the Chinooks called that man by the name of "Boston Cultus."

Well, now, gentlemen, what are you laughing at? Why do you laugh? Some of you had Boston fathers,

and more of you had Boston mothers. Why do you laugh? Ah! you have seen these people, as I have seen them, as everybody has seen them—people who sat in Parker's and discussed every movement of the campaign in the late war, and told us that it was all wrong, that we were going to the bad, but who never shouldered a musket. They are people who tell us that the emigration, that the Pope of Rome, or the German element, or the Irish element, is going to play the dogs with our social system, and yet they never met an emigrant on the wharf or had a word of comfort to say to a foreigner. We have those people in Boston. You may not have them in New York, and I am very glad if you have not; but if you are so fortunate, it is the only place on God's earth where I have not found such people. But there is another kind of culture which began even before there was any Boston—for there was such a day as that. There were ten years in the history of this world, ten long years, too, before Boston existed, and those are the years between Plymouth Rock and the day when some unfortunate men, not able to get to Plymouth Rock, stopped and founded that city. This earlier culture is a culture not of the schoolhouse, or of the tract, but a culture as well of the church, of history, of the town meeting, as John Adams says; that nobler culture to which my friend on the right has alluded when he says that it is born of the Spirit of God—the culture which has made New England, which is born of God, and which it is our mission to carry over the world.

In the very heart of that culture—representing it, as I think, in a very striking way, half way back to the

day we celebrate—Ezra Styles, one of the old Connecticut men, published a semi-centennial address. It seems strange that they should have centennials then, but they had. He published a semi-centennial address in the middle of the last century, on the condition of New England, and the prospects before her. He prophesied what New England was to be in the year 1852. He calculated the population descending from the twenty thousand men who emigrated in the beginning, and he calculated it with great accuracy.

He said: "There will be seven million men, women and children, descended from the men who came over with Winslow and with Winthrop," and it proved that he was perfectly right. He went on to sketch the future of New England when these seven million should crowd her hillsides, her valleys, her farms, and her shops all over the four States of New England. For it didn't occur to him, as he looked forward, that one man of them all would ever go west of Connecticut, or west of Massachusetts.

He cast his horoscope for a population of seven million people living in the old New England States, in the midst of this century. He did not read, as my friend here does, the missionary spirit of New England. He did not know that they would be willing to go across the arm of the ocean which separated the continent of New England from the continent of America. All the same, gentlemen, seven million people are somewhere, and they have not forgotten the true lessons which make New England what she is. They tell me there are more men of New England descent in San Francisco than in Boston to-day. All

of those carried with them their mothers' lessons, and they mean their mothers' lessons shall bear fruit away out in Oregon, in California, in South Carolina, in Louisiana.

They have those mothers' lessons to teach them to do something of what we are trying to do at home in this matter. We have been so fortunate in New England in this centennial year that we are able to dedicate a noble monument of the past to the eternal memory of the Pilgrim principle. We have been so fortunate that we are able to consecrate the old South Meeting House in Boston to the cause of fostering this Pilgrim principle, that it may be from this time forward a monument, not of one branch of the Christian religion, not of one sect or another, but of that universal religion, that universal patriotism, which has made America and which shall maintain America.

For myself, I count it providential that in this centennial year of years this venerable monument, that monument whose bricks and rafters are all eloquent of religion and liberty, that that monument has passed from the possession of one sect and one State to belong to the whole nation, to be consecrated to American liberty, and to nothing but American liberty.

I need not say—for it is taken for granted when such things are spoken of—that when it was necessary for New England to act at once for the security of this great monument, we had the active aid and hearty assistance of the people of New York, who came to us and helped us and carried that thing right through. I am surrounded here with the people who had to do

with the preservation of that great monument for the benefit of the history of this country forever.

Let me say, in one word, what purposes it is proposed this great monument shall serve, for I think they are entirely in line with what we are to consider to-night. We propose to establish here what I might fairly call a university for the study of the true history of this country. And we propose, in the first place, to make that monument of the past a great Santa Croce, containing the statues and portraits of the men who have made this country what it is. Then we propose to establish an institute for the people of America, from Maine to San Francisco, the people of every nationality and every name; and we hope that such societies as this, and all others interested in the progress and preservation of the interests of our country, will aid us in the work.

For we believe that the great necessity of this hour is that higher education in which this people shall know God's work with man. We hope that the Forefathers' societies, the Sam Adams' clubs, the Centennial clubs over the land, shall make the State more proud of its fathers, and more sure of the lessons which they lived. We mean by the spoken voice and by the most popular printed word, circulated everywhere, to instil into this land that old lesson of New England culture. We stand by the side of those of you who believe in compulsory education. We desire, in looking to the future, that the determination shall be made here by us, as it has been in England, that every child born on American soil shall learn to read and write.

But there is a great deal more to be taught than that.

There is a great deal which the common school does not teach and cannot teach, when it teaches men to read. We not only want to teach them to read, but we want to teach them what is worth reading. And we want to instil the principles by which the nation lives. We have got to create in those who came from the other side of the water the same loyalty to the whole of American principles that each man feels to his native country.

What is this constitution for which we have been fighting, and which must be preserved? It is a most delicate mutual adjustment of the powers and rights of a nation, among and because of the powers and rights of thirty or forty States. It exists because they exist. That it may stand, you need all their mutual rivalries, you need every sentiment of local pride, you need every symbol and laurel of their old victories and honors. You need just this homestead feeling which to-night we are cherishing.

But that balance is lost, that whole system is thrown out of gear, if the seven million people of foreign parentage here are indifferent to the record of New York as they are to that of Illinois, to that of Illinois as to that of Louisiana, to that of Louisiana as to that of Maine; if they have no local pride; if to them the names of Montgomery, of John Hancock, of Samuel Adams, have no meaning, no association with the past. Unless they also acquire this local feeling, unless they share the pride and reverence of the native American for the State in which he is born, for the history which is his glory, all these delicate balances and combinations are worthless, all your revolving planets fall

into your sun! It is the national education in the patriotism of the Fathers, an education addressing itself to every man, woman and child, from Katahdin to the Golden Gate—it is this, and only this, which will insure the perpetuity of your Republic.

Now, gentlemen, if you would like to try an experiment in this matter, go into one of your public schools, next week, and ask what Saratoga was, and you will be told it is a great watering-place, where people go to spend money. You will find there is not one in ten who will be able to tell you that there the Hessian was crushed, and foreign bayonets forever driven from the soil of New York. Ask about Brandywine, the place where La Fayette shed his young blood, where a little handful of American troops were defeated, yet, although they were defeated, broke the force of the English army for one critical year. Put the word Brandywine in one of your public schools, and you will see that the pupils laugh at the funny conjunction of the words "brandy" and "wine," but they can tell you nothing about the history which made the name famous. It seems to me it is dangerous to have your children growing up in such ignorance of the past.

How much did they know here about the day when, a short time since, you celebrated the battle of Haarlem Heights, where the British were shown that to land on American soil was not everything? Is it quite safe for your children to grow up in ignorance of your past, while you are looking down upon the century of the future? The great institution we are hoping for in the future is to carry this New England culture above

the mere mathematics of life, and to incorporate into all education that nobler culture which made the men who made the revolution, which made the men who have sustained this country.

We shall ask for the solid assistance of all the Forefathers' stock in the country to carry out this great work of national education, and I am quite sure, from what I have seen here to-night, that we shall not ask in vain.

I ought to apologize for speaking so long. I am conscious of the fact that I am a fraud, and I am nothing but a fraud. The truth is, gentlemen (I say this as I am sitting down), I have no business to be here at all. I am not a Pilgrim, nor the son of a Pilgrim, nor the grandson of a Pilgrim; there is not one drop of Pilgrim blood in my veins. I am a "forefather" myself (for I have six children), but I am not the son of a forefather. I had one father; most men have; I have two grandfathers, I have four great-grandfathers, but I have not four fathers. I want to explain, now, how all this happened, because something is due to me before you put me out of the room. Like most men, I had eight great-great-grandfathers—so have you; so have you. If you run it up, I have got sixty-four great-grandfathers of the grandfathers of my grandfathers, and I have sixty-four great-grandmothers of the grandmothers of my grandmothers. There were one hundred and twenty-eight of these people the day the "Mayflower" sailed. There were one hundred and twenty-eight of them in England eager to come over here, looking forward to this moment, gentlemen, when we meet here at Delmonico's, and

they were hoping and praying, every man of them and every woman of them, that I might be here at this table to-night, and they meant me to be; and every one of them would have come here in the "Mayflower" but for Miles Standish, as I will explain. The "Mayflower," you know, started from Holland. They had to go to Holland first to learn the Dutch language. They started from Holland, and they came along the English Channel and stopped at Plymouth in England. They stopped there to get the last edition of the London "Times" for that day, in order that they might bring over early copies to the New York "Tribune" and New York "World."

These ancestors of mine, the legend says, were all on the dock at Plymouth waiting for them. It was a bad night, a very bad night. It fogged as it can only fog in England. They waited on the wharf there two hours, as you wait at the Brooklyn and Jersey ferries, for the "Mayflower" to come along. Methinks I see her now, the "Mayflower" of a forlorn hope, freighted with the prospect of a fertile State and bound across an unknown sea. Her dark and weather-beaten forms looms wearily from the deep, when the pilot brings her up at the Plymouth dock, and a hundred and twenty-eight of my ancestors press forward. They were handsome men and fair women. When they all pressed forward, Miles Standish was on hand and met them. He was on board and looked at them. He went back to the governor, and said, "Here are one hundred and twenty-eight of as fine emigrants as I ever saw." "Well," Governor Carver said, "the capacity of the vessel, as prescribed in the

emigrant act, is already exceeded." Miles Standish said, "I think we could let them in." The governor said, "No, they cannot come in." Miles Standish went back to the gangway, and said, "You are handsome men, but you can't come in;" and they had to stand there, every man and every woman of them.

That is the unfortunate reason why I had no ancestors at the landing of the Pilgrims. But my ancestors looked westward still. They stayed in England, praying that they might come, and when Winthrop, ten years afterwards, sailed, he took them all on board, and, if the little State of Massachusetts has done anything to carry out the principles of the men who landed on Plymouth Rock in 1620, why, some little part of the credit is due to my humble ancestry.

Grant, Ulysses S., a distinguished military commander, eighteenth President of the United States, born at Point Pleasant, Ohio, April 27, 1822; died at Mt. McGregor, N. Y., July 23, 1885. He was educated at the United States Military Academy, and served as a lieutenant in the American army during the war with Mexico. He subsequently engaged in business at Galena, Ill., but entered the Federal army at the opening of the Civil War, and rapidly rose to distinction, becoming successively brigadier-general, major-general, and commander of the entire army from March, 1864. On April 9, 1865, he received the surrender of the Confederate commander-in-chief, General Lee, at Appomatox, Virginia. He was elected President in 1868, and again in 1872. After the expiration of his second term he made a two years' tour of the world, everywhere being accorded high honors as one of the great military leaders of the world. His "Personal Memoirs" were completed only two days before his death.

SPEECH AT WARREN, OHIO.

[At Warren, Ohio, on the 28th of September, 1880, the Honorable Roscoe Conkling addressed a Republican mass meeting and General U. S. Grant presided. Before introducing the Senator, General Grant said:]

In view of the known character of the speaker who is to address you to-day, and his long public career, and association with the leading statesmen of this country for the past twenty years, it would not be becoming in me to detain you with many remarks of my own. But it may be proper for me to account to you on the first occasion of my presiding at political meetings for the faith that is in me.

I am a Republican, as the two great political parties are now divided, because the Republican party is a national party seeking the greatest good for the greatest number of citizens. There is not a precinct in this vast nation where a Democrat cannot cast his ballot and have it counted as cast. No matter what the prominence of the opposite party, he can proclaim his political opinions, even if he is only one among a thousand, without fear and without proscription on account of his opinions. There are fourteen States, and localities in some other States, where Republicans have not this privilege.

This is one reason why I am a Republican. But I am a Republican for many other reasons. The Republican party assures protection to life and property, the public credit, and the payment of the debts of the government, State, county, or municipality so far as it can control. The Democratic party does not promise this; if it does, it has broken its promises to the extent of hundreds of millions, as many northern Democrats can testify to their sorrow. I am a Republican, as between the existing parties, because it fosters the production of the field and farm, and of manufactories, and it encourages the general education of the poor as well as the rich.

The Democratic party discourages all these when in absolute power. The Republican party is a party of progress, and of liberty toward its opponents. It encourages the poor to strive to better their children, to enable them to compete successfully with their more fortunate associates, and, in fine, it secures an entire equality before the law of every citizen, no matter what

his race, nationality, or previous condition. It tolerates no privileged class. Every one has the opportunity to make himself all he is capable of.

Ladies and gentlemen, do you believe this can be truthfully said in the greater part of fourteen of the States of this Union to-day which the Democratic party control absolutely? The Republican party is a party of principles; the same principles prevailing wherever it has a foothold.

The Democratic party is united in but one thing, and that is in getting control of the government in all its branches. It is for internal improvement at the expense of the government in one section and against this in another. It favors repudiation of solemn obligations in one section and honest payment of its debts in another, where public opinion will not tolerate any other view. It favors fiat money in one place and good money in another. Finally, it favors the pooling of all issues not favored by the Republicans, to the end that it may secure the one principle upon which the party is a most harmonious unit, namely, getting control of the government in all its branches.

I have been in some part of every State lately in rebellion within the last year. I was most hospitably received at every place where I stopped. My receptions were not by the Union class alone, but by all classes, without distinction. I had a free talk with many who were against me in war, and who have been against the Republican party ever since. They were, in all instances, reasonable men, judged by what they said. I believed then, and believe now, that they sincerely want a break-up in this "Solid South" political

condition. They see that it is to their pecuniary interest, as well as to their happiness, that there should be harmony and confidence between all sections. They want to break away from the slavery which binds them to a party name. They want a pretext that enough of them can unite upon to make it respectable. Once started, the Solid South will go as Ku-Kluxism did before, as is so admirably told by Judge Tourgee in his "Fool's Errand." When the break comes, those who start it will be astonished to find how many of their friends have been in favor of it for a long time, and have only been waiting to see some one take the lead. This desirable solution can only be attained by the defeat, and continued defeat, of the Democratic party as now constituted.

Phelps, Edward J., an American lawyer and orator, born at Middlebury, Vt., July 11, 1822; died in New Haven, Conn., March 9, 1900. Choosing the profession of law, he was admitted to the Vermont bar in 1843, and began practice at Burlington, in his native state, a little later. He was appointed Second Comptroller of the National Treasury in 1851, and was elected president of the American Bar Association in 1880, but failed of election as the Democratic candidate for the governorship of Vermont. He became professor of law at Yale University in 1881, resigning in 1885 on being appointed Ambassador to Great Britain. He remained in England as Ambassador till 1890, when he returned to America and subsequently resumed his instructions at Yale. In 1893 he was one of the United States counsel in the court of arbitration in the Behring Sea controversy. He was much admired as a public speaker, his style being one of great polish and refinement, as his farewell address at London abundantly serves to show.

FAREWELL ADDRESS.

My Lord Mayor, My Lords, and Gentlemen,—I am sure you will not be surprised to be told that the poor words at my command do not enable me to respond adequately to your most kind greeting, nor the too flattering words which have fallen from my friend, the Lord Mayor, and from my distinguished colleague, the Lord Chancellor. But you will do me the justice to believe that my feelings are not the less sincere and hearty if I cannot put them into language. I am under a very great obligation to your Lordship not merely for the honor of meeting this evening an assembly

more distinguished I apprehend than it appears to me has often assembled under one roof, but especially for the opportunity of meeting under such pleasant circumstances so many of those to whom I have become so warmly attached, and from whom I am so sorry to part.

It is rather a pleasant coincidence to me that about the first hospitality that was offered me after my arrival in England came from my friend, the Lord Mayor, who was at the time one of the sheriffs of London. I hope it is no disparagement to my countrymen to say that under existing circumstances the first place that I felt it my duty to visit was the Old Bailey criminal court. I had there the pleasure of being entertained by my friend, the Lord Mayor. And it happens also that it was in this room almost four years ago at a dinner given to her Majesty's judges by my friend, Sir Robert Fowler, then Lord Mayor, whose genial face I see before me, that I appeared for the first time on any public occasion in England and addressed my first words to an English company. It seems to me a fortunate propriety that my last public words should be spoken under the same hospitable roof, the home of the chief magistrate of the city of London. Nor can I ever forget the cordial and generous reception that was then accorded, not to myself personally, for I was altogether a stranger, but to the representative of my country. It struck what has proved to the keynote of my relations here. It indicated to me at the outset how warm and hearty was the feeling of Englishmen toward America.

And it gave me to understand, what I was not slow

to accept and believe, that I was accredited not merely from one government to the other, but from the people of America to the people of England—that the American minister was not expected to be merely a diplomatic functionary shrouded in reticence and retirement, jealously watching over doubtful relations, and carefully guarding against anticipated dangers; but that he was to be the guest of his kinsmen—one of themselves—the messenger of the sympathy and good will, the mutual and warm regard and esteem that bind together the two great nations of the same race, and make them one in all the fair humanities of life. The suggestion that met me at the threshold has not proved to be mistaken. The promise then held out has been generously fulfilled. Ever since and through all my intercourse here I have received, in all quarters, from all classes with whom I have come in contact, under all circumstances and in all vicissitudes, a uniform and widely varied kindness far beyond what I had personally the least claim to. And I am glad of this public opportunity to acknowledge it in the most emphatic manner.

My relations with the successive governments I have had to do with have been at all times most fortunate and agreeable, and quite beyond those I have been happy in feeling always that the English people had a claim upon the American minister for all kind and friendly offices in his power, and upon his presence and voice on all occasions when they could be thought to further any good work.

And so I have gone in and out among you these four years and have come to know you well. I have taken

part in many gratifying public functions; I have been the guest at many homes; and my heart has gone out with yours in memorable jubilee of that sovereign lady whom all Englishmen love and all Americans honor. I have stood with you by some unforgotten grave; I have shared in many joys; and I have tried as well as I could through it all, in my small way, to promote constantly a better understanding, a fuller and more accurate knowledge, a more genuine sympathy between the people of the two countries.

And this leads me to say a word on the nature of these relations. The moral intercourse between the governments is most important to be maintained, and its value is not to be overlooked or disregarded. But the real significance of the attitude of nations depends in these days upon the feelings which the general intelligence of their inhabitants entertain toward each other. The time has long passed when kings or rulers can involve their nations in hostilities to gratify their own ambition or caprice. There can be no war nowadays between civilized nations, nor any peace that is not hollow and delusive unless sustained and backed up by the sentiment of the people who are parties to it. Before nations can quarrel their inhabitants must seek war. The men of our race are not likely to become hostile until they begin to misunderstand each other. There are no dragon's teeth so prolific as mutual misunderstandings. It is in the great and constantly increasing intercourse between England and America, in its reciprocities, and its amenities, that the security against misunderstanding must be found. While that continues, they cannot be otherwise than

friendly. Unlucky incidents may sometimes happen; interests may conflict; mistakes may be made on one side or on the other, and sharp words may occasionally to be spoken by unguarded or ignorant tongues. The man who makes no mistakes does not usually make anything. The nation that comes to be without fault will have reached the millenium, and will have little further concern with the storm-swept geography of this imperfect world. But these things are all ephemeral; they do not touch the great heart of either people; they float for a moment on the surface and in the wind, and then they disappear and are gone—"in the deep bosom of the ocean buried."

I do not know, sir, who may be my successor, but I venture to assure you that he will be an American gentleman, fit by character and capacity to be the medium of communication between our countries; and an American gentleman, when you come to know him, generally turns out to be a not very distant kinsman of an English gentleman. I need not bespeak for him a kindly reception. I know he will receive it for his country's sake and his own.

"Farewell," sir, is a word often lightly uttered and readily forgotten. But when it marks the rounding-off and completion of a chapter in life, the severance of ties many and cherished, of the parting with many friends at once—especially when it is spoken among the lengthening shadows of the western light—it sticks somewhat in the throat. It becomes, indeed, "the word that makes us linger." But it does not prompt many other words. It is best expressed in few. Not much can be added to the old English word

"Good-by." You are not sending me away empty-handed or alone. I go freighted with happy memories —inexhaustible and unalloyed—of England, its warm-hearted people, and their measureless kindness. Spirits more than twain will cross with me, messengers of your good will. Happy the nation that can thus speed its parting guest! Fortunate the guest who has found his coming almost an adoption, and whose farewell leaves half his heart behind!

Hayes, Rutherford B., nineteenth President of the United States, born at Delaware, Ohio, October 4, 1822; died at Fremont, Ohio, January 17, 1893. He practised law with success at Cincinnati, and was city solicitor there, 1858–61. During the Civil War he served with distinction in the Federal army, resigning in June, 1865, with the rank of brevet major-general. At the close of 1865 he entered Congress, resigning in 1867 on being elected Governor of Ohio, which office he held for two terms. On being defeated for Congress in 1872, he resumed the practice of his profession, till in 1875 he became a third time Governor of Ohio. He was the Republican candidate for the Presidency in 1876, and, after a long disputed election, the controversy was decided in his favor by an electoral commission. He retired to private life in Fremont, Ohio, at the expiration of his term of office as President. He was an able, though not a brilliant public speaker.

CAMPAIGN SPEECH.

DELIVERED AT LEBANON, OHIO, AUGUST 5, 1867.

THE military bill and amendments are peace-offerings. We should accept them as such, and place ourselves upon them as the starting point from which to meet future political issues as they arise.

"Like other southern men, I naturally sought alliance with the Democratic party, merely because it was opposed to the Republican party. But, as far as I can judge, there is nothing tangible about it, except the issues that were staked upon the war and lost. Finding nothing to take hold of except prejudice,

which cannot be worked into good for any one, it is proper and right that I should seek some standpoint from which good may be done."

Quotations like these from prominent Democratic politicians, from rebel soldiers, and from influential rebel newspapers, might be multiplied indefinitely. Enough have been given to show how completely and how exactly the Reconstruction Acts have met the evil to be remedied in the South. My friend, Mr. Hassaurek, in his admirable speech at Columbus, did not estimate too highly the fruits of these measures. Said he:

"And, sir, this remedy at once effected the desired cure. The poor contrabrand is no longer the persecuted outlaw whom incurable rebels might kick and kill with impunity; but he at once became 'our colored fellow citizen,' in whose wellbeing his former master takes the liveliest interest. Thus, by bringing the negro under the American system, we have completed his emancipation. He has ceased to be a pariah. From an outcast he has been transformed into a human being, invested with the great national attribute of self-protection, and the re-establishment of peace, and order, and security, the revival of business and trade, and the restoration of the southern States on the basis of loyalty and equal justice to all, will be the happy results of this astonishing metamorphosis, provided the party which has inaugurated this policy remains in power to carry it out."

The Peace Democracy generally throughout the North oppose this measure. In Ohio they oppose it

especially because it commits the people of the nation in favor of manhood suffrage. They tell us that if it is wise and just to entrust the ballot to colored men in the District of Columbia, in the Territories, and in the rebel States, it is also just and wise that they should have it in Ohio and in the other States of the North.

Union men do not question this reasoning, but if it is urged as an objection to the plan of Congress, we reply: There are now within the limits of the United States about five millions of colored people. They are not aliens or strangers. They are here not by the choice of themselves or of their ancestors. They are here by the misfortune of their fathers and the crime of ours. Their labor, privations, and sufferings, unpaid and unrequited, have cleared and redeemed one third of the inhabited territory of the Union. Their toil has added to the resources and wealth of the nation untold millions. Whether we prefer it or not, they are our countrymen, and will remain so forever.

They are more than countrymen—they are citizens. Free colored people were citizens of the colonies. The constitution of the United States, formed by our fathers, created no disabilities on account of color. By the acts of our fathers and of ourselves, they bear equally the burdens and are required to discharge the highest duties of citizens. They are compelled to pay taxes and to bear arms. They fought side by side with their white countrymen in the great struggle for independence, and in the recent war for the Union. In the revolutionary contest, colored men bore an honorable part, from the Boston massacre in 1770, to the

surrender of Cornwallis, in 1781. Bancroft says: "Their names may be read on the pension rolls of the country side by side with those of other soldiers of the revolution."

In the war of 1812, General Jackson issued an order complimenting the colored men of his army engaged in the defence of New Orleans. I need not speak of their services in the war of the rebellion. The nation enrolled and accepted them among her defenders to the number of about two hundred thousand, and in the new regular army act, passed at the close of the rebellion, by the votes of Democrats and Union men alike, in the Senate and in the House, and by the assent of the President, regiments of colored men, cavalry and infantry, form part of the standing army of the Republic.

In the navy, colored American sailors have fought side by side with white men from the days of Paul Jones to the victory of the "Kearsarge" over the rebel pirate "Alabama." Colored men will, in the future as in the past, in all times of national peril, be our fellow soldiers. Taxpayers, countrymen, fellow citizens, and fellow soldiers, the colored men of America have been and will be. It is now too late for the adversaries of nationality and human rights to undertake to deprive these taxpayers, freemen, citizens, and soldiers of the right to vote.

Slaves were never voters. It was bad enough that our fathers, for the sake of union, were compelled to allow masters to reckon three fifths of their slaves for representation, without adding slave suffrage to the other privileges of the slaveholder. But free colored

men are always voters in many of the colonies, and in several of the States, North and South, after independence was achieved. They voted for members of the Congress which declared independence, and for members of every Congress prior to the adoption of the federal constitution; for the members of the convention which framed the constitution; for the members of many of the State conventions which ratified it, and for every president from Washington to Lincoln.

Our government has been called the white man's government. Not so. It is not the government of any class, or sect, or nationality, or race. It is a government founded on the consent of the governed, and Mr. Broomall, of Pennsylvania, therefore properly calls it "the government of the governed." It is not the government of the native born, or of the foreign born, of the rich man, or of the poor man, of the white man, or of the colored man—it is the government of the freeman. And when colored men were made citizens, soldiers, and freemen, by our consent and votes, we were estopped from denying to them the right of suffrage.

General Sherman was right when he said, in his Atlanta letter, of 1864: "If you admit the negro to this struggle for any purpose, he has a right to stay in for all; and, when the fight is over, the hand that drops the musket cannot be denied the ballot."

Even our adversaries are compelled to admit the Jeffersonian rule, that "the man who pays taxes and who fights for the country is entitled to vote."

Mr. Pendleton, in his speech against the enlistment

of colored soldiers, gave up the whole controversy. He said: "Gentlemen tell us that these colored men are ready, with their strong arms and their brave hearts, to maintain the supremacy of the constitution, and to defend the integrity of the Union, which in our hands to-day is in peril. What is that constitution? It provides that every child of the Republic, every citizen of the land is before the law the equal of every other. It provides for all of them trial by jury, free speech, free press, entire protection for life and liberty and property. It goes further. It secures to every citizen the right of suffrage, the right to hold office, the right to aspire to every office or agency by which the government is caried on. Every man called upon to do military duty, every man required to take up arms in its defence, is by its provisions entitled to vote, and a competent aspirant for every office in the government."

The truth is, impartial manhood suffrage is already practically decided. It is now merely a question of time. In the eleven rebel States, in five of the New England States, and in a number of the northwestern States, there is no organized party able to successfully oppose impartial suffrage. The Democratic party of more than half of the States are ready to concede its justice and expediency. The "Boston Post," the able organ of the New England Democracy, says :

"Color ought to have no more to do with the matter (voting) than size. Only establish a right standard and then apply it impartially. A rule of that sort is too firmly fixed in justice and equality to be

shaken. It commends itself too clearly to the good sentiment of the entire body of our countrymen to be successfully traversed by objections. Once let this principle be fairly presented to the people of the several States, with the knowledge on their part that they alone are to have the disposal and settlement of it, and we sincerely believe it would not be long before it would be adopted by every State in the Union."

The New York "World," the ablest Democratic newspaper in the Union, says:

"Democrats in the North, as well as the South, should be fully alive to the importance of the new element thrust into the politics of the country. We suppose it to be morally certain that the new constitution of the State of New York, to be framed this year, will confer the elective franchise upon all adult negroes. We have no faith in the success of any efforts to shut the negro element out of politics. It is the part of wisdom frankly to accept the situation, and get beforehand with the Radicals in gaining an ascendancy over the negro mind."

The Chicago "Times," the influential organ of the northwestern Democracy, says:

"The word 'white' is not found in any of the original constitutions, save only that of South Carolina. In every other State negroes, who possessed the qualifications that were required impartially of all men, were admitted to vote, and many of that race did vote, in the southern as well as in the northern States. And, moreover, they voted the Democratic ticket, for it was the Democratic party of that day which affirmed

their right in that respect upon an impartial basis with white men. All Democrats cannot, even at this day, have forgotten the statement of General Jackson, that he was supported for the presidency by negro voters in the State of Tennessee.

"The doctrine of impartial suffrage is one of the earliest and most essential doctrines of Democracy. It is the affirmation of the right of every man who is made a partaker of the burdens of the State to be represented by his own consent or vote in its government. It is the first principle upon which all true republican government rests. It is the basis upon which the liberties of America will be preserved, if they are preserved at all. The Democratic party must return from its driftings and stand again upon the immutable rock of principles."

In Ohio the leaders of the Peace Democracy intend to carry on one more campaign on the old and rotten platform of prejudice against colored people. They seek in this way to divert attention from the record they made during the war of the rebellion. But the great facts of our recent history are against them. The principles of the fathers, reason, religion, and the spirit of the age are against them.

The plain and monstrous inconsistency and injustice of excluding one-seventh of our population from all participation in a government founded on the consent of the governed in this land of free discussion is simply impossible. No such absurdity and wrong can be permanent. Impartial suffrage will carry the day. No low prejudice will long be able to in-

duce American citizens to deny to a weak people their best means of self-protection for the unmanly reason that they are weak. Chief Justice Chase expressed the true sentiment when he said "the American nation cannot afford to do the smallest injustice to the humblest and feeblest of her children."

Much has been said of the antagonism which exists between the different races of men. But difference of religion, difference of nationality, difference of language, and difference of rank and privileges are quite as fruitful causes of antagonism and war as difference of race. The bitter strifes between Christians and Jews, between Catholics and Protestants, between Englishmen and Irishmen, between aristocracy and the masses, are only too familiar. What causes increase and aggravate these antagonisms, and what are the measures which diminish and prevent them ought to be equally familiar. Under the partial and unjust laws of the nations of the Old World men of one nationality were allowed to oppress those of another; men of one faith had rights which were denied to men of a different faith; men of one rank or caste enjoyed special privileges which were not granted to men of another. Under these systems peace was impossible and strife perpetual. But under just and equal laws in the United States, Jews, Protestants, and Catholics, Englishmen and Irishmen, the former aristocrat and the masses of the people, dwell and mingle harmoniously together. The uniform lesson of history is that unjust and partial laws increase and create antagonism, while justice and equality are the sure foundation of prosperity and peace.

Impartial suffrage secures also popular education. Nothing has given the careful observer of events in the South more gratification than the progress which is there going on in the establishment of schools. The colored people, who as slaves were debarred from education, regard the right to learn as one of the highest privileges of freemen. The ballot gives them the power to secure that privilege. All parties and all public men in the South agree that, if colored men vote, ample provision must be made in the reorganization of every State for free schools. The ignorance of the masses, whites as well as blacks, is one of the most discouraging features of southern society. If congressional reconstruction succeeds, there will be free schools for all. The colored people will see that their children attend them. We need indulge in no fears that the white people will be left behind. Impartial suffrage, then, means popular intelligence; it means progress; it means loyalty; it means harmony between the North and the South, and between the whites and the colored people.

The Union party believes that the general welfare requires that measures should be adopted which will work great change in the South. Our adversaries are accustomed to talk of the rebellion as an affair which began when the rebels attacked Fort Sumter in 1861, and which ended when Lee surrendered to Grant in 1865. It is true that the attempt by force of arms to destroy the United States began and ended during the administration of Mr. Lincoln. But the causes, the principles, and the motives which produced the rebellion are of an older date than the generation which

suffered from the fruit they bore, and their influence and power are likely to last long after that generation passes away. Ever since armed rebellion failed, a large party in the South have struggled to make participation in the rebellion honorable and loyalty to the Union dishonorable. The lost cause with them is the honored cause. In society, in business, and in politics, devotion to treason is the test of merit, the passport to preferment. They wish to return to the old state of things —an oligarchy of race and the sovereignty of States.

To defeat this purpose, to secure the rights of man, and to perpetuate the national Union, are the objects of the congressional plan of reconstruction. That plan has the hearty support of the great generals (so far as their opinions are known)—of Grant, of Thomas, of Sheridan, of Howard—who led the armies of the Union which conquered the rebellion. The statesmen most trusted by Mr. Lincoln and by the loyal people of the country during the war also support it. The supreme court of the United States, upon formal application and after solemn argument, refuse to interfere with its execution. The loyal press of the country, which did so much in the time of need to uphold the patriot cause, without exception, are in favor of the plan.

In the South, as we have seen, the lessons of the war and the events occurring since the war have made converts of thousands of the bravest and of the ablest of those who opposed the national cause. General Longstreet, a soldier second to no living corps commander of the rebel army, calls it "a peace-offering," and advises the South in good faith to organize under it.

Unrepentant rebels and unconverted Peace Democrats oppose it, just as they opposed the measures which destroyed slavery and saved the nation.

Opposition to whatever the nation approves seems to be the policy of the representative men of the Peace Democracy. Defeat and failure comprise their whole political history. In laboring to overthrow reconstruction they are probably destined to further defeat and further failure. I know not how it may be in other States, but if I am not greatly mistaken as to the mind of the loyal people of Ohio, they mean to trust power in the hands of no man who, during the awful struggle for the nation's life, proved unfaithful to the cause of liberty and of Union. They will continue to exclude from the administration of the government those who prominently opposed the war, until every question arising out of the rebellion relating to the integrity of the nation and to human rights shall have been firmly settled on the basis of impartial justice.

They mean that the State of Ohio, in this great progress, "whose leading object is to elevate the condition of men, to lift artificial weights from all shoulders, to clear the paths of laudable pursuits for all, to afford all an unfettered start and a fair chance in the race of life," shall tread no step backward.

Penetrated and sustained by a conviction that in this contest the Union party of Ohio is doing battle for the right, I enter upon my part of the labors of the canvass with undoubting confidence that the goodness of the cause will supply the weakness of its advocates, and command in the result that triumphant success which I believe it deserves.

Sherman, John, an eminent American statesman and financier, a younger brother of the famous General Sherman, born at Lancaster, Ohio, May 10, 1823; died in Washington, D. C., October 22, 1900. He engaged in politics early in his career, and was a delegate to the Whig convention in 1848. He entered the National House of Representatives in 1854, and from 1861 to 1873 was a prominent member of the United States Senate. During the administration of President Hayes, 1877–81, Sherman was Secretary of the Treasury, and for the six years succeeding was again in the National Senate. He was appointed Secretary of State in 1897, but failing health compelled his resignation the next year. He was an able, well-prepared public speaker, and a valued authority on financial topics. His "Selected Speeches and Reports on Finance and Taxation, 1859–78," were published in 1879. His "Speech on the Financial Situation" is one of his most notable addresses.

ON SILVER COINAGE AND TREASURY NOTES.

UNITED STATES SENATE, JUNE 5, 1890.

I APPROACH the discussion of this bill and the kindred bills and amendments pending in the two Houses with unaffected diffidence. No problem is submitted to us of equal importance and difficulty. Our action will affect the value of all the property of the people of the United States, and the wages of labor of every kind, and our trade and commerce with all the world. In the consideration of such a question we should not be controlled by previous opinions or bound by local interests, but with the lights of experience and full

knowledge of all the complicated facts involved, give to the subject the best judgment which imperfect human nature allows. With the wide diversity of opinion that prevails, each of us must make concessions in order to secure such a measure as will accomplish the objects sought for without impairing the public credit or the general interests of our people. This is no time for visionary theories of political economy. We must deal with facts as we find them and not as we wish them. We must aim at results based upon practical experience, for what has been probably will be. The best prophet of the future is the past.

To know what measures ought to be adopted we should have a clear conception of what we wish to accomplish. I believe a majority of the Senate desire, first, to provide an increase of money to meet the increasing wants of our rapidly growing country and population, and to supply the reduction in our circulation caused by the retiring of national banknotes; second, to increase the market value of silver not only in the United States but in the world, in the belief that this is essential to the success of any measure proposed, and in the hope that our efforts will advance silver to its legal ratio with gold, and induce the great commercial nations to join with us in maintaining the legal parity of the two metals, or in agreeing with us in a new ratio of their relative value; and third, to secure a genuine bimetallic standard, one that will not demonetize gold or cause it to be hoarded or exported, but that will establish both gold and silver as standards of value not only in the United States, but among all the civilized nations of the world.

Believing that these are the chief objects aimed at by us all, and that we differ only as to the best means to obtain them, I will discuss the pending propositions to test how far they tend, in my opinion, to promote or defeat these objects.

And, first, as to the amount of currency necessary to meet the wants of the people. . . .

It is a fact that there has been a constant increase of currency. It is a fact which must be constantly borne in mind. If any evils now exist such as have been so often stated, such as falling prices, increased mortgages, contentions between capital and labor, decreasing value of silver, increased relative value of gold, they must be attributed to some other cause than our insufficient supply of circulation, for not only has the circulation increased in these twelve years eighty per cent., while our population has only increased thirty-six per cent., but it has all been maintained at the gold standard, which, it is plain, has been greatly advanced in purchasing power. If the value of money is tested by its amount, by numerals, according to the favorite theory of the Senator from Nevada (Mr. Jones), then surely we ought to be on the high road of prosperity, for these numerals have increased in twelve years from $805,000,000 to $1,405,000,000 in October last, and to $1,420,000,000 on the first of this month. This single fact disposes of the claim that insufficient currency is the cause of the woes, real and imaginary, that have been depicted, and compel us to look to other causes for the evils complained of.

I admit that prices for agricultural productions have been abnormally low, and that the farmers of the United

States have suffered greatly from this cause. But this depression of prices is easily accounted for by the greatly increased amount of agricultural production, the wonderful development of agricultural implements, the opening of vast regions of new and fertile fields in the West, the reduced cost of transportation, the doubling of the miles of railroads, and the quadrupling capacity of railroads and steamboats for transportation, and the new-fangled forms of trusts and combinations which monopolize nearly all the productions of the farms and workshops of our country, reducing the price to the producer and in some cases increasing the cost to the consumer. All these causes co-operate to reduce prices of farm products. No one of them can be traced to an insufficient currency, now larger in amount in proportion to population than ever before in our history.

But to these causes of a domestic character must be added others, over which we have no control. The same wonderful development of industry has been going on in other parts of the globe. In Russia, especially in Southern Russia, vast regions have been opened to the commerce of the world. Railroads have been built, mines have been opened, exhaustless supplies of petroleum have been found, and all these are competitors with us in supplying the wants of Europe for food, metals, heat, and light. India, with its teeming millions of poorly paid laborers, is competing with our farmers, and their products are transported to market over thousands of miles of railroads constructed by English capital, or by swift steamers through the Red Sea and the Suez Canal, reaching directly the

people of Europe whom we formerly supplied with food. No wonder, then, that our agriculture is depressed by low prices, caused by competition with new rivals and agencies.

Any one who can overlook these causes and attribute low prices to a want of domestic currency, that has increased and is increasing continually, must be blind to the great forces that in recent times throughout the world are tending by improved methods and modern inventions to lessen the prices of all commodities. . .

These fluctuations depend upon the law of supply and demand, involving facts too numerous to state, but rarely depending on the volume of money in circulation. An increase of currency can have no effect to advance prices unless we cheapen and degrade it by making it less valuable; and, if that is the intention now, the direct and honest way is to put fewer grains of gold or silver in our dollar. This was the old way, by clipping the coin, adding base metal.

If we want a cheaper dollar we have the clear constitutional right to put in it 15 grains of gold instead of 23, or 300 grains of silver instead of 412½. but you have no power to say how many bushels of wheat the new dollar shall buy. You can, if you choose, cheapen the dollar under your power to coin money, and thus enable a debtor to pay his debts with fewer grains of silver or gold, under the pretext that gold or silver has risen in value, but in this way you would destroy all forms of credit and make it impossible for nations or individuals to borrow money for a period of time. It is a species of repudiation.

The best standard of value is one that measures for

the longest period its equivalent in other products. Its relative value may vary from time to time. If it falls, the creditor loses; if it increases, the debtor loses; and these changes are the chances of all trade and commerce and all loaning and borrowing. The duty of the government is performed when it coins money and provides convenient credit representatives of coin. The purchasing power of money for other commodities depends upon changing conditions over which the government has no control. Even its power to issue paper money has been denied until recently, but this may be considered as settled by the recent decisions of the Supreme Court in the legal-tender cases. All that Congress ought to do is to provide a sufficient amount of money, either of coin or its equivalent of paper money, to meet the current wants of business. This it has done in the twelve years last passed at a ratio of increase far in excess of any in our previous history.

Under the law of February, 1878, the purchase of $2,000,000 worth of silver bullion a month has by coinage produced annually an average of nearly $3,000,000 a month for a period of twelve years, but this amount, in view of the retirement of the banknotes, will not increase our currency in proportion to our increase in population. If our present currency is estimated at $1,400,000,000, and our population is increasing at the ratio of 3 per cent. per annum, it would require $42,000,000 increased circulation each year to keep pace with the increase of population; but as the increase of population is accompanied by a still greater ratio of increase of wealth and business, it was thought that an immediate increase of circulation

might be obtained by larger purchases of silver bullion to an amount sufficient to make good the retirement of banknotes, and keep pace with the growth of population. Assuming that $54,000,000 a year of additional circulation is needed upon this basis, that amount is provided for in this bill by the issue of Treasury notes in exchange for bullion at the market price. I see no objection to this proposition, but believe that Treasury notes based upon silver bullion purchased in this way will be as safe a foundation for paper money as can be conceived.

Experience shows that silver coin will not circulate to any considerable amount. Only about one silver dollar to each inhabitant is maintained in circulation with all the efforts made by the Treasury Department, but silver certificates, the representatives of this coin, pass current without question, and are maintained at par in gold by being received by the government for all purposes and redeemed if called for. I do not fear to give to these notes every sanction and value that the United States can confer. I do not object to their being made a legal tender for all debts, public or private. I believe that if they are to be issued they ought to be issued as money, with all the sanction and authority that the government can possibly confer. While I believe the amount to be issued is greater than is necessary, yet in view of the retirement of banknotes I yielded my objections to the increase beyond $4,000,000. As an expedient to provide increased circulation it is far preferable to free coinage of silver or any proposition that has been made to provide some other security than United States bonds

for bank circulation. I believe it will accomplish the first object proposed, a gradual and steady increase of the current money of the country . . . .

What then can we do to arrest the fall of silver and to advance its market value? I know of but two expedients. One is to purchase bullion in large quantities as the basis and security of Treasury notes, as proposed by this bill. The other is to adopt the single standard of silver, and take the chances for its rise or fall in the markets of the world. I have already stated the probable results of the hoarding of bullion. By purchasing in the open market our domestic production of silver and hoarding it in the Treasury we withdraw so much from the supply of the world, and thus maintain or increase the price of the remaining silver production of the world. It is not idle in our vaults, but is represented by certificates in active circulation. Sixteen ounces of silver bullion may not be worth one ounce of gold, still one dollar's worth of silver bullion is worth one dollar of gold.

What will be the effect of the free coinage of silver? It is said that it will at once advance silver to par with gold at the ratio of 16 to 1. I deny it. The attempt will bring us to the single standard of the cheaper metal. When we advertise that we will buy all the silver of the world at that ratio and pay in Treasury notes, our notes will have the precise value of 371½ grains of pure silver, but the silver will have no higher value in the markets of the world. If, now, that amount of silver can be purchased at 80 cents, then gold will be worth $1.25 in the new standard. All labor, property, and commodities will advance in nom-

inal value, but their purchasing power in other commodities will not increase. If you make the yard 30 inches long instead of 36 you must purchase more yards for a coat or a dress, but do not lessen the cost of the coat or the dress. You may by free coinage, by a species of confiscation, reduce the burden of a debt, but you cannot change the relative value of gold or silver, or any object of human desire. The only result is to demonetize gold and to cause it to be hoarded or exported. The cheaper metal fills the channels of circulation and the dearer metal commands a premium.

If experience is needed to prove so plain an axiom we have it in our own history. At the beginning of our National Government we fixed the value of gold and silver as 1 to 15. Gold was undervalued and fled the country to where an ounce of gold was worth 15½ ounces of silver. Congress, in 1834, endeavored to rectify this by making the ratio 1 to 16, but by this silver was undervalued. Sixteen ounces of silver were worth more than 1 ounce of gold, and silver disappeared. Congress, in 1853, adopted another expedient to secure the value of both metals as money. By this expedient gold is the standard and silver the subsidiary coin, containing confessedly silver of less value in the market than the gold coin, but maintained at the parity of gold coin by the government. . . .

But it is said that those of us who demand the gold standard, or paper money always equal to gold, are the representatives of capital, money-changers, bondholders, Shylocks, who want to grind and oppress the

people. This kind of argument I hoped would never find its way into the Senate Chamber. It is the cry of the demagogue, without the slightest foundation. All these classes can take care of themselves. They are the men who make their profits out of the depreciation of money. They can mark up the price of their property to meet changing standards. They can protect themselves by gold contracts. In proportion to their wealth they have less money on hand than any other class. They have already protected themselves to a great extent by converting the great body of the securities in which they deal into gold bonds, and they hold the gold of the country, which you cannot change in value. They are not, as a rule, the creditors of the country.

The great creditors are savings banks, insurance companies, widows and orphans, and provident farmers, and business men on a small scale. The great operators are the great borrowers and owe more than is due them. Their credit is their capital and they need not have even money enough to pay their rent.

But how will this change affect the great mass of our fellow citizens who depend upon their daily labor? A dollar to them means so much food, clothing, and rent. If you cheapen the dollar it will buy less of these. You may say they will get more dollars for their labor, but all experience shows that labor and land are the last to feel the change in monetary standards, and the same resistance will be made to an advance of wages on the silver standard as on the gold standard, and when the advance is won it will be found that the purchasing power of the new

dollar is less than the old. No principle of political economy is better established than that the producing classes are the first to suffer and the last to gain by monetary changes.

I might apply this argument to the farmer, the merchant, the professional man, and to all classes except the speculator or the debtor who wishes to lessen the burden of his obligations; but it is not necessary.

It is sometimes said that all this is a false alarm, that our demand for silver will absorb all that will be offered and bring it to par with gold at the old ratio. I have no faith in such a miracle. If they really thought so, many would lose their interest in the question. What they want is a cheaper dollar that would pay debts easier. Others do not want either silver or gold, but want numbers, numerals, the fruit of the printing-press, to be fixed every year by Congress as we do an appropriation bill.

Now, sir, I am willing to do all I can with safety even to taking great risks to increase the value of silver to gold at the old ratio, and to supply paper substitutes for both for circulation, but there is one immutable, unchangeable, ever-existing condition, that the paper substitutes must always have the same purchasing power as gold and silver coin, maintained at their legal ratio with each other. I feel a conviction, as strong as the human mind can have, that the free coinage of silver now by the United States will be a grave mistake and a misfortune to all classes and conditions of our fellow citizens. I also have a hope and belief, but far from a certainty, that the measure proposed for the purchase of silver bullion to a limited

amount, and the issue of Treasury notes for it, will bring silver and gold to the old ratio, and will lead to an agreement with other commercial nations to maintain the free coinage of both metals.

And now, sir, I want to state in conclusion, without any purpose to bind myself to detail, that I will vote for any measure that will, in my judgment, secure a genuine bimetallic standard—one that will not demonetize gold or cause it to be hoarded or exported, but will establish both silver and gold as common standards and maintain them at a fixed ratio, not only in the United States but among all the nations of the world. The principles adopted by the Acts of 1853 and 1875 have been sustained by experience and should be adhered to. In pursuance of them I would receive into the Treasury of the United States all the gold and silver produced in our country at their market value, not at a speculative or forced value, but at their value in the markets of the world. And for the convenience of our people I would represent them by Treasury notes to an amount not exceeding their cost. I would confer upon these notes all the use, qualities, and attributes that we can confer within our constitutional power, and support and maintain them as money by coining the silver and gold as needed upon the present legal ratios, and by a pledge of all the revenues of the government and all the wealth and credit of the United States. And I would proclaim to all our readiness, by international negotiations or treaties, to bring about an agreement among nations for common units of value and of weights and measures for all the productions of the world.

This hope of philosophers and statesmen is now nearer realization than ever before. If we could contribute to this result it would tend to promote commerce and intercourse, trade and travel, peace and harmony among nations. It would be in line with the civilization of our age. It is by such measures statesmen may keep pace with the marvellous inventions, improvements, and discoveries which have quadrupled the capacity of man for production, made lightning subservient to his will, revealed to him new agencies of power hidden in the earth, and opened up to his enterprise all the dark places of the world. The people of the United States boast that they have done their full share in all this development; that they have grown in population, wealth, and strength; that they are the richest of nations, with untarnished credit, a model and example of self-government without kings or princes or lords. Surely this is no time for a radical change of public policy which seems to have no motive except to reduce the burden of obligations freely taken, a change likely to impair our public credit and produce disorder and confusion in all monetary transactions. Others may see reasons for this change, but I prefer to stand by the standards of value that come to us with the approval and sanction of every party that has administered the government since its beginning.

Cox, Samuel S., an American politician and public speaker, born at Zanesville, Ohio, September 30, 1824; died in New York City, September , 1889. After a few years spent in the practice of law, he entered Congress as a Representative from Ohio in 1857, remaining there till 1865. He removed to New York City the next year, and represented New York in Congress, 1869–85. After occupying the post of Minister to Turkey, 1885–86, he again sat in Congress as a New York Representative, 1887–89. He was an able, though not brilliant speaker, and he took frequent part in Congressional debates.

THE BEAUTIES OF DIPLOMACY.

FROM SPEECH DELIVERED IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, FEBRUARY 9, 1876.

Now, gentlemen, I will go to Greece although there is hardly a grease spot left! However there is something very interesting in connection with Greece which I would like to refer to. I do not think it has been exhausted altogether. The gentleman from Illinois (Mr. Springer) anticipated me a little as I was the first man to find out the interesting letters which he has quoted. My friend, Judge Holman, also anticipated me but he did not find, read, nor comment on the most interesting epistles. Here is one:

Legation of the United States,
Athens, March 8, 1875.
(Received, April 5.)

Sir:—A magnificent ball took place at the palace on the 3d instant. On that occasion the American minister had the honor to be selected to lead a contra-dance with the queen.

Now that is something that I like. It makes me wish to defend in one sense the minister to Greece. I will defend anybody that has been so abused as this minister. Why what do we not owe to Greece? Think of it! The land where "burning Sappho loved and sung," and all the rest of Byron's fine ode, which you, Mr. Chairman, rehearsed in your boyhood. Think of Athens—the eye of Greece and the Piraeus which has been called the "eyesore of Greece." Think of the arts of war and peace which Greece illustrated two thousand years ago! Think of Marathon and Salamis, and the "ships by thousands" which used to lay below, but which do not lay around there at all now, especially with our starry flag at their mast!

Think of Thermopylae and her three hundred, of the Pyrrhic phalanx and Anacreon, Suli's rock and Sunium's marbled steep; and then, swan-like, die for love of Greece, after Byron's draught of Samian wine! Think of the Acropolis. Think of those old heroes that modern Greeks name their children after—Aeschylus, Thersites, Agamemnon, and Ulysses—never forget Ulysses,—Epaminondas, and Pericles, and Sophocles, and Alcibiades, and Themistocles, and Euripides, and all the other D D's belonging to the early days of ancient Greece.

Yet, sir, as my friend from Indiana (Mr. Holman) well said, our representatives, when they go to Greece go to the tomb of departed greatness. Greece gave art, science, logic, and poetry to the ages. She is entitled to a minister from the United States of America, not on account of any special living people that are there, or any special commerce which they have with

us, for they only send us, I believe, from two to ten thousand pounds of Zante currants every year; but Greece has a nomadic population of goat-herds, and we ought to improve on a certain kind of goat that we have in this country.

Is there here any man who will not assist us to protect and raise Greece to her ancient fame? Let him read Clay and Webster, if not Plato and Aristotle. Let him read the catalogue of the Homeric heroes! True, her streams are dried up, her soil barren, her olive-trees cut up by the roots for fuel, and her very grass made the food of her nomadic goats; but is it not Greece? Some cynic may ask before voting appropriations for our minister, who honors the dead past and the great heroes of that dead past, "What is Cithera's isle to the grasshopper-despoiled West? What is Milos, from whence the famous statue of Venus came, or Salamis with the fame of Themistocles, when Mississippi is under the ban and its plantations are overgrown with sedgegrass? What the Piraeus, where Socrates questioned the sailors, or what the academy under whose olive-trees the divine Plato sat while the bees of Hymettus settled on his lips, when the Texas border is ravaged by greasers and American cattle driven to Cortina's ranches by the thousand.

What are Morea's hills with their golden and purple sunsets, when beyond our sunset, contractors cheat the government and Indians on meat and flour? What the violet-wreathed city of Minerva, when in the great metropolis of New York, "farther west," the tenement houses team with skeleton starvelings? Let

imagination paint in rainbow colors the verdureless and yellow isles of Greece and sing them again in Byron's muse, but what are these to the demoralized and overflowed bacon of Alabama? When there is sung the glories of Bacchus and the mazy dance of the Bacchantes, who is to tell the mysteries of the crooked juices of the maize of Illinois, Wisconsin, and Missouri?

And if further the same cynic asks why King George of Greece plays with his pet birds while the bandits prowl, plunder, and murder; if it is said that Greece is the land of ruins, brigands, and beggars, and the little kinglet of Schleswig-Holstein is held on his throne by other powers, may we not respond, "It is Greece, the Greece of Aristotle and Homer to which we send expensive ambassadors?"

We ought to go further in our pride and protection for this grave of greatness. We ought to bring out of the ruins of the Acropolis some of those rare works of art that were left by Lord Elgin when he surreptitiously carried off so many to the British museum. I plead as well for art as for the poor inhabitants of Greece. They ought to be in some way or other protected by our minister.

There are many new members here who probably do not know that two years ago we had an executive document, No. 54 of the second session of the Forty-second Congress, sent here by a Colonel Steinberger, who went to what is called the Navigator Islands. He was on a special mission from our government. I do not know just what it was for. Perhaps there was

a land job in it. *Omne ignotum pro mirifico.** But he went out to these islands and there he was soon hand and glove with King Lunalilo. He is now premier. There he is now, sitting under the bread-fruit trees, with the little monkey clinging with prehensile grip to their limbs, and he (I do not mean the monkey) wrapped around with the Star Spangled Banner of our country; only seventy-five hundred miles from San Francisco, eight thousand miles from China and four thousand miles from Juan Fernandez! There our banner floats!

O, how proud we were when we knew that our banner was floating over those basaltic rocks, washed by the waves as they rolled over coral reefs, with fishes among them of all kinds and colors! Then to think that away off, where no good man had ever gone, except some of the Botany Bay shipwrecked convicts to convert the natives to our religion, how beautiful it was in this centennial year to feel that General Grant had sent out Colonel Steinberger to bring those islands within our own influence and confederacy! If we can do so much for people who are so far off, why not jump from Samoa sixteen thousand miles to Greece, and there revive through our diplomacy its ancient glories under our centennial tutelage.

In Greece we have a minister whom I like. I do not want to see him dismissed. He is a man that can dance a contra-dance with the Queen, and such a queen as Queen Olga—a grand duchess of Russia! And Russia may almost be called the leading power

* Every unknown is regarded as marvellous.

of Europe. We should be proud to think of such a minister! How did they dance it?

> " Hands across and down the middle
> To the tune of flute and fiddle."

Mr. Chairman, I have seen such promiscuous dancing. Byron referred to the Pyrrhic dances of classic Greece, but that dance is obsolete. I have seen the Kabyles in northern Africa with their strange swaying dances. I have seen some dancing in the aisles of this House that forcibly reminded me of the dervishes of the East. I have seen some ravishing dancing by the senoritas of Seville.

But, sir, I pause. We have here a gentle professor (Mr. Monroe), at one time a very good professor at Oberlin, and a good man. He is, or was, a very religious man. He is well educated, but did he know when he was speaking for Greece and its minister the other day and quoting its history—did he know that our minister there had been dancing a contra-dance? Did he know that he was thus desecrating the old religious Presbyterian principles? No, sir, I repudiate such an idea. How can he vote against Greece in this bill?

Sir, the letter which the gentleman from Illinois sent up to be read was not exactly read by the clerk in the proper tones. I proceed to read it through:

" The spacious salons were filled at half-past nine, and the festivities continued until half-past five in the morning. The arrangements throughout were of the most admirable character. An elaborate supper for

eight hundred guests was laid in the royal *salle à manger* and in the two large adjoining rooms, while the ministers of state and the diplomatic corps were entertained by the king and queen in the beautiful private apartments of their majesties."

I would like to know what they had to eat on that festive occasion. What did they drink? Was it champagne or was it Burgundy? Did they have imported from Spain the rare Montillado? Did they have Rudesheimer, or did they have Hochheimer or some other "heimer" from the Rhine? What were they drinking? Was it the Vin D'Asti from Italy or Tokay from Hungary? What was their *menu?* Was it drawn from Apicius or the "mouth officers" of Lucullus? Was it inspired by Brillat Savarin or Delmonico? I think some man on the Republican side of the House who is interested in retrenchment ought to have the question raised and inquiry made as to what was going on on that occasion in respect to the edibles and drinking; for I hold that the first duty of an American diplomat is to drink nothing but pure old American Bourbon whiskey.

Moreover, the utility of this wonderful diplomatic system which I am now defending, for I think it will prove of great utility, is the right to have inquiry as to the peculiar diplomatic dress our minister wore when he danced with the Queen of Greece.

Did he wear a spike-tailed coat; were his hands covered with graceful kids; were they of the Alexandrine pattern, and was his hair parted in the middle? How was the Queen dressed? How did she manage

that white-satin dress so as not to take the color from her cheeks as represented in another interesting dispatch? We want to know all about it; how long was her train; and, if not, why not?

Now, Mr. Chairman, I had the other day a little troublesome matter with my friend from Maine (Mr. Hale), as to which I wish to express my regret. I called him by an endearing epithet, but I felt a little bad about it. I went to the Corcoran Art Gallery on Saturday to relieve myself from this feeling.

I never felt the necessity of keeping a minister at Greece until I walked, thoughtful, silent, among the mutilated plaster casts of the Corcoran Gallery on Saturday. There were orators without lungs, statesmen without brains, soldiers without arms, and Venuses without robes. Here was a torso Demosthenes and a one-eyed Homer; there was a Theseus garrotting a spavined Centaur. The gentleman from Kentucky will understand what a spavined Centaur is. All about were the fauns, satyrs, Apollos, and Dianas which Greece gave to art and art to the ages; although the only art of modern Greece consists in the ransoming of travellers from brigands, and the farming out of revenues for the sick man of the Levant, and feeding goats. Yet that is a strong reason for a minister to look after art, brigands, and revenue.

If the British Queen—whose empire is based on the wisdom and the rocks of ages, and whose star and course of empire is eastward through her newly acquired Suez Canal to her hundreds of millions in India, and whose footsteps of empire are marked at Malta, Corfu, and in the isles of Greece—could not protect

her subjects from brigandage and murder within sight of the Acropolis, does it not become our duty, as the mighty limb of her magnificent trunk, to throw our shadow over that sterile soil where Marathon looks on the sea? Is not this our bounden duty this centennial year? Are we not inviting all the nations to our carnival of industry and jubilee of freedom? What would that interesting occasion be without a wooden horse from Greece within thy gates, O city of brotherly love!

Moreover, do we not reach out to other isles than those of Greece and other lands remote? Does not Massachusetts, through an honored son and an ex-member of Congress, give law to the realm of King Kalakaua? Has not our vessel with our proud starry flag borne a Pennsylvanian, Colonel Steinberger, to the distant Samoan group of the southwestern seas, eight thousand miles from our coast, near the tropic of Capricorn? Has he not there eaten of the bread-fruit with the kings of the group and a group of kings, made himself premier over their councils and king of the ex-cannibal islands? If we can do this in the isles of King Lunalilo amid the ancient vesicular lava-beds, amagladaloids, and basalt, where, over coralline ledges, amid which disport fish banded and spotted with green and crimson, the wild waves are singing our everlasting glory hallelujah; why may we not reach out from Pago-Pago and the slopes of Upolu and Savaii to the land where Homer ruled as his demesne and Sappho sang her sad refrain to the Aegean, into whose bosom she sprang and from whose bosom her favorite deity arose.

If we can use the contingent fund as we have to reach Pago-Pago and its interesting converts to polygamous Christianity why may we not extend an enterprising rule and roving into that land where Pericles ruled, Demosthenes spoke, Sophocles sang, and even Paul preached? Did we not last year to gratify an Ohio member, appropriate thousands for a new survey of Judea? And if so why may not Mars Hill have its geologist and the Morea its photographs?

Gentlemen may tell us that we have no commerce with Greece, and therefore require no minister there. Gentlemen may say that our ships and clippers no longer plow the historic waves rendered classic by the prows of Ulysses and the pinnaces of Agamemnon. True, our ship-building is a myth; but Greece is the land of myths. True, the decadence of our shipping calls for little or no men-of-war; but what an interesting study for our minister are the men-of-war who went out to take Troy forty-five hundred years ago and besought and besieged that city till the young men went west! But is it not a strong reason for the encouragement of our navigation? If we had our olden commerce, there would be no need of its fostering. We must have ancient Greece to teach us the art of navigation and revive our shipping.

Choate, Rufus, a celebrated American lawyer and orator, born at Ipswich, Mass., October 1, 1799; died at Halifax, Nova Scotia, July 13, 1859. He began the practice of law in Danvers, Mass., but subsequently removed to Boston, where his practice became extensive. He was United States Senator, 1841–45, and while in the Senate made a number of important and brilliant speeches upon leading questions. After his retirement from the Senate he declined to enter public life again, but he delivered many addresses before societies and many speeches in the course of his profession. He was accounted one of the greatest, as well as one of the most polished orators of his day, but no adequate report exists of his powerful forensic arguments.

BOOKS AND CIVILIZATION IN AMERICA.

FROM A SPEECH ON THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTE DELIVERED IN THE UNITED STATES SENATE.

It is easy to waste this money; it is easy to squander it in jobs, salaries, quackeries; it is easy, even under the forms of utility, to disperse and dissipate it in little rills and drops, imperceptible to all human sense, carrying it off by an insensible and ineffectual evaporation. But, sir, I take it that we all earnestly desire —I am sure the Senator from Ohio does desire—so to dispense it as to make it tell. I am sure we all desire to see it, instead of being carried off invisibly and wastefully, embody itself as an exponent of civilization, permanent, palpable, conspicuous, useful. And to this end it has seemed to me, upon the most mature reflection, that we cannot do a safer, surer,

more unexceptional thing with the income, or with a portion of the income, perhaps twenty thousand dollars a year for a few years, than to expend it in accumulating a grand and noble public library—one which for variety, extent, and wealth shall be, and be confessed to be, equal to any now in the world.

I say for a few years. Twenty thousand dollars a year, for twenty-five years, are five hundred thousand dollars; and five hundred thousand dollars discreetly expended, not by a bibliomaniac, but by a man of sense and reading thoroughly instructed in bibliography, would go far, very far, toward the purchase of nearly as good a library as Europe can boast. I mean a library of printed books, as distinct from manuscripts. Of course, such a sum would not purchase the number of books which some old libraries are reported to contain. It would not buy the 700,000 of the Royal Library at Paris, the largest in the world; nor the 500,000 or 600,000 of that of Munich, the largest in Germany; nor the 300,000 or 400,000 or 500,000 of those of Vienna and St. Petersburg, and the Vatican at Rome, and Copenhagen, and the Bodleian at Oxford. But mere numbers of volumes afford a very imperfect criterion of value. Those old libraries have been so long in collecting; accident and donation, which could not be rejected, have contributed so much to them; a general and indiscriminate system of accumulation gathers up, necessarily, so much trash; there are so many duplicates and quadruplicates, and so many books and editions, which become superseded, that mere bulk and mere original cost must not terrify us. *Ponderantur, non numerantur.* Accordingly

the Library of the University of Gottingen, consisting perhaps of two hundred and fifty thousand or three hundred thousand volumes, but well chosen, selected, for the most part, within a century, and to a considerable extent by a single great scholar, Heyne, is perhaps to-day as valuable a collection of printed books as any in the world. Toward the accumulation of such a library, the expenditure of two-thirds of this income for a quarter of a century would make, let me say, a magnificent advance. And such a step taken, we should never have the work unfinished; yet when it should be finished, and your library should rival anything which civilization has ever had to show, there would still be the whole principal of your fund unexpended, yielding its income forever, for new and varying applications for increasing and diffusing knowledge in the world.

I hesitate, from an apprehension of being accused of entering too far into a kind of dissertation unsuited to this assembly of men of business, to suggest and press one-half the considerations which satisfy my mind of the propriety of this mode of expenditure. Nobody can doubt, I think, that it comes within the terms and spirit of the trust. That directs us to "increase and diffuse knowledge among men." And do not the judgments of all the wise; does not the experience of all enlightened States; does not the whole history of civilization, concur to declare that a various and ample library is one of the surest, most constant, most permanent, and most economical instrumentalities to increase and diffuse knowledge? There it would be—durable as liberty, durable as the Union; a vast store-

house, a vast treasury of all the facts which make up the history of man and of nature, so far as that history has been written; of all the truths which the inquirers and experiences of all the races and ages have found out; of all the opinions that have been promulgated; of all the emotions, images, sentiments, examples from all the richest and most instructive literatures; the whole past speaking to the present and the future; a silent, yet wise and eloquent teacher; dead, yet speaking—not dead! for Milton has told us that a "good book is not absolutely a dead thing—the precious life-blood rather of a master spirit; a seasoned life of man embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life." Is not that an admirable instrumentality to increase and diffuse knowledge among men? It would place within the reach of our mind, of our thinkers, and investigators, and scholars, all, or the chief intellectual and literary materials, and food and instruments, now within the reach of the cultivated foreign mind, and the effect would be to increase the amount of individual acquisition, and multiply the number of the learned. It would raise the standard of our scholarship, improve our style of investigation, and communicate an impulse to our educated and to the general mind. There is no library now in this country, I suppose, containing over fifty thousand volumes. Many there are containing less. But, from the nature of the case, all have the same works; so that I do not know, that of all the printed books in the world we have in this country more than fifty thousand different works. The consequence has been felt and lamented by all our authors and all our scholars.

It has been often said that Gibbon's "History" could not have been written here for want of books. I suppose that Hallam's "Middle Ages," and his "Introduction to the Literature of Europe," could not. Irving's "Columbus" was written in Spain; Wheaton's "Northmen" prepared to be written in Copenhagen. See how this inadequate supply operates. An American mind kindles with a subject; it enters on an investigation with a spirit and with an ability worthy of the most splendid achievement; goes a little way, finds that a dozen books—one book, perhaps—are indispensable, which cannot be found this side of Gottingen or Oxford; it tires of the pursuit, or abandons it altogether, or substitutes some shallow conjecture for a deep and accurate research. And there is the end!

Now there are very many among us, and every day we shall have more, who would feelingly adopt this language. Place within their reach the helps that guide the genius and labors of Germany and England and let the genius and labors of Germany and England look to themselves! Our learned men would grow more learned and more able; our studies deeper and wider; our mind itself exercised and sharpened; the whole culture of the community raised and enriched. This is, indeed, to increase and diffuse knowledge among men.

If the terms of the trust, then, authorize this expenditure, why not make it? Not among the principal, nor yet the least of reasons for doing so, is, that all the while you are laying out your money, and when you have laid it out, you have the money's worth, the

value received, the property purchased, on hand, to show for itself and to speak for itself. Suppose the professors provided for in the bill should gather a little circle of pupils, each of whom should carry off with him some small quotient of navigation or horticulture, or rural economy, and the fund should thus glide away and evaporate in such insensible, inappreciable appropriations, how little there would be to testify of it! Whereas here, all the while, are the books; here is the value; here is the visible property; here is the oil, and here is the light. There is something to point to, if you should be asked to account for it unexpectedly; and something to point to, if a traveller should taunt you with the collections which he has seen abroad, and which gild and recommend the absolutisms of Vienna or St. Petersburg.

Another reason, not of the strongest, to be sure, for this mode of expenditure, is that it creates so few jobs and sinecures, so little salaried laziness. There is no room for abuses in it. All that you need is a plain, spacious fireproof building, a librarian and assistants, an agent to buy your books, and a fire to sit by. For all the rest, he who wants to read goes and ministers to himself. It is an application of money that almost excludes the chances of abuses altogether.

But the decisive argument is, after all, that it is an application the most exactly adapted to the actual literary and scientific wants of the States and the country. I have said that another college is not needed here, because there are enough now, and another might do as much harm as good. But that which is wanted for every college, for the whole country, for every stud-

ious person, is a well-chosen library, somewhere among us, of three or four hundred thousand books. Where is such a one to be collected? How is it to be done? Who is to do it? Of the hundred and fifty colleges, more or less, distributed over the country, one has a library of perhaps fifty thousand volumes; others have good ones, though less; others smaller and smaller, down to scarcely anything. With one voice they unite, teacher and pupil, with every scholar and thinker, in proclaiming the want of more. But where are they to come from? No State is likely to lay a tax to create a college library, or a city library. No deathbed gift of the rich can be expected to do it. How, then, is this one grand want of learning to be relieved? It can be done by you and by you only. By a providential occurrence, it is not only placed within your constitutional power, but it has become your duty; you have pledged your faith; you have engaged to the dead and living that, without the charge of one dollar on the people, you will meet the universal and urgent demand by the precise and adequate supply. By such a library as you can collect here, something will be done, much will be done, to help every college, every school, every studious man, every writer and thinker in the country to just what is wanted most. Inquirers after truth may come here and search for it. It will do them no harm at all to pass a few studious weeks among these scenes. Having pushed their investigations as far as they may at home, and ascertained just what, and how much more, of helps they require, let them come hither and find it. Let them replenish themselves, and then go

back and make distribution among the people! Let it be so that—

> "Hither as to their fountains other stars
> Repairing, in their golden urns, draw light."

I have no objection at all—I should rejoice rather—to see the literary representatives of an instructed people come hither, not merely for the larger legislation and jurisprudence, but for the rarer and higher knowledge. I am quite willing, not only that our "Amphictyonic Council" should sit here, but that it should find itself among some such scenes and influences as surrounded that old renowned assembly; the fountain of purer waters than those of Castalia; the temple and the oracle of our Apollo! It will do good to have your educated men come to Washington for what has heretofore cost voyages to Germany. They will be of all parts of the country. They will become acquainted with each other. They will contract friendships and mutual regards. They will go away not only better scholars, but better Unionists. Some one has said that a great library molds all minds into one Republic. It might, in a sense of which he little dreamed, help to keep ours together.

I have intimated, Mr. President, a doubt whether a college or university of any description, even the highest, should be at present established here. But let it be considered by the enlightened friends of that object, if such there are, that even if your single purpose were to create such a university, you could possibly begin in no way so judiciously as by collecting a great library. Useful in the other modes which I have

indicated, to a university it is everything. It is as needful as the soul to the body. While you are doubting, then, what to do, what you will have, you can do nothing so properly as to begin to be accumulating the books which you will require on whatever permanent plan of application you at last determine.

I do not expect to hear it said in this assembly that this expenditure for a library will benefit a few only, not the mass; that it is exclusive, and of the nature of monopoly. It is to be remembered that this fund is a gift; that we take it just as it is given; and that by its terms it must be disbursed here. Any possible administration of it, therefore, is exposed to the cavil that all cannot directly, and literally, and equally partake of it. How many and of what classes of youth from Louisiana, or Illinois, or New England, for example, can attend the lectures of your professor of astronomy? But I say it is a positive and important argument for the mode of application which I urge, that it is so diffusive. Think of the large absolute numbers of those who, in the succession of years will come and partake directly of these stores of truth and knowledge! Think of the numbers without number who, through them, who by them indirectly, will partake of the same stores! Studious men will come to learn to speak and write to and for the growing millions of a generally educated community. They will learn that they may communicate. They cannot hoard if they would, and they would not if they could. They take in trust to distribute; and every motive of ambition, of interest, of duty, will compel them to distribute. They buy in gross, to sell by retail. The lights

which they kindle here will not be set under a bushel, but will burn on a thousand hills. No, sir; a rich and public library is no anti-republican monoply. Who was the old Egyptian king who inscribed on his library the words, "The dispensary of the soul"? You might quite as well inscribe on it, "Armory and light and fountain of liberty!"

It may possibly be inquired what account I make of the library of Congress. I answer, that I think it already quite good and improving, but that its existence constitutes no sort of argument against the formation of such a one as I recommend. In the theory of it, that library is merely to furnish Congress and the government with the means of doing their official business. In its theory it must be, in some sort, a professional library, and the expenditure we now make—five thousand dollars in a year, or, as last year, two thousand and five hundred—can never carry it up to the rank and enable it to fulfil the functions of a truly great and general public library of science, literature, and art. The value of books which could be added under the appropriations of the last year cannot greatly exceed twenty-one hundred dollars. Doubtless, however, in the course of forming the two, it would be expedient and inevitable to procure to a great extent different books for each.

I do not think, Mr. President, that I am more inclined than another to covet enviously anything which the older civilization of Europe possesses which we do not. I do not suppose that I desire, any more than you, or than any of you, to introduce here those vast inequalities of fortune, that elaborate luxury, that

fantastic and extreme refinement. But I acknowledge a pang of envy and grief that there should be one drop or one morsel more of the bread of intellectual life tasted by the European than by the American mind. Why should not the soul of this country eat as good food and as much of it as the soul of Europe? Why should a German or an Englishman sit down to a repast of five hundred thousand books, and an American scholar who loves truth as well as he be put on something less than half allowance? Can we not trust ourselves with so much of so good a thing? Will our digestion be impaired by it? Are we afraid that the stimulated and fervid faculties of this young nation will be oppressed and overlaid? Because we have liberty which other nations have not, shall we reject the knowledge which they have, and which we have not? Or will you not rather say, that, because we are free, therefore will we add to our freedom that deep learning and that diffused culture which are its grace and its defence?

Emerson, Ralph Waldo, a distinguished American philosopher, essayist and lecturer, born in Boston, Mass., May 25, 1803; died at Concord, Mass., April 27, 1882. He was for a short time a Unitarian minister in Boston, but resigned his charge in 1832, devoting himself thereafter to literary and philosophical pursuits and to lecturing. He was prominent for many years on the lecture platform, and as a lecturer was very popular with educated audiences, his delivery and his utterances being singularly attractive. Besides volumes of essays and poems, he published several collections of addresses and lectures, the most important being that entitled "Representative Men."

HARVARD'S HEROES.

SPEECH DELIVERED AT CAMBRIDGE, JULY 21, 1865, AT COMMEMORATION EXERCISES.

With whatever opinions we come here, I think it is not in man to see, without a feeling of pride and pleasure, a tried soldier—the armed defender of the right. I think that in these last years all opinions have been affected by the magnificent and stupendous spectacle which divine Providence has offered us of the energies that slept in the children of this country.—that slept, and have awakened. I see thankfully those who are here; but dim eyes in vain explore for some who are not. They shine the brighter "in the domain of tender memory." The old Greek, Heraclitus, said, "War is the father of all things." He said it, no doubt, as science, but we of this day can repeat it as a political and social truth.

War passes the power of all chemical solvents,

breaking up the old cohesions and allowing the atoms of society to take a new order. It is not the government, but the war that has appointed the great generals, sifted out the pedants, put in the new and vigorous blood. The war has lifted many other people besides Grant and Sherman into their true places. Even divine Providence, we may say, always seems to work after a certain military necessity. Every nation punishes the general who is not victorious. It is a rule in games of chance that "the cards beat all the players," and revolutions disconcert and outwit all the insurgents. The revolutions carry their own points sometimes to the ruin of those who set them on foot. The proof that war also is within the highest right, is a marked benefactor in the hands of divine Providence, is its *morale*. The war gave back integrity to this erring and immortal nation. It charged with power peaceful, amiable men, to whose whole life war and discord were abhorrent. What an infusion of character went out from this and the other colleges! What an infusion of character down to the ranks! The experience has been uniform, that it is the gentle soul that makes the firm hero after all.

It is easy to recall the mood in which our young men, snatched from every peaceful pursuit, went to the war. Many of them had never handled a gun. They said: "It is not in me to resist. I go because I must. It is a duty which I shall never forgive myself if I decline it. I do not know that I can make a soldier. I may be very clumsy, perhaps I shall be timid; but you can rely on me. Only one thing is certain, I can well die, but I cannot afford to misbehave."

In fact, the infusion of culture and tender humanity from these scholars and idealists who went to the war in their own despite,—God knows they had no fury for killing their old friends and countrymen,—had its signal and lasting effect. It was found that enthusiasm was a more potent ally than science and munitions of war without it. "'Tis a principle of war," said Napoleon, *principe de guerre,* "that when you can use the thunderbolt you must prefer it to the cannon." Enthusiasm was the thunderbolt. Here in this little Massachusetts, in smaller Rhode Island, in this little nest of New England republics, it flamed out when that guilty gun was aimed at Sumter.

Mr. Chairman, standing here in Harvard College, the parent of all the colleges in Massachusetts, the mother of all the North, when I consider her influence on the country as a principal planter of the western States, and now by her teachers, preachers, journalists, and books, as well as by traffic and production, the diffuser of religious, literary, and political opinion, and when I see how irresistible the convictions of Massachusetts are on those swarming populations I think the little State bigger than I knew; and when her blood is up she has a fist that could knock down an empire. And her blood was roused. Scholars exchanged the black coat for the blue. A single company in the Forty-fourth Massachusetts contained thirty-five sons of Harvard. You all know as well as I the story of these dedicated men who knew well on what duty they went,—whose fathers and mothers said of each slaughtered son, "We gave him up when he enlisted."

One mother said, when her son was offered the

command of the first negro regiment, "If he accepts it I shall be as proud as if I had heard that he was shot." These men, thus tender, thus high bred, thus peaceable, were always in the front, and always employed. They might say, with their forefathers, the old Norse Vikings, "We sung the mass of lances from morning until evening;" and in how many cases it chanced, when the hero had fallen, they who came by night to his funeral on the morrow returned to his warpath to show his slayers the way to death! Ah! young brothers, all honor and gratitude to you! you, manly defenders, liberty's and humanity's home guard. We shall not again disparage America now that we have seen what men it will bear. We see—we thank you for it—a new era, worth to mankind all the treasure and the lives it has cost; yes, worth to the world the lives of all this generation of American men, if they had been demanded.

Garrison, William Lloyd, a famous American abolitionist and journalist, born at Newburyport, Mass., December 10 or 12, 1805; died in New York City, May 24, 1879. In 1831 he founded the noted anti-slavery paper, "The Liberator," at Boston. It met with the most violent opposition, and on one occasion the newspaper office was attacked by a mob, and the editor and proprietor dragged through the streets by a mob intent upon hanging him for his fearless utterances. Garrison founded the American Anti-Slavery Society, and was its president, 1843–65. His life has been written by his sons.

GARRISON.

WORDS OF ENCOURAGEMENT TO OPPRESSED.

I NEVER rise to address a colored audience without feeling ashamed of my own color; ashamed of being identified with a race of men who have done you so much injustice and who yet retain so large a portion of your brethren in servile chains. To make atonement in part for this conduct I have solemnly dedicated my health and strength and life to your service. I love to plan and to work for your social, intellectual, and spiritual advancement. My happiness is augmented with yours; in your sufferings I participate.

Henceforth I am ready, on all days, on all convenient occasions, in all suitable places, before any sect or party, at whatever peril to my person, character or interest, to plead the cause of my colored countrymen in particular, or of human rights in general. For this purpose, there is no day too holy, no place improper,

no body of men too inconsiderable to address. For this purpose I ask no church to grant me authority to speak—I require no ordination—I am not careful to consult Martin Luther, or John Calvin, or His Holiness the Pope. It is a duty which, as a lover of justice, I am bound to discharge; as a lover of my fellow men I ought not to shun; as a lover of Jesus Christ, and of his equalizing, republican and benevolent precepts, I rejoice to perform.

Your condition, as a people, has long attracted my attention, secured my efforts, and awakened in my breast a flame of sympathy which neither the winds nor waves of opposition can ever extinguish. It is the lowness of your estate, in the estimation of the world, which exalts you in my eyes. It is the distance that separates you from the blessings and privileges of society which brings you so closely to my affections. It is the unmerited scorn, reproach, and persecution of your persons by those whose complexion is colored like my own which command for you my sympathy and respect. It is the fewness of your friends—the multitude of your enemies—that induces me to stand forth in your defence.

Countrymen and friends! I wish to gladden your hearts and to invigorate your hopes. Be assured your cause is going onward, right onward. The signs of the times do indeed show forth great and glorious and sudden changes in the condition of the oppressed. The whole firmament is tremulous with an excess of light; the earth is moved out of its place; the wave of revolution is dashing in pieces ancient and mighty empires; the hearts of tyrants are beginning to fail

them for fear, and for looking forward to those things which are to come upon the earth. There is—

> " A voice on every wave,
> A sound on every sea!
> The watchword of the brave,
> The anthem of the free!
> Where'er a wind is rushing.
> Where'er a stream is gushing,
> The swelling sounds are heard,
> Of man to freeman calling,
> Of broken fetters falling—
> And, like the carol of a cageless bird,
> The bursting shout of freedom's rallying word!"

Let this be an occasion of joy. Why should it not be so? Is not the heaven over your heads, which has so long been clothed in sackcloth, beginning to disclose its starry principalities and illumine your pathway? Do you not see the pitiless storm which has so long been pouring its rage upon you breaking away, and a bow of promise as glorious as that which succeeded the ancient deluge spanning the sky,—a token that to the end of time the billows of prejudice and oppression shall no more cover the earth to the destruction of your race; but seedtime and harvest shall never fail, and the laborer shall eat the fruit of his hands? Is not your cause developing like the spring? Yours has been a long and rigorous winter. The chill of contempt, the frost of adversity, the blast of persecution, the storm of oppression—all have been yours. There was no substance to be found—no prospect to delight the eye or inspire the drooping heart—no golden ray to dissipate the gloom. The waves of derision were stayed by no barrier, but made a clear

breach over you. But now—thanks be to God! that dreary winter is rapidly hastening away. The sun of humanity is going steadily up from the horizon to its zenith, growing larger and brighter, and melting the frozen earth beneath its powerful rays. The genial showers of repentance are softly falling upon the barren plain; the wilderness is budding like the rose; the voice of joy succeeds the notes of woe; and hope, like the lark, is soaring upwards and warbling hymns at the gate of heaven.

And this is but the outbursting of spring. What, think you, shall be the summer and autumn?

> "Then shall the trembling mourner come,
> And bind his sheaves, and bear them home;
> The voice, long broke with sighs, shall sing,
> And heaven with hallelujahs ring!"

This is but "the twilight, the dim dawn" of day. What, then, shall be the brightness of the day itself? These are but a few drops of mercy. What shall be the full shower, the rolling tide? These are but crumbs of comfort to prevent you wholly from perishing. What shall be the bountiful table?

Why should this not be an occasion of joy instead of sorrow? Listen to those trumpet tones which come swelling on the winds of the Atlantic, and which shall bring an echo from every harp in heaven! If there is joy in that blissful abode over one sinner that repenteth, how mighty and thrilling must it be over a repentant nation! And Great Britain is that nation. Her people are humbling themselves before God, and before those whom they have so long held in bondage. Their voices are breaking in peals of thunder upon

the ear of Parliament, demanding the immediate and utter overthrow of slavery in all the colonies; and in obedience to their will the mandate is about being issued by Parliament which shall sever at a blow the chains of eight hundred thousand slaves.

What heart can conceive, what pen or tongue describe, the happiness which must flow from the consummation of this act? That cruel lash which has torn so many tender bodies and is dripping with innocent blood; that lash which has driven so many human victims, like beasts, to their unrequited toil; that lash whose sounds are heard from the rising of the sun to its decline, mingled with the shrieks of bleeding sufferers; that lash is soon to be cast away, never again to wound the flesh or degrade those who are made in the image of God.

And those fetters of iron which have bound so many in ignominious servitude, and wasted their bodies, and borne them down to an untimely grave, shall be shivered in pieces, as the lightning rends the pine, and the victims of tyranny leap forth, "redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled by the irresistible genius of universal emancipation." And that darkness, which has for so many generations shrouded the minds of the slaves—making them like the brutes that perish—shall give way to the light of freedom and religion. O, how transforming the change! In contemplating it, my imagination overpowers the serenity of my soul and makes language seem poor and despicable.

Cheers for Great Britain! cheers for her noble men and women! cheers for the bright example which they are setting to the world! cheers for their generous sym-

pathy in the cause of the oppressed in our own country!

Why should we not rejoice this evening, brethren? Find we nothing at home to raise our drooping spirits, to invigorate our hopes, and to engage our efforts? Have we made no progress, either in self-improvement, or in the cause of bleeding humanity? Are there no cheering signs of the times, in our moral sky, upon which we may fix our joyful gaze?

Look, in the first place, at the abolition-standard—more gorgeous and spirit-stirring than the star-spangled banner—floating high in the air! Fresh is the breeze that meets it! bright are the sunny rays which adorn it! Around it thousands are gathering, with high and holy courage, to contend, not with carnal but spiritual weapons, against the powers of darkness. Oh, the loftiness of that spirit which animates them! It towers above the Alps; it pierces beyond the clouds.

Oh, the intensity of that flame of brotherly love which burns within their breasts! It never can burn out—nor can many waters extinguish it.

Oh, the stability of that faith which sustains them under all their toils and trials! It is firmer than the foundations of the earth—it is strong as the throne of God.

Oh, the generous daring of that moral principle which inspires their hearts and governs their actions! Neither reproach nor persecution, neither wealth nor power, neither bolts nor bars, neither the gibbet nor the stake, shall be able to subdue it.

Yes, my colored countrymen, these are the men—

ay, and the women, too, who have espoused your cause. And they will stand by it until life be extinct. They will not fail in strength, or faith, or courage, or zeal, or action. Loud as the tempest of oppression may rage around them, above it shall their rallying cry be heard in the thunder-tone of heaven. Dark as their pathway may be, it shall blaze with the light of truth in their possession. Numberless as may be the enemies who surround them, they will not retreat from the field; for he who is mightier than legions of men and devils is the captain of their salvation and will give them the victory.

I know your advocates well—I know the spirit which actuates them. Whether they reside in the east or west or north, they have but one object—their hearts are stirred with the same pulsation; their eye is single, their motives are pure. Tell me not of the bravery and devotedness of those whose life-blood reddened the plains of Marathon, poured out in defence of liberty. Tell me not of the Spartan band, with Leonidas at their head, who defended the pass of Thermopylæ against a Persian host. I award to them the meed of animal courage; but the heroism of blood and carnage is as much below the patient endurance of wrong and the cheerful forgiveness of injury as the earth is below the sky—it is as often displayed by brute animals as by men.

With infinitely higher satisfaction, with a warmer glow of emulation, with more intense admiration, do I contemplate the Abolition phalanx in the United States who are maintaining your cause unflinchingly through evil report—for the good report is yet to come

—and at the imminent peril of their lives; and, what is dearer than life, the sacrifice of their reputation.

If ever there was a cause which established the disinterestedness and integrity of its supporters yours is that cause. They who are contending for the immediate abolition of slavery, the destruction of its ally, the American Colonization Society, and the bestowal of equal rights and privileges upon the whole colored population, well knew what would be the consequences of their advocacy to themselves. They knew that slander would blacken their characters with infamy; that their pleadings would be received with ridicule and reproach; that persecution would assail them on the right hand and on the left; that the dungeon would yawn for their bodies; that the dagger of the assassin would gleam behind them; that the arm of power would be raised to crush them to the earth; that they would be branded as disturbers of the peace, as fanatics, madmen, and incendiaries; that the heel of friendship would be lifted against them and love be turned into hatred and confidence into suspicion and respect into derision; that their worldly interests would be jeoparded and the honor and emoluments of office would be withheld from their enjoyment.

Knowing all this, still they dare all things in order to save their country by seeking its purification from blood. Will the base and the servile accuse them of being actuated by a hope of reward? Reward! It is the reward which calumny gives to virtue—the reward which selfishness bestows upon benevolence; but nothing of worldly applause or fame or promotion. Yet they have a reward—and who will blame them

for coveting it? It is the gratitude of the suffering and the oppressed—the approbation of a good conscience—the blessing of the Most High.

> "Tempt them with bribes, you tempt in vain;
> Try them with fire, you'll find them true."

To deter such souls from their purposes or vanquish them in combat is as impossible as to stop the rush of the ocean when the spirit of the storm rides upon its mountain billows. They are hourly increasing in number and strength and going on from conquering to conquer. Convert after convert, press after press, pulpit after pulpit, is subdued and enlisted on the side of justice and freedom.

A grave charge is brought against me, that I am exciting your rage against the whites and filling your minds with revengeful feelings. Is this true? Have not all my addresses and appeals to you had just the contrary effect upon your minds? Have they not been calculated to make you bear all your trials and difficulties in the spirit of Christian resignation and to induce you to return good for evil? Where is the calumniator who dares to affirm that you have been turbulent and quarrelsome since I began my labors in your behalf? Where is the man who is so ignorant as not to know or perceive that, as a people, you are constantly improving in knowledge and virtue? No, brethren; you will bear me a unanimous testimony that I have not implanted in your minds any malice toward your persecutors but on the contrary forgiveness of injuries. And I can as truly aver that in all my intercourse with you as a people I have not seen or heard anything of a malignant or revengeful spirit. No, yours has been

eminently a spirit of resignation and faith under the most aggravating circumstances.

I will notice but one other charge which the enemies of our cause have brought against me. It is that I am unduly exciting your hopes and holding out to your view prospects of future happiness and respectability which can never be realized in this country. Pitiful complaint! Because I have planted a solitary rose, as it were, in the wilderness of suffering in which your race has so long wandered, to cheer your drooping hearts, I am sharply reproved for giving even this little token of good things to come—by those too who make loud professions of friendship for you, that is if you will go to Liberia, but who are constantly strewing in your path briars and thorns and digging pits into which you may stumble to rise no more. These querulous complainants who begrudge every drop of comfort which falls upon your thirsty lips as a miser mourns the loss of a penny seem to forget or discard the promise of Jehovah, that "the wilderness shall bud and blossom like the rose." I have faith to believe that this promise will ultimately be fulfilled even in this land of republicanism and Christianity. Surely I may be pardoned when so many are endeavoring to break down all your rising hopes and noble aspirations if I urge you not to despair, for the day of redemption will assuredly come. Nay, I may still be forgiven if I transcend the limits of probability and suffer my imagination to paint in too glowing colors the recompense which is to be yours; since, strive as I may, I can scarcely hope to equalize the heart-crushing discouragements and assaults made by your enemies.

All things considered, you have certainly done well as a body. There are many colored men whom I am proud to rank among my friends; whose native vigor of mind is remarkable; whose morals are unexceptionable; whose homes are the abode of contentment, plenty, and refinement. For my own part, when I reflect upon the peculiarities of your situation; what indignities have been heaped upon your heads; in what utter dislike you are generally held even by those who profess to be the ministers and disciples of Christ; and how difficult has been your chance to arrive at respectability and affluence, I marvel greatly, not that you are no more enlightened and virtuous, but that you are not like wild beasts of the forests. I fully coincide with the sentiment of Mr Jefferson, that the men must be prodigies who can retain their manners and morals under such circumstances. Surely you have a right to demand an equal position among mankind.

Oh, if those whose prejudices against color are deeply rooted—if the asserters of the natural inferiority of the people of color would but even casually associate with the victims of their injustice and be candid enough to give merit its due, they could not long feel and act as they now do. Their prejudices would melt like frost-work before the blazing sun; their unbelief would vanish away, their contempt be turned into admiration, their indifference be roused to benevolent activity, and their dislike give place to friendship. Keeping aloof from your society, ignorant of the progress which you are making in virtue, knowledge, and competence, and believing all the aspersions of

malice which are cast upon your character, they at length persuade themselves that you are utterly worthless and nearly akin to the brute creation. Cruel men! cruel women! thus hastily and blindly to pass condemnation upon those who deserve your compassion and are worthy of your respect!

Be this your encouragement in view of our separation. Although absent from you in body I shall still be with you in spirit. I go away, not to escape from toil, but to labor more abundantly in your cause. If I may do something for your good at home I hope to do more abroad. In the meantime, I beseech you fail not, on your part, to lead quiet and orderly lives. Let there be no ground whatever for the charge which is brought against you by your enemies, that you are turbulent and rude. Let all quarrelling, all dram-drinking, all profanity, all violence, all division, be confined to the white people. Imitate them in nothing but what is clearly good and carefully shun even the appearance of evil. Let them, if they will, follow the devices and perform the drudgery of the devil; but be ye perfect, even as your heavenly Father is perfect. Conquer their aversion by moral excellence; their proud spirit by love; their evil acts by acts of goodness; their animosity by forgiveness. Keep in your hearts the fear of God and rejoice even in tribulation; for the promise is sure that all things shall work together for good to those who love his name.

As for myself, whatever may be my fate—whether I fall in the springtime of manhood by the hand of the assassin, or be immured in a Georgia cell, or be permitted to live to a ripe old age—I know that the suc-

cess of your cause is not dependent upon my existence. I am but as a drop in the ocean, which if it be separated cannot be missed.

My own faith is strong—my vision clear—my consolation great. "Who art thou, O great mountain? Before Zerubbael thou shalt become a plain: and he shall bring forth the headstone thereof with shoutings, crying Grace, grace unto it." Let us confidently hope that the day is at hand when we shall be enabled to celebrate not merely the abolition of the slave trade by law but in fact, and the liberation of every descendant of Africa, wherever one exists in bondage under the whole heavens.

Adams, Charles Francis, an eminent American publicist and diplomat, born in Boston, Mass., August 18, 1807; died there November 21, 1886. He was a son of President John Quincy Adams, and his career, like that of his illustrious ancestors, was marked by great political activity and important political services. He was twice elected to Congress, but as Minister to England during the critical period of the Civil War, and the years immediately succeeding, 1861–68, he rendered signal service to his country. In 1871 he was a member of the Geneva Arbitration Commission. He edited the writings of both his father and grandfather.

ON THE STATES AND THE UNION.

FROM SPEECH DELIVERED IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, JANUARY 31, 1861.

MR. SPEAKER,—In this hour of inexpressible import to the fate of unborn millions I would that I could clear from my eyes the film of all human passions, to see the truth and the right in their naked, living reality, and with their aid to rise to the grandeur of the opportunity to do good to my fellow men. There have been occasions when the fitting words uttered in the true place have helped to right the scale when wavering towards the ruin of a nation. At no time have they been more necessary than now. At no place more requisite than here.

The most magnificent example of self-government known to history is in imminent danger of suffering an abrupt mutilation by reason of the precipitate violence of a few desperate men. I purpose to discuss briefly

and I trust with proper calmness the cause and the effect of this proceeding as well as the duty that it entails upon us.

On the 6th of November the people of the United States were called for the nineteenth time to give in their votes for the election of the highest officers known to the constitution. Nothing marked the proceeding with any unusual features. No reluctance had been manifested in any quarter to fulfil the duty, the proof of which is that no more full expression of opinion was ever made.

No complaint of unfairness or fraud was heard. No contested question sprang up. With the single exception of the State of Virginia not a doubt was entertained of the true reflection of the popular sense in designating the electors whose province it is to complete the process. Not a soul has been bold enough to deny the fact, that, from the origin of the government, not a single election which had been disputed at all was ever more fairly conducted or more unequivocally determined.

The sublime spectacle viewed thus far by foreign nations with a degree of amazement, proportioned to the ever-expanding nature of the operation of so many millions of people spread over so many thousands of miles of a continent stretching from sea to sea, peacefully in a single day selecting their chief rulers for the next four years was once more presented to all outward appearance, as successfully executed as in any preceding and more contracted stage of the republic.

Yet, no sooner was the result positively ascertained than the people of one of the States, even whilst en-

gaged in performing the common duty as faithfully as all the rest and without the intervention of a single new disturbing cause, suddenly broke out into violent remonstrance and dashed into immediate efforts to annul all their obligations to the constitution. Such a step had never before been taken in any quarter. The same spirit directly manifested itself in the region round about, and it has continued ever since to spread until it has more or less affected the loyalty of ten or twelve of the States. At the precise period of this occurrence no new provocation had been given, unless it were to be found in the single fact that the successful candidates were persons for whom those States had not voted.

A similar instance had never occurred. There have been several cases of popular resistance to federal laws. South Carolina had herself furnished a memorable one. But here was an example of resistance to a constitutional election of men. The former may be conducted without necessarily shaking the very foundations of the social system. But the latter at once denies the validity of the only process by which the organic law can be executed at all. To refuse to acknowledge the constituted authorities of a nation when successfully carried out is revolution; and it is called rebellion when it fails under every code of laws known over the globe.

It is an appeal to physical force, which depends for its justification before God and man only upon the clear establishment of proof of intolerable tyranny and oppression. It is sometimes the last resource of patriots who feel themselves impelled to overthrow a despotism, but oftener the contrivance of desperate ad-

venturers, who seek for their own private ends to establish one.

Had the present outbreak seemed to be the consequence of mature deliberation and deep-settled convictions among the people, I should at once have despaired of the republic. But apart from the merely outward indications of haste and of passion that attended it I had other reasons for believing differently. During the previous summer the representative candidate of the most extreme party in the slaveholding States had labored more than once to declare himself a devoted friend of the Union. Whilst on the other hand the distrust in him inspired by the character of his principal advocates, had had the effect of alienating from him numbers even in his own State, who preferred the security offered to them by the friends of another candidate brought forward exclusively as the upholder of "the Union, the constitution, and the enforcement of the laws."

The slaveholding States were thus divided between these two influences, neither of them venturing before the people to whisper the theory of disunion. A very large minority of the aggregated voters sustained the most thoroughly pledged candidate whilst Tennessee and Kentucky gave him their electoral votes and even the Old Dominion, never known before to waver in the course marked out by her acknowledged and ancient leaders, was seen to transfer her votes to the more loyal side.

All these events were not the natural forerunners of premeditated disaffection to the constitutional government. They can only be accounted for by presum-

ing a fund of honest attachment to it at bottom. And the inference which I draw is, that the feelings of a majority of well-disposed persons have been suddenly carried away by sympathy with their warmer and more violent friends in South Carolina, so that they have not stopped calmly to weigh the probable consequences of their own precipitation.

If I were to need more evidence to prove to me the absence of deliberate intent, outside of South Carolina, to set aside an election regularly made, I think I could find it in the earnestness with which other causes have been set up in justification of resistance. It has been alleged that various grievances have been suffered, much oppression has been endured, and certain outrages have been committed upon the people of the slaveholding States, which render their longer stay in the Union impossible, unless confidence can be inspired that some remedies may be applied to stop the evils for the future. They aver that their rights are no longer secure in remaining with us, and that the alternative left is to withdraw themselves before acquiescence shall have prepared them for ultimate subjugation. They come to us and demand that these complaints shall be listened to and these apprehensions allayed before they can consent to farther abide under the authority of a common head.

And here some of my friends on the right reply, with equal warmth and not less reason, that they are unconscious of having done wrong in electing a President according to the constitution; that they are not aware of any real grievances that demand redress; and that they feel disinclined to enter upon any experiment

to quiet apprehensions which are in their opinion either artificial or imaginary; that they appeal to the constitution as it is—and if obedience to its requisitions be not voluntarily rendered in any quarter the only proper remedy is coercion.

I should perhaps be disposed to concur in this view were this a case of deliberate and wilful conspiracy to subvert the government. I am not sure that I would not apply the doctrine to the people of South Carolina, who have long been known to be generally disaffected. They neither demand nor expect any redress, or even a consideration of their grievances. They declare themselves only to be executing a treasonable project that they have been meditating for twenty years. They have therefore put themselves without the pale of negotiation. There is not even a minority of the citizens who remonstrate. The case is otherwise with the other States. There is evident hesitation and reluctance in adopting the irrevocable policy of disunion. There is a lingering desire to receive assurances that this step is not absolutely needed. Now I, for one, am not ready yet to take the responsibility of absolutely closing the door to reconciliation.

I cannot permit myself to forget the warnings that have descended to us from many of the wisest and best statesmen and patriots of all time, against this rigid and haughty mode of treating great discontents. I cannot overlook the fact that in the days of our fathers the imperious spirit of Chatham did not feel itself as sacrificing any of his proud dignity by proposing to listen to their grievances, and even to concede to every reasonable demand, long after they had placed them-

selves in armed resistance to all the power of Great Britain.

Had George III listened to his words of wisdom he might have saved the brightest jewel of his crown. He took the opposite course. He denied the existence of grievances. He rejected the olive branch. He insisted upon coercion. And what was the result? History records its verdict in favor of Chatham and against his king. And who is there in the mother country at this day who does not regret the blunder, if he does not condemn the motive of the monarch? When the great grandson of that same king, on his late visit to this capital, so handsomely made his pilgrimage to the tomb of the arch-rebel of that time, do you imagine that his countryment and future subjects you imagine that his countrymen and future subjects the stiff-backed old king had been right in shutting the door of reconciliation?

For my part, Mr. Speaker, I am more inclined to accord with that philosophical statesman, Edmund Burke, who during the same struggle was not afraid to bring forward his plan of conciliation with America. And in the elaborate speech which he made in its defence he used the following language—not entirely inappropriate to these times:

"Now, in such unfortunate quarrels among the component parts of a great political union of communities, I can scarcely conceive anything more completely improvident than for the head of the empire to insist that, if any privilege is pleaded against his will or his acts, his whole authority is denied, instantly to

proclaim rebellion, to beat to arms, and to put the offending provinces under the ban. Will not this, sir, very soon teach the provinces to make no distinctions on their part? Will it not teach them that the government, against which a claim of liberty is tantamount to high treason, is a government in which submission is equivalent to slavery?"

Mr. Speaker, it is not my custom to lean much upon authority. As a general thing it appears to me to pass for more than it is worth. But there are persons who are always more or less influenced by the source from which anything comes, and who are better disposed to believe in the testimony of a witness two centuries old than if the same reasoning were issued from the lips of the best of living contemporaries. To such I will commend a passage drawn from the most profound of British statesmen and philosophers, Francis Bacon:

"Concerning the materials of seditions it is a thing well to be considered; for the surest way to prevent seditions (if the times do bear it) is to take away the matter of them; for if there be fuel prepared it is hard to tell whence the spark shall come that shall set it on fire. . . .

"As for discontentments, they are in the politic body, like to humors in the natural, which are apt to gather a preternatural heat and to inflame; and let no prince measure the danger of them by this, whether they be just or unjust; for that were to imagine people to be too reasonable, who do often spurn at their own good; nor yet by this, whether the griefs whereupon they rise be, in fact, great or small; for they are the

most dangerous discontentments where the fear is greater than the feeling. *Dolendi modus, timendi non item;* besides, in great oppressions the same things that provoke the patience, do withal mete the courage; but, in fears, it is not so. Neither let any prince or state be secure concerning discontentments, because they have been often, or have been long, and yet no peril hath ensued; for, as it is true, that every vapor or fume doth not turn into a storm, so it is nevertheless true, that storms, though they blow over divers times, yet may fall at last; and, as the Spanish proverb noteth well, 'The cord breaketh at last by the weakest pull.'"

Such deep sagacity as this convinces me, if I ever doubted, that the way to peace in times of disorder is not always found by refusing to listen to complaints. I differ, then, with some of my rigid friends on this point. I prefer to consider grievances, were it but to be sure that they have no just foundation; much more if they prove to merit attention for their reasonableness. My notion of the duty of a public man is to watch the growth of offences and not to neglect, still less to despise them. I have therefore faithfully labored in my humble way to comprehend the nature of the discontents actually prevailing and to judge of the extent to which they justify the resort to so violent a mode of relief as the overthrow of a government. After a full hearing of all that has been said in committee and elsewhere I easily embrace the topics of complaint under three heads, to wit:

1. The passage of laws in some of the free States operating to discourage the recovery of fugitive slaves.

2. The denial of equal rights in the Territories.

3. The apprehension of such an increase of political power in the free States as to tempt an invasion, under new forms of the constitution, of the right of the slave States to manage their domestic affairs.

After a full and calm examination of the grounds furnished to sustain these complaints I am ready to declare that if these are all that endanger the continuance of the present common bond of association between the States, in my opinion no similar sacrifice to mere abstractions was ever before made among reasoning men. . . .

For the sake of these three causes of complaint, all of them utterly without practical result, the slaveholding States, unquestionably the weakest section of this great confederacy, are voluntarily and precipitately surrendering the realities of solid power woven into the very texture of a government that now keeps nineteen millions of freemen willing to tolerate, and in one sense to shelter, institutions which but for that would meet with no more sympathy among them than they now do in the remainder of the civilized world!

For my own part I must declare that, even supposing these alleged grievances to be more real than I represent them, I think the measures of the committee dispose of them effectually and forever. They contribute directly all that can be legitimately done by Congress, and they recommend it to the legislatures of the States to accomplish the remainder. Why then is it that harmony is not restored? The answer is, that you are not satisfied with this settlement, however complete. You must have more guarantees in the constitution.

You must make the protection and extension of slavery in the Territories now existing and hereafter to be acquired a cardinal doctrine of our great charter. Without that you are determined to dissolve the Union. How stands the case then? We offer to settle the question finally in all of the present territory that you claim by giving you every chance of establishing slavery that you have any right to require of us. You decline to take the offer because you fear it will do you no good. Slavery will not go there. But if that be true what is the use of asking for the protection anyhow, much less in the constitution?

Why require protection where you will have nothing to protect? All you appear to desire it for is New Mexico. Nothing else is left. Yet you will not accept New Mexico at once, because ten years of experience has proved to you that protection has been of no use thus far. But if so how can you expect that it will be of so much more use hereafter as to make it worth dissolving the Union about?

But if we pass to the other condition is it any more reasonable? Are we going to fight because we cannot agree upon the mode of disposing of our neighbor's lands? Are we to break up the union of these States, cemented by so many years of common sufferings and resplendent with so many years of common glory, because it is insisted that we should incorporate into what we regard as the charter of our freedom a proclamation to the civilized world that we intend to grasp the territory of other nations whenever we can do it, for the purpose of putting into it certain institutions which some of us disapprove, and that, too, whether

the people inhabiting that territory themselves approve of it or not?

I am almost inclined to believe that they who first contrived this demand must have done so for the sake of presenting a condition which they knew beforehand must be rejected or which if accepted must humiliate us in the dust forever. In point of fact this proposal covers no question of immediate moment which may not be settled by another and less obnoxious one. Why is it then persevered in and the other rejected? The answer is obvious. You want the Union dissolved. You want to make it impossible for honorable men to become reconciled.

If it be indeed so then on you and you alone shall rest the responsibility of what may follow. If the Union be broken up the reason why it happened shall remain on record forever. It was because you rejected one form of settling a question which might be offered and accepted with honor in order to insist upon another which you knew we could not accept without disgrace. I answer for myself only when I say that, if the alternative to the salvation of the Union be only that the people of the United States shall before the Christian nations of the earth print in broad letters upon the front of their charter of republican government the dogma of slave propagandism over the remainder of the countries of the world, I will not consent to brand myself with what I deem such disgrace, let the consequences be what they may.

But it is said that this answer closes the door of reconciliation. The slaveholding States will secede, and what then?

This brings me to the last point which I desire to touch to-day, the proper course for the government to pursue in the face of these difficulties. Some of the friends with whom I act have not hesitated to express themselves in favor of coercion, and they have drawn very gloomy pictures of the fatal consequences to the prosperity and security of the whole Union that must ensue. For my own sake I am glad that I do not partake so largely in these fears. I see no obstacle to the regular continuance of the government, in not less than twenty States and perhaps more, the inhabitants of which have not in a moment been deprived of that peculiar practical wisdom in the management of their affairs, which is the secret of their past success.

Several new States will before long be ready to take their places with us and make good in part the loss of the old ones. The mission of furnishing a great example of free government to the nations of the earth will still be in our hands, impaired I admit but not destroyed; and I doubt not our power to accomplish it yet in spite of the temporary drawback. Even the problem of coercion will go on to solve itself without our aid.

For if the sentiment of disunion become so far universal and permanent in the dissatisfied States as to show no prospect of good from resistance, and there be no acts of aggression attempted on their part, I will not say that I may not favor the idea of some arrangement of a peaceful character, though I do not now see the authority under which it can be originated. The new confederacy can scarcely be other than a secondary power. It can never be a maritime State.

It will begin with the necessity of keeping eight millions of its population to watch four millions and with the duty of guarding against the egress of the latter, several thousand miles of an exposed border, beyond which there will be no right of reclamation. Of the ultimate result of a similar experiment, I cannot in my own mind have a moment's doubt. At the last session I ventured to place on record in this House a prediction by which I must abide, let the effect of the future on my sagacity be what it may. I have not yet seen any reason to doubt its accuracy. I now repeat it. The experiment will ignominiously fail.

But there are exceptions to the adoption of this peaceful policy which it will not be wise to overlook. If there be violent and wanton attacks upon the persons or the property of the citizens of the United States or of their government, I see not how demands for immediate redress can be avoided. If any interruptions should be attempted of the regular channels of trade on the great watercourses or on the ocean, they cannot long be permitted. And if any considerable minorities of citizens should be persecuted or proscribed on account of their attachment to the Union and should call for protection, I cannot deny the obligation of this government to afford it. There are persons in many of the States whose patriotic declarations and honorable pledges of support of the Union may bring down upon them more than the ill will of their infatuated fellow citizens.

It would be impossible for the people of the United States to look upon any proscription of them with indifference. These are times which should bring to-

gether all men by whatever party name they may have been heretofore distinguished upon common ground. When I heard the gentlemen from Virginia the other day so bravely and so forcibly urging their manly arguments in support of the Union, the constitution, and the enforcement of the laws, my heart involuntarily bounded towards them as brethren sacredly engaged in a common cause. Let them, said I to myself, accept the offered settlement of the differences that remain between us on some fair basis like that proposed by the committee, and then what is to prevent us all who yet believe that the Union must be preserved from joining heart and hand our common forces to effect it?

When the cry goes out that the ship is in danger of sinking the first duty of every man on board, no matter what his particular vocation, is to lend all the strength he has to the work of keeping her afloat. What! shall it be said that we waver in the view of those who begin by trying to expunge the sacred memory of the Fourth of July? Shall we help them to obliterate the associations that cluster around the glorious struggle for independence or stultify the labors of the patriots who erected this magnificent political edifice upon the adamantine base of human liberty? Shall we surrender the fame of Washington and Laurens, of Gadsden and the Lees, of Jefferson and Madison, and of the myriads of heroes whose names are imperishably connected with the memory of a united people? Never, never.

For myself I can only interpose against what seems to me like the madness of the moon, the barrier of a single feeble remonstrance. But in any event it shall

never be said of my share in the action of this hour of danger, that it has been guided by vindictive passions or narrow considerations of personal or party advantage. I well know what I hazard among many whose good opinion has ever been part of the sunlight of my existence, in following what I hold to be a higher duty. Whilst at any and at all times I shall labor to uphold the great principles of liberty, without which this grand system of our fathers would seem to be a mockery and a show, I shall equally strive to give no just ground to enemies and traitors to expand the circle of mischief they may do.

Although not very frequently indulging in the profession of a devotion to the Union which has heretofore been too often associated with a public policy I deemed most dangerous to its safety, I will venture to add that no man over the boundless extent of our dominion has more reasons for inextinguishable attachment to it than myself. It is inwoven in my affections with the faithful labors in its support of two generations of my race. It is blended with a not inconsiderable personal stake in its continuity. It is mingled with my earnest prayers for the welfare of those who are treading after me. And more than all these, it colors all my visions of the beneficent spread of Republican institutions as well in America as over the rest of the civilized world.

If, then, so great a calamity as a division be about to befall us it shall be hastened by no act of mine. It shall come from the wilful passions of infatuated men, who demand it of us to destroy the great principles for which our fathers struggle in life and in death to

stain our standard with the symbol of human oppression and to degrade us in the very hour of our victory, before our countrymen, before all the nations of the civilized world, and before God. Rather than this let the heavens fall. My duty is performed.

Davis, Jefferson, a celebrated American statesman and orator, born in Christian county, Ky., June 3, 1808; died in New Orleans, La., December 6, 1889. He received his education at the United States Military Academy, and served in the Black Hawk Indian War. In 1845 he was sent to Congress, and subsequently served in the War with Mexico. He was afterwards a member of the National Senate, and Secretary of War, and on the establishment of the Southern Confederacy was appointed President of the Confederate States on February 9, 1861, and in the following November elected to that office for six years. After the fall of the Confederacy in 1865, he was confined as a prisoner for two years in Fortress Monroe, but released on bail in 1867, and included in the general amnesty of the next year. His speech on withdrawal from the Union, and his inaugural address represent him fairly as an orator.

INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA, FEBRUARY 18, 1861.

Gentlemen of the Congress of the Confederate States of America, Friends and Fellow Citizens:

Our present condition achieved in a manner unprecedented in the history of nations, illustrates the American idea that governments rest upon the consent of the governed, and that it is the right of the people to alter and abolish governments whenever they become destructive to the ends for which they were established. The declared compact of the Union from which we have withdrawn was to establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defence, pro-

mote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity; and when in the judgment of the sovereign States now composing this Confederacy it has been perverted from the purposes for which it was ordained, and ceased to answer the ends for which it was established, a peaceful appeal to the ballot-box declared that, so far as they were concerned, the government created by that compact should cease to exist. In this they merely asserted the right which the Declaration of Independence of 1776 defined to be inalienable. Of the time and occasion of this exercise they as sovereigns were the final judges, each for himself. The impartial, enlightened verdict of mankind will vindicate the rectitude of our conduct; and He who knows the hearts of men will judge of the sincerity with which we labored to preserve the government of our fathers in its spirit.

The right solemnly proclaimed at the birth of the States, and which has been affirmed and reaffirmed in the bills of rights of the States subsequently admitted into the Union of 1789, undeniably recognizes in the people the power to resume the authority delegated for the purposes of government. Thus the sovereign States here represented proceeded to form this Confederacy; and it is by the abuse of language that their act has been denominated revolution. They formed a new alliance, but within each State its government has remained. The rights of person and property have not been disturbed. The agent through whom they communicated with foreign nations is changed, but this does not necessarily interrupt their international relations. Sustained by the consciousness that the tran-

sition from the former Union to the present Confederacy has not proceeded from a disregard on our part of our just obligations or any failure to perform every constitutional duty, moved by no interest or passion to invade the rights of others, anxious to cultivate peace and commerce with all nations, if we may not hope to avoid war, we may at least expect that posterity will acquit us of having needlessly engaged in it. Doubly justified by the absence of wrong on our part, and by wanton aggression on the part of others, there can be no use to doubt the courage and patriotism of the people of the Confederate States will be found equal to any measure of defence which soon their security may require.

An agricultural people, whose chief interest is the export of a commodity required in every manufacturing country, our true policy is peace and the freest trade which our necessities will permit. It is alike our interest and that of all those to whom we would sell and from whom we would buy, that there should be the fewest practicable restrictions upon the interchange of commodities. There can be but little rivalry between ours and any manufacturing or navigating community, such as the northeastern States of the American Union. It must follow, therefore, that mutual interest would invite good-will and kind offices. If, however, passion or lust of dominion should cloud the judgment or inflame the ambition of those States, we must prepare to meet the emergency, and maintain by the final arbitrament of the sword the position which we have assumed among the nations of the earth.

We have entered upon a career of independence, and

it must be inflexibly pursued through many years of controversy with our late associates of the Northern States. We have vainly endeavored to secure tranquillity and obtain respect for the rights to which we were entitled. As a necessity, not a choice, we have resorted to the remedy of separation, and henceforth our energies must be directed to the conduct of our own affairs, and the perpetuity of the Confederacy which we have formed. If a just perception of mutual interest shall permit us peaceably to pursue our separate political career, my most earnest desire will have been fulfilled. But if this be denied us, and the integrity of our territory and jurisdiction be assailed, it will but remain for us with firm resolve to appeal to arms and invoke the blessing of Providence on a just cause. . . ,

Actuated solely by a desire to preserve our own rights, and to promote our own welfare, the separation of the Confederate States has been marked by no aggression upon others, and followed by no domestic convulsion. Our industrial pursuits have received no check, the cultivation of our fields progresses as heretofore, and even should we be involved in war, there would be no considerable diminution in the production of the staples which have constituted our exports, in which the commercial world has an interest scarcely less than our own. This common interest of producer and consumer can only be intercepted by an exterior force which should obstruct its transmission to foreign markets, a course of conduct which would be detrimental to manufacturing and commercial interests abroad.

Should reason guide the action of the government from which we have separated, a policy so detrimental

to the civilized world, the Northern States included, could not be dictated by even a stronger desire to inflict injury upon us; but if it be otherwise, a terrible responsibility will rest upon it, and the suffering of millions will bear testimony to the folly and wickedness of our aggressors. In the meantime there will remain to us, besides the ordinary remedies before suggested, the well-known resources for retaliation upon the commerce of an enemy. . . . We have changed the constituent parts but not the system of our government. The Constitution formed by our fathers is that of these Confederate States. In their exposition of it, and in the judicial construction it has received, we have a light which reveals its true meaning. Thus instructed as to the just interpretation of that instrument, and ever remembering that all offices are but trusts held for the people, and that delegated powers are to be strictly construed, I will hope by due diligence in the performance of my duties, though I may disappoint your expectation, yet to retain, when retiring, something of the good-will and confidence which will welcome my entrance into office.

It is joyous in the midst of perilous times to look around upon a people united in heart when one purpose of high resolve animates and actuates the whole, where the sacrifices to be made are not weighed in the balance, against honor, right, liberty, and equality. Obstacles may retard, but they cannot long prevent, the progress of a movement sanctioned by its justice and sustained by a virtuous people. Reverently let us invoke the God of our fathers to guide and protect us in our efforts to perpetuate the principles which by his

blessing they were able to vindicate, establish, and transmit to their posterity; and with a continuance of his favor, ever gratefully acknowledged, we may hopefully look forward to success, to peace, to prosperity.

Holmes, Oliver Wendell, an American poet, essayist and lecturer, born at Cambridge, Mass., August 29, 1809; died in Boston, Mass., October 7, 1894. He adopted the profession of medicine, and after 1840 he practised in Boston. From 1847 to 1882 he was professor of anatomy and physiology in the Harvard Medical School. He was one of the earliest contributors to the "Atlantic Monthly," and he followed the profession of letters continuously with that of medicine, publishing a long list of volumes of verse, essays, novels and medical works. He was a frequent speaker at public and social functions, as well as a lecturer upon professional and other themes, and was noted for his readiness and happy manner of speaking.

LEAVE NO VERBAL MESSAGE.

SPEECH AT DINNER OF MASSACHUSETTS MEDICAL SOCIETY, BOSTON, MAY, 1856.

Mr. President and Gentlemen,—It is the peculiar privilege of occasions like the present to indulge in such reasonable measure of self-congratulation as the feeling of the hour may inspire. The very theory of the banquet is that it crowns the temples with roses and warms the heart with wine, so that the lips may speak more freely and the ears may listen more lovingly, and our better natures brought into close communion for an hour may carry away the fragrance of friendship mingled with the odor of the blossoms that breathed sweet through the festal circle.

We have suppressed the classical accompaniments of good fellowship, but we claim all its license. Nor are

we alone in asserting a title to this indulgence. Of all the multitudinous religious associations that are meeting around us, I have yet to learn that there is one which does not assert or assume its own peculiar soundness in the faith. I have seen a black swan and a white crow in the same collection, but I never heard of a political assembly where all its own crows were not white, and all the swans of all other political aviaries were not blacker than midnight murder or noonday ruffianism.

The few words I have to speak are uttered more freely because my relations with the medical profession are incidental rather than immediate and intimate. My pleasant task is all performed in the porch of the great temple where you serve daily. I need not blush then to speak the praises of the divine art, even if you should blush to hear them.

I hear it said from time to time that the physician is losing his hold on the public mind. I believe this remark belongs to a class of sayings that repeat themselves over and over, like the Japanese machine-made prayers which our travellers tell us of, and with about as much thought in them. There are country people that are always saying there is a great want of rain—they would have said so in Noah's flood—for the first fortnight, at least; there are city folks for whom business is always dull and money is always tight; there are politicians that always think the country is going to ruin, and there are people enough that will never believe there are any "good old fashioned snow storms" nowadays, until they have passed a night in the cars between a couple of those degenerate snow banks they

despise so heartily. There are many things of this sort which are said daily, which always have been said, and always will be said, with more or less of truth, but without any such portentous novelty as need frighten us from our propriety.

We need not go beyond our own limits, Mr. President, to find ample reason for proclaiming boldly that the medical profession was never more truly honored or more liberally rewarded than at this very time and in this very place. There never lived in this community a practitioner held in more love and veneration by all his professional brethren and by the multitude who have profited by his kind and wise counsel than he who, having soothed the last hours of his long cherished friend and associate, still walks among us bearing his burden of years lightly that he hardly leans upon the staff he holds; himself a staff upon which so many have leaned through fifty faithful years of patient service. Talk about the success of the unworthy pretender as compared with that of the true physician —why, what man could ever have built up such a fame among us, if he had not laid as its cornerstone, truth, fidelity, honor, humanity—all cemented with the courtesy that binds these virtues together in one life-long inseparable union.

Do you complain of the failing revenues of the profession? I question whether from the time when Boylston took his pay in guineas, through the days when John Warren the elder counted his gains in continental currency, looking well in the ledger and telling poorly at the butcher's and the baker's, there was ever a prettier pile made daily than is built up by one of our liv-

ing brethren who fought his way up stream until the tide turned and wafted him into reputation, which makes his labors too much for one man and something over two horses. The success of one such diligent and faithful practitioner is the truest rebuke to charlatanism. It is a Waterloo triumph, a Perry's victory, not over the squadrons of *Lake* Erie, but the piratical craft of *Quack*-ery.

This world is not so different now from what it always has been. Pliny tells us stories of medical pretenders as good as any modern ones. Dionis has given us in a dozen pages a very pleasant account of the famous charlatans of his own time, which one of our good friends has translated for us into equally pleasant English. The particular shoe that pinches at the moment seems, it is true, the most ill-conditioned bit of leather that was ever cobbled, yet there has always been about the same amount of pinching from the same cause.

You complain for instance of my old friends, the homœopathists. I grant you it is provoking to see a former patient smacking his lips over their Barmecide therapeutics. But, after all, they are less exceptionable, personally, and less dangerous than many other wholesale theorists. Then look for a moment at the course which the system follows in almost any community. It appropriates a certain predisposed fraction of the public, and having made converts of them for a longer or shorter period, its power is mainly exhausted in that locality. And what are these predisposed subjects? Many are simple and credulous, some are intellectual and cultivated, not a few of eminent so-

cial standing; but with rare exceptions they are just exactly the most restless, uncomfortable class of patients the physician has to deal with, poets with bilious fancies, divines whose medical opinions are offered as gratuitously as your advice is expected to be given; philosophical dilettanti who insist on being dissatisfied with the only kind of answer a reasonable patient should expect.

"Opium facit dormire
Quia est in eo
Virtus dormitiva,
Cujus est natura,
Sensus assoupire."[1]

All that class, in short, who, instead of pulling the ropes as they are bid when there is a heavy gale and a lee shore, insist on going aft and breaking the eleventh commandment—

"No conversation with the man at the helm!"

On the whole, if our friends, who have a perfect right to choose their own names will spare us that little impertinence of calling medical practitioners "allopathists," the profession is well off to have no worse antagonists. The next fancy that turns up may not be as harmless. The old brown rat of England was bad enough, but by and by the gray Hanover rat came and ate him up. Unfortunately he ate up the cheese and the bacon, too, and a great deal faster than the old practitioner had done before him.

We may be well contented then. If we have one

[1] "Opium makes one sleep because it possesses a soporific virtue, the nature whereof is to allay the senses."

man living among us as much loved and esteemed as ever a physician has been; if we have one man who makes his calling as remunerative as any have ever done in the midst of us, we may be sure there is no lack of respect or reward to all who deserve either. If our most obvious antagonism comes in a comparatively inoffensive shape and with very limited powers of aggression we need not complain of our professional position.

Count in the published lists all that practice the healing art in this great centre of population and who stand outside of your fellowship; all that trade in the fantastic pretences of the many counterfeits that infest the outskirts of medical practice; the eclectics, the mesmerists, the botanics, and the rest; rake all the dark alleys where the advertising sharper lurks behind his half-open door and his alias; count everything, male and female, red, white, and black, clean and unclean, and though the catalogue is freely open to every knave and ignoramus it will be short compared to the list of the names which you enroll among your numbers from the same community. Weigh the amount of character, ability, and knowledge represented in this list against the string of obscurities and more odious notorieties in the other, and you may judge if health or life are anything to your fellow citizens, what place we must hold in their regard.

"*Hi regebant fata,*"—these governed the fates, said the Natural Historian of ancient Rome, speaking of physicians. Governed the fates! Yes, and not only the fates of those that were under their immediate care but often through them the fates of empires and of in-

terests wider and deeper than those of any earthly dynasty. Think of Dubois the elder, when the question was trembling in the balance whether France should be without an empress or her imperial master without an heir! Or go back to that bloody day of Saint Bartholomew and look into the royal assassin's chamber—whom will you find there, hidden from the savage clubs and the crashing guns that were filling the streets with victims, while the bells of St. Germain l'Auxerrois were pealing their death notes to the hunted Huguenots? No brother, guilty of believing the detested creed; no mistress whose blood was tainted with the stain of heresy; no favorite leader in arms, or council who had dared to defend the obnoxious faith—for Coligny's white hairs were the first to be dabbled in their blood; not one of these but the wise old man to whom Charles the Ninth once owed his accursed life; for the divine art sheds its blessings, like the rain, alike on the just and the unjust; the good and great surgeon, too good and too great for such a crowned miscreant, our own old patriarch of chirurgery—Ambrose Paré.

Say, come down to nearer times and places, and look into the chamber where our own fellow citizen struck down without warning by the hand of brutal violence lies prostrate, and think what fearful issues hang on the skill or incompetence of those who have his precious life in charge. One little error, and the *ignis sacer,* the fiery plague of the wounded, spreads its angry blush over the surface and fever and delirium are but the preludes of deadlier symptoms. One slight neglect, and

the brain oppressed with the products of disease grows dreamy and then drowsy; its fine energies are palsied and too soon the heart that filled it with generous blood is stilled forever. It took but a little scratch from a glass broken at his daughter's wedding to snatch from life the great anatomist and surgeon, Spigelius, almost at the very age of him for whose recovery we look not without anxious solicitude.

At such an hour as this more than at any other we feel the dignity, the awful responsibility of the healing art. Let but that life be sacrificed and left unavenged, and the wounds of that defenceless head, like the foul witch's blow on her enchanted image, are repeated on the radiant forehead of Liberty herself and flaw the golden circlet we had vainly written with the sacred name of Union!

"Dii, prohibite minas! Dii, talem avertite casum."[1]

I give you, Mr. President, "The Surgeons of the city of Washington—God grant them wisdom, for they are dressing the wounds of a mighty empire and of uncounted generations."

[1] "Ye gods forefend from the threats! Ye gods avert such a misfortune!"

Lincoln, Abraham, a distinguished American statesman and orator, sixteenth President of the United States, born in Hardin county, Ky., February 12, 1809; died in Washington, D. C., April 15, 1865. His boyhood was one of poverty and hardships, but he struggled upward, and during the Black Hawk War in 1835 he commanded a company of volunteers against the Indians. From 1837 to 1842 Lincoln was a member of the Illinois Legislature, and having procured a license to practice law in 1836 was rapidly rising in his profession. He entered Congress in 1846, and was prominent there. In February, 1860, a speech of his at the Cooper Institute on the slavery topic gained for him a national prominence, and in November of that year he was elected President. In 1864 he was re-elected, and had but just entered upon a second term when he was assassinated. Lincoln's public addresses are among the treasures of American eloquence, and cannot be surpassed for either sublimity of diction or eloquence. The most famous are his first and second inaugural addresses, the speech delivered at Gettysburg and his speech at Cooper Institute.

AT GETTYSBURG.

NOVEMBER 19, 1863.

FOURSCORE and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-

place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

Clay, Cassius M., an American statesman and orator, born in Madison county, Ky., October 19, 1810. Devoting himself to the law, he soon became conspicuous for his abilities, and entered the Kentucky Legislature in 1835. He was again a member in 1840, and by his efforts there did much to secure an improved jury system and improved common schools for his native state. He was an intense hater of slavery, and issued an anti-slavery paper at Louisville. He served in the Mexican War, and in 1850 was elected Governor of Kentucky as an anti-slavery candidate. During his political career he addressed large audiences on many occasions, his speeches being marked by extreme earnestness of delivery and readiness in debate, his strong political sentiments lending vigor to his remarks. He was Minister to Russia, 1862–69, but for many years has lived in retirement.

ADDRESS AT YALE COLLEGE.

DELIVERED ON THE CENTENNIAL BIRTHDAY OF WASHINGTON, FEBRUARY 22, 1832.

GENTLEMEN OF YALE COLLEGE,—Were a stranger to visit this land, in this time of peace and plenty, this mildness and tranquillity of nature, and hear, at a distance, the loud peals of cannon, and the murmurs of assembled multitudes, behold crowds of both sexes and every age moving in anxiety to the churches and places of public convocation, in amazement he would exclaim, "What means this hurried array! this mighty tumult! What threatened invasion; what great political commotion; what impending convulsion of nature, draws together thirteen millions of human beings?"

Illustrious, departed shade! whom we this day call to memory, this could not be. For from what land shall he come who knows not thy great and virtuous deeds? What language shall he speak who has not heard the name of Washington?

We are assembled to-day, a great and intelligent nation, to offer up our thanks to the Author of our being for the many and signal favors bestowed upon us as a people. To give to departed worth our highest approbation, the voluntary tribute of grateful remembrance. To manifest to mankind and our posterity the regard which we entertain for the blessings of religious and political freedom which our gallant ancestors have bequeathed us. To make ourselves better men and better citizens. It is enough for one man that thirteen millions of intelligent beings have assembled in his name. Any efforts which I might make to color his fame by indulging in panegyric would be trifling with the feelings of this assembly; for, from the throbbing bosom and brightening eye, I perceive that you have outstripped the slow pace of language and already given way to the grateful emotions of the soul. I shall therefore briefly touch upon a few incidents of his life, and proceed to some other considerations, which may be not inappropriate to the occasion. It was the good fortune of Washington to unite in one personage the far distant and almost incompatible talents of the politician and soldier. It would not, I presume, be considered disrespectful to say that this circumstance is the only one which made a material distinction between him and some others of his noble compatriots. Other men may have conceived as high designs and

entertained as exalted patriotism; but it was for Washington to conceive and to execute; and what he declared with the pen in the cabinet to conclude with the sword in the field. Other men would have been proud of the honor of pre-eminence in either department; but Washington drank deep of the glory of each, and was not intoxicated with the draught; for he was subject to temptation on a most signal occasion, yet his virtue and patriotism failed not in the hour of trial.

Success had crowned his efforts against a foreign foe. His followers, stung with the ingratitude of a preserved country, who refused the poor tribute of soldiers' wages, were united to him by the strongest ties—the sense of common suffering and injustice. Inflammatory letters were industriously circulated throughout the army by an insidious enemy. The republic, in its very infancy, was about to pass the way of all democracies, and on the eve of yielding up her dearly bought liberties to her chieftain. Then do we see the gray-headed patriot coming forward in deep and sorrowful mood, and hear his faltering voice entreating them to spare themselves—to spare him—what? An ignominious death? No! to spare him the titles, the honors, the arbitrary power, for which others have deemed the risk of life not too dear a sacrifice. Raising the intercepted letters to his face, while the gathering tears suffused his sight, he uttered those memorable words, "My eyes have grown dim in the service of my country." Where in the long annals of the reputed sayings of departed sages shall we find the equal of this more than eloquence—this pouring forth of the soul? It was then that tyranny was rebuked, and

liberty drew immortal inspiration. For selfishness and power were disrobed of their tinsel ornaments, ambition loosed his deadly grasp, and liberty and virtue, in union, winged their heavenly flight!

I pass over his virtues and his public acts. His virtues are known, and more appropriately mentioned by our firesides and in the private circle. 'Tis there we love to dwell upon the scenes of his infancy, and the virtuous impressions made upon his tender mind in the day when the destiny of empires is in the hands of a woman. Well for mankind that he was in the hands of a mother, a woman who, in those days filled the high rank allotted her by nature, to be the instructress, as well as the plaything companion of man. His public acts—they are inwoven with our constitution and laws. They are known and appreciated by the politician and the jurist; and are more immediately objects for the contemplation of those concerned in the administration of the government.

What then remains for this occasion? Washington is gone, and his virtues and his exploits are reserved for mention at other times. The effects, my countrymen, the effects! "The man dies, but his memory lives." How many like the great Emmet have died, and left only a name to attract our admiration for their virtues, and our regret for their untimely fall, to excite to deeds which they would, but could not affect! But what has Washington left behind save the glory of a name? The independent mind, the conscious pride, the ennobling principle of the soul—a nation of freemen.

What did he leave? He left us to ourselves. This

is the sum of our liberties, the first principle of government, the power of public opinion—public opinion, the only permanent power on earth. When did a people flourish like Americans? Yet where, in a time of peace, has more use been made with the pen, or less with the sword of power? When did a religion flourish like the Christian, since they have done away with intolerance? Since men have come to believe and know that physical force cannot affect the immortal part, and that religion is between the conscience and the Creator only. He of 1622, who with the sword propagated his doctrines throughout Arabia, and the greater part of the barbarian world; against the power of whose tenets the physical force of all Christendom was opposed in vain; under the effective operations of freedom of opinion, is fast passing the way of all error.

Napoleon, the contemporary of our Washington, is fast dying away from the lips of men. He who shook the whole civilized earth—who, in an age of knowledge and concert among nations, held the world at bay—at whose exploits the imagination becomes bewildered—who, in the eve of his glory, was honored with the pathetic appellation of "the last, lone, captive of millions in war,"—even he is now known only in history. The vast empire was fast tumbling to ruins while he yet held the sword. He passed away and left "no successor" there! The unhallowed light which obscured is gone; but brightly beams, yet, the name of Washington!

This freedom of opinion, which has done so much for the political and religious liberty of America, has not been confined to this continent. People of other

countries begin to inquire, to examine, and to reason for themselves. Error has fled before it, and the most inveterate prejudices are dissolved and gone. Such unlimited remedy has in some cases indeed apparently proved injurious, but the evil is to be attributed to the peculiarity of the attendant circumstances, or the ill-timed application. Let us not force our tenets upon foreigners. For if we subject opinion to coercion, who shall be our inquisitors?

No; let us do as we have done, as we are now doing, and then call upon the nations to examine, to scrutinize, and to condemn! No! they cannot look upon America to-day, and pity—for the gladdened heart disclaims all woe. They cannot look upon her and deride, for genius, and literature, and science are soaring above the high places of birth and pageantry. They cannot look upon us and defy, for the hearts of thirteen millions are warm in virtuous emulation; their arms steeled in the cause of their country. Her productions are wafted to every shore; her flag is seen waving in every sea. She has wrested the glorious motto from the once queen of the seas, and high on our banner, by the stars and stripes, is seen:

> "Columbia needs no bulwark,
> No towers along the steep,
> Her march is o'er the mountain wave,
> Her home is on the deep."

But on this day of freemen's rejoicing, and all this mutual congratulation, "this feast of the soul, this pure banquet of the heart," does no painful reflection rush across the unquiet conscience? no blush of insincerity

HENRY WATTERSON.

suffuse the countenance, where joy and gratitude should hold undivided sway? When we come this day, as one great family, to lay our poor offering on the altar, to that God who holds the destinies of nations in his hand, are there none afar off, cast down and sorrowful, who dare not approach the common altar; who cannot put their hands to their hearts, and say: "Oh, Washington, what art thou to us? Are we not also freemen?"

Then what a mockery is here! Foolish man, lay down thy offering, go thy way, become reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy offering.

In the language of Thomas Jefferson:

"Can the liberties of a nation be sure when we remove their only firm basis, a conviction in the minds of the people, that these liberties are the gift of God? that they are not to be violated but with his wrath? Indeed, I tremble for my country, when I reflect that God is just; that his justice cannot sleep forever; that a revolution of the wheel of fortune, a change of situation, is among possible events; that it may become probable by supernatural interference! The Almighty has no attribute which can take side with us in that event."

And shall these things be? 'Tis fit that he should chide who bears the shame! How long, my own, my native land, shall thy exiled sons dare to raise their voice only in a land of strangers, in behalf of thy best interests—the cause of reason, religion, and humanity?

But ye philanthropists, if so ye term yourselves—

whether real or feigned, I care not—leave us to ourselves. Give opinion full scope; examine, scrutinize, condemn, but let us alone. Know ye not yet the human heart? It has its affections, but it has its jealousies and its revenge, too! But, if you attempt to snatch justice from our arms—our destined bride, lovely maid of every perfection—we will plunge the assassin's dagger to her heart—to be mourned by her followers as well as by her destroyers!

"Leave us to ourselves," should be the motto of our republic, the first principle of national legislation. Not license to lawlessness and crime; not that liberty which is so often shouted forth without meaning—defiance of wholesome laws and their severe and rigid execution. But let us alone—let us exercise reason and public opinion as regards our temporal interests as well as our immortal welfare.

If we come to honor Washington to-day, to sanction his principles, which have been approved in times past, I cannot forbear pressing upon the minds of my audience, from various parts of the Union, the necessity to concede something to public opinion in the construction of our federal league; to be indulgent to one another. If you do not, my countrymen, I very much fear that this, the first centennial celebration of the birth of Washington, will be the last on which a mighty nation will have met.

It is a principle generally admitted among politicians that the most despotic government in peace is the most efficient in war, and the reverse. This principle applied to us admits of much limitation. If we war with foreigners, and all united, I venture to say we are

the most powerful nation on earth, comparing our physical resources; for we war not for a change of masters, but for ourselves—for freedom. But, if we war with each other, which God forbid, we are the weakest nation in existence; because we are the farthest removed from executive influence, more subject to individual will.

Our strength is in public opinion, in unanimity. We revolt on the most favorable circumstances. No ignominious death of traitors awaits us; defeat, at worst, is but an unwilling marriage with a haughty, but yet loving lord. States come to the contest, armed, provided, unanimous; fighting ostensibly under the banner of the constitution, if not in supposable cases, in the real spirit of our federal league.

I would not speak lightly of the constitution of America; long may it exist to the honor of its framers, and the greater glory of those who support it well; but I should not deem it safe to appeal to the letter of any copy, in defiance of the great original, written in the breast of every American.

It needs not the eye of divination to see that differences of interest will naturally arise in this vast extent of territory. Washington saw it; we see it. Let us not flatter ourselves that these differences will be merged by the revolution of time, or the increase of space. While I now speak, a voice is heard imploring concession, founded upon claims, warmly and conscientiously supported—no matter whether they be real or imaginary.

In the political arena the glove is already thrown down; the great Northern and Southern champions

stand in sullen defiance; bristling crests are seen extending to the extreme verge of the lists; the mystery of intense feeling pervades the hosts; "*non tumultus, non quies; quale magni metus, et magnae irae silentium est.*"

My countrymen, this must not be; the issues are too great to depend upon the fall of one man. 'Tis yours —you, the people of the United States—to look well to it!

The warning voice of Cassandra is abroad! May not a blinded people rest secure in disbelief and derision, till the birthright left us by our Washington is lost! till we shall be aroused by the rushing ruins of a once "glorious union!"

Phillips, Wendell, a distinguished American orator, born in Boston, Mass., November 29, 1811; died there February 2, 1884. He was admitted to the bar in 1834, but refrained from practising his profession because of conscientious scruples against the Constitution of the United States, which he considered an unrighteous compact between freedom and the slave power. He early joined the ranks of the Abolitionists, his first speech of importance being on the murder of the Abolitionist, Lovejoy, at a meeting in Faneuil Hall in 1837. From this period he delivered many anti-slavery and other addresses, as well as frequent lectures on miscellaneous topics. Phillips ranked among the foremost orators of his time, his oratory, while of the most refined and polished description, being nevertheless infused with a burning, indignant eloquence. A collection of his speeches was made in 1863. His lecture on "The Lost Arts" was very popular and was delivered many times.

THE MURDER OF LOVEJOY.

[At the great meeting held in Faneuil Hall, December 8, 1837, to denounce the murder of Lovejoy by the mob at Alton, Illinois, while defending his printing-press, after addresses by Dr. Channing and George S. Hillard, Hon. James T. Austin, attorney-general of the Commonwealth, rose, and in a speech of great bitterness compared the slaves to a menagerie of wild beasts and the rioters at Alton to the "orderly mob" which threw the tea overboard in 1773, and declared that Lovejoy was presumptuous, and "died as the fool dieth." The speech produced great excitement. Wendell Phillips, then a young man of twenty-six, who had not expected to take part in the meeting, was unable to keep silent, and rose to reply, while that portion of the assembly which sympathized with the attorney-general became so boisterous that he had difficulty in gaining the audience. Mr. Phillips had spoken

before this at a meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society in Lynn, March 28, 1837 ; but this speech in Faneuil Hall was the real beginning of his great public career.]

Mr. Chairman,—We have met for the freest discussion of these resolutions, and the events which gave rise to them. I hope I shall be permitted to express my surprise at the sentiments of the last speaker,—surprise not only at such sentiments from such a man, but at the applause they have received within these walls. A comparison has been drawn between the events of the Revolution and the tragedy at Alton. We have heard it asserted here, in Faneuil Hall, that Great Britain had a right to tax the colonies; and we have heard the mob at Alton, the drunken murderers of Lovejoy, compared to those patriot fathers who threw the tea overboard! Fellow citizens, is this Faneuil Hall doctrine? The mob at Alton were met to wrest from a citizen his just rights,—met to resist the laws. We have been told that our fathers did the same; and the glorious mantle of Revolutionary precedent has been thrown over the mobs of our day. To make out their title to such defence the gentleman says that the British Parliament had a right to tax these colonies. It is manifest that, without this, his parellel falls to the ground; for Lovejoy had stationed himself within constitutional bulwarks. He was not only defending the freedom of the press, but he was under his own roof, in arms with the sanction of the civil authority. The men who assailed him went against and over the laws. The mob, as the gentleman terms it,—mob, forsooth! certainly we sons of the teaspillers are a marvellously patient generation!—the "orderly mob"

which assembled in the Old South to destroy the tea were met to resist, not the laws, but illegal exactions! Shame on the American who calls the tea tax and Stamp Act laws! Our fathers resisted, not the King's prerogative, but the King's usurpation. To find any other account, you must read our Revolutionary history upside down. Our State archives are loaded with arguments of John Adams to prove the taxes laid by the British Parliament unconstitutional,—beyond its power. It was not till this was made out that the men of New England rushed to arms. The arguments of the Council Chamber and the House of Representatives preceded and sanctioned the contest. To draw the conduct of our ancestors into a precedent for mobs, for a right to resist laws we ourselves have enacted, is an insult to their memory. The difference between the excitements of those days and our own, which the gentleman in kindness to the latter has overlooked, is simply this: the men of that day went for the right, as secured by the laws. They were the people rising to sustain the laws and constitution of the province. The rioters of our day go for their own wills, right or wrong. Sir, when I heard the gentleman lay down principles which place the murderers of Alton side by side with Otis and Hancock, with Quincy and Adams, I thought those pictured lips [pointing to the portraits in the Hall] would have broken into voice to rebuke the recreant American,—the slanderer of the dead. The gentleman said that he should sink into insignificance if he dared not gainsay the principles of these resolutions. Sir, for the sentiments he has uttered, on soil consecrated by the prayers of Puritans and the

blood of patriots, the earth should have yawned and swallowed him up.

[Applause and hisses, with cries of "Take that back." The uproar became so great that for a long time no one could be heard. At length the Hon. William Sturgis came to Mr. Phillips's side at the front of the platform. He was met with cries of "Phillips or nobody," "Make him take back 'recreant.'" "He sha'n't go on till he takes it back." When it was understood that Mr. Sturgis meant to sustain, not to interrupt Mr. Phillips, he was listened to, and said: "I did not come here to take any part in this discussion, nor do I intend to; but I do entreat you, fellow citizens, by everything you hold sacred,—I conjure you by every association connected with this Hall, consecrated by our fathers to freedom of discussion,—that you listen to every man who addresses you in a decorous manner." Mr. Phillips resumed.]

Fellow citizens, I cannot take back my words. Surely, the attorney-general, so long and well known here, needs not the aid of your hisses against one so young as I am,—my voice never before heard within these walls!

Another ground has been taken to excuse the mob, and throw doubt and discredit on the conduct of Lovejoy and his associates. Allusion has been made to what lawyers understand very well,—the "conflict of laws." We are told that nothing but the Mississippi River rolls between St. Louis and Alton; and the conflict of laws somehow or other gives the citizens of the former

a right to find fault with the defender of the press for publishing his opinions so near their limits. Will the gentleman venture that argument before lawyers? How the laws of the two States could be said to come into conflict in such circumstances I question whether any lawyer in this audience can explain or understand. No matter whether the line that divides one sovereign State from another be an imaginary one or ocean-wide, the moment you cross it, the State you leave is blotted out of existence, so far as you are concerned. The Czar might as well claim to control the deliberations of Faneuil Hall, as the laws of Missouri demand reverence, or the shadow of obedience, from an inhabitant of Illinois.

I must find some fault with the statement which has been made of the events at Alton. It has been asked why Lovejoy and his friends did not appeal to the executive,—trust their defence to the police of the city. It has been hinted that, from hasty and ill-judged excitement, the men within the building provoked a quarrel, and that he fell in the course of it, one mob resisting another. Recollect, sir, that they did act with the approbation and sanction of the mayor. In strict truth there was no executive to appeal to for protection. The mayor acknowledged that he could not protect them. They asked him if it was lawful for them to defend themselves. He told them it was, and sanctioned their assembling in arms to do so. They were not, then, a mob; they were not merely citizens defending their own property; they were in some sense the *posse comitatus,* adopted for the occasion into the police of the city, acting under the order of a magistrate. It was

civil authority resisting lawless violence. Where, then, was the imprudence? Is the doctrine to be sustained here that it is imprudent for men to aid magistrates in executing the laws?

Men are continually asking each other, had Lovejoy a right to resist? Sir, I protest against the question instead of answering it. Lovejoy did not resist, in the sense they mean. He did not throw himself back on the natural right of self-defence. He did not cry anarchy, and let slip the dogs of civil war, careless of the horrors which would follow.

Sir, as I understand this affair, it was not an individual protecting his property; it was not one body of armed men resisting another, and making the streets of a peaceful city run blood with their contentions. It did not bring back the scenes in some old Italian cities, where family met family, and faction met faction, and mutually trampled the laws under foot. No: the men in that house were regularly enrolled, under the sanction of the mayor. There being no militia in Alton, about seventy men were enrolled with the approbation of the mayor. These relieved each other every other night. About thirty men were in arms on the night of the sixth, when the press was landed. The next evening it was not thought necessary to summon more than half that number: among these was Lovejoy. It was, therefore, you perceive, sir, the police of the city resisting rioters,—civil government breasting itself to the shock of lawless men.

Here is no question about the right of self-defence. It is in fact simply this: has the civil magistrate a right to put down a riot?

Some persons seem to imagine that anarchy existed at Alton from the commencement of these disputes. Not at all. "No one of us," says an eye-witness and a comrade of Lovejoy, "has taken up arms during these disturbances but at the command of the mayor." Anarchy did not settle down on that devoted city till Lovejoy breathed his last. Till then the law, represented in his person, sustained itself against its foes. When he fell, civil authority was trampled under foot. He had "planted himself on his constitutional rights," —appealed to the laws,—claimed the protection of the civil authority,—taken refuge under "the broad shield of the constitution. When through that he was pierced and fell, he fell but one sufferer in a common catastrophe." He took refuge under the banner of liberty, —amid its folds; and, when he fell, its glorious Stars and Stripes, the emblem of free institutions, around which cluster so many heart-stirring memories, were blotted out in the martyr's blood.

It has been stated, perhaps inadvertently, that Lovejoy or his comrades fired first. This is denied by those who have the best means of knowing. Guns were first fired by the mob. After being twice fired on, those within the building consulted together, and deliberately returned the fire. But suppose they did fire first. They had a right so to do,—not only the right which every citizen has to defend himself, but the further right which every civil officer has to resist violence. Even if Lovejoy fired the first gun, it would not lessen his claim to our sympathy or destroy his title to be considered a martyr in defence of a free press. The question now is, did he act within the constitution and the

laws? The men who fell in State Street on the 5th of March, 1770, did more than Lovejoy is charged with. They were the first assailants. Upon some slight quarrel they pelted the troops with every missile within reach. Did this bate one jot the eulogy with which Hancock and Warren hallowed their memory, hailing them as the first martyrs in the cause of American liberty.

If, sir, I had adopted what are called peace principles, I might lament the circumstances of this case. But all you who believe, as I do, in the right and duty of magistrates to execute the laws, join with me, and brand as base hypocrisy the conduct of those who assemble year after year on the Fourth of July to fight over the battles of the Revolution, and yet "damn with faint praise" or load with obloquy the memory of this man, who shed his blood in defence of life, liberty, property, and the freedom of the press!

Throughout that terrible night I find nothing to regret but this, that within the limits of our country civil authority should have been so prostrated as to oblige a citizen to arm in his own defence, and to arm in vain. The gentleman says Lovejoy was presumptuous and imprudent,—he "died as the fool dieth." And a reverend clergyman of the city tells us that no citizen has a right to publish opinions disagreeable to the community! If any mob follows such publication, on him rests its guilt! He must wait, forsooth, till the people come up to it and agree with him! This libel on liberty goes on to say that the want of right to speak as we think is an evil inseparable from republican institutions? If this be so, what are they worth? Welcome

the despotism of the sultan, where one knows what he may publish and what he may not, rather than the tyranny of this many-headed monster, the mob, where we know not what we may do or say till some fellow citizen has tried it, and paid for the lesson with his life. This clerical absurdity chooses as a check for the abuses of the press, not the law, but the dread of a mob. By so doing, it deprives not only the individual and the minority of their rights, but the majority also, since the expression of their opinion may sometimes provoke disturbance from the minority. A few men may make a mob as well as many. The majority, then, have no right, as Christian men, to utter their sentiments, if by any possibility it may lead to a mob! Shades of Hugh Peters and John Cotton, save us from such pulpits!

Imprudent to defend the liberty of the press! Why? Because the defence was unsuccessful? Does success gild crime into patriotism, and the want of it change heroic self-devotion to imprudence? Was Hampden imprudent when he drew the sword and threw away the scabbard? Yet he, judged by that single hour, was unsuccessful. After a short exile the race he hated sat again upon the throne.

Imagine yourself present when the first news of Bunker Hill battle reached a New England town. The tale would have run thus: "The patriots are routed, —the redcoats victorious,—Warren lies dead upon the field." With what scorn would that Tory have been received who should have charged Warren with imprudence! who should have said that, bred a physician, he was "out of place" in that battle, and "died

as the fool dieth!" How would the intimation have been received that Warren and his associates should have waited a better time? But, if success be indeed the only criterion of prudence, *Respice finem*,—Wait till the end.

Presumptuous to assert the freedom of the press on American ground! Is the assertion of such freedom before the age? So much before the age as to leave one no right to make it because it displeases the community? Who invents this libel on his country? It is this very thing which entitles Lovejoy to greater praise. The disputed right which provoked the Revolution—taxation without representation—is far beneath that for which he died. One word, gentlemen. As much as thought is better than money, so much is the cause in which Lovejoy died nobler than a mere question of taxes. James Otis thundered in this hall when the king did but touch his pocket. Imagine, if you can, his indignant eloquence, had England offered to put a gag upon his lips.

The question that stirred the Revolution touched our civil interests. This concerns us not only as citizens, but as immortal beings. Wrapped up in its fate, saved or lost with it, are not only the voice of the statesman, but the instructions of the pulpit, and the progress of our faith.

The clergy "marvellously out of place" where free-speech is battled for—liberty of speech on national sins? Does the gentleman remember that freedom to preach was first gained, dragging in its train freedom to print? I thank the clergy here present, as I reverence their predecessors, who did not so far forget their

country in their immediate profession as to deem it duty to separate themselves from the struggle of '76, —the Mayhews and Coopers, who remembered they were citizens before they were clergymen.

Mr. Chairman, from the bottom of my heart, I thank that brave little band at Alton for resisting. We must remember that Lovejoy had fled from city to city, suffered the destruction of three presses patiently. At length he took counsel with friends, men of character, of tried integrity, of wide views, of Christian principle. They thought the crisis had come. It was full time to assert the laws. They saw around them, not a community like our own, of fixed habits, of character molded and settled, but one "in the gristle, not yet hardened into the bone of manhood." The people there, children of our older States, seem to have forgotten the blood-tried principles of their fathers the moment they lost sight of our New England hills. Something was to be done to show them the priceless value of the freedom of the press, to bring back and set right their wandering and confused ideas. He and his advisers looked out on a community staggering like a drunken man, indifferent to their rights, and confused in their feelings. Deaf to argument, haply they might be stunned into sobriety. They saw that of which we cannot judge, the necessity of resistance. Insulted law called for it. Public opinion, fast hastening on the downward course, must be arrested.

Does not the event show they judged rightly? Absorbed in a thousand trifles, how has the nation all at once come to a stand! Men begin, as in 1776 and 1640, to discuss principles, to weigh characters, to find out

where they are. Haply we may awake before we are borne over the precipice.

I am glad, sir, to see this crowded house. It is good for us to be here. When liberty is in danger, Faneuil Hall has the right, it is her duty, to strike the key-note for these United States. I am glad, for one reason, that remarks such as those to which I have alluded have been uttered here. The passage of these resolutions, in spite of this opposition, led by the attorney-general of the Commonwealth, will show more clearly, more decisively, the deep indignation with which Boston regards this outrage.

Sumner, Charles, a famous American statesman and orator, born in Boston, Mass., January 6, 1811; died in Washington, D. C., March 11, 1874. He was admitted to the bar in 1834, and rapidly became conspicuous in his profession. He took no active part in politics till July 4, 1845, when he delivered the municipal oration, entitled "The True Grandeur of Nations." He entered the United States Senate in 1850 as a member from Massachusetts, and continued in that position for the remainder of his career. He was a determined opponent of slavery, and frequently addressed the Senate upon that topic, his most famous speech of this character being "The Crime against Kansas," which occupied two days in delivery, in May, 1856. Outside of Congress he made many political addresses also. Sumner's oratory, although dignified and polished, was full of vigor, and he often employed sarcasm with most telling effect. His speeches and orations have been issued in an edition of fifteen volumes.

ON THE CRIME AGAINST KANSAS.

UNITED STATES SENATE, MAY 19-20, 1856.

Mr. President:

You are now called to redress a great transgression. Seldom in the history of nations has such a question been presented. Tariffs, army bills, navy bills, land bills, are important, and justly occupy your care; but these all belong to the course of ordinary legislation. As means and instruments only, they are necessarily subordinate to the conservation of government itself. Grant them or deny them, in greater or less degree, and you will inflict no shock. The machinery of government will continue to move. The State will not cease

to exist. Far otherwise is it with the eminent question now before you, involving, as it does, liberty in a broad territory, and also involving the peace of the whole country, with our good name in history forever more.

Take down your map, sir, and you will find that the Territory of Kansas, more than any other region, occupies the middle spot of North America, equally distant from the Atlantic on the east, and the Pacific on the west; from the frozen waters of Hudson's Bay on the north, and the tepid Gulf Stream on the south, constituting the precise territorial centre of the whole vast continent. To such advantages of situation, on the very highway between two oceans, are added a soil of unsurpassed richness, and a fascinating, undulating beauty of surface, with a health-giving climate, calculated to nurture a powerful and generous people, worthy to be a central pivot of American institutions. A few short months only have passed since this spacious and mediterranean country was open only to the savage who ran wild in its woods and prairies; and now it has already drawn to its bosom a population of freemen larger than Athens crowded within her historic gates, when her sons, under Miltiades, won liberty for mankind on the field of Marathon; more than Sparta contained when she ruled Greece, and sent forth her devoted children, quickened by a mother's benediction, to return with their shields, or on them; more than Rome gathered on her seven hills, when, under her kings, she commenced that sovereign sway, which afterward embraced the whole earth; more than London held, when, on the fields of Crecy and Agincourt, the

English banner was carried victoriously over the chivalrous hosts of France.

Against this Territory, thus fortunate in position and population, a crime has been committed, which is without example in the records of the past. Not in plundered provinces or in the cruelties of selfish governors will you find its parallel; and yet there is an ancient instance, which may show at least the path of justice. In the terrible impeachment by which the great Roman orator has blasted through all time the name of Verres, amid charges of robbery and sacrilege, the enormity which most aroused the indignant voice of his accuser, and which still stands forth with strongest distinctness, arresting the sympathetic indignation of all who read the story, is, that away in Sicily he had scourged a citizen of Rome—that the cry, "I am a Roman citizen," had been interposed in vain against the lash of the tyrant governor. Other charges were that he had carried away productions of art, and that he had violated the sacred shrines. It was in the presence of the Roman Senate that this arraignment proceeded; in a temple of the Forum; amid crowds—such as no orator had ever before drawn together—thronging the porticos and colonnades, even clinging to the housetops and neighboring slopes—and under the anxious gaze of witnesses summoned from the scene of crime. But an audience grander far—of higher dignity—of more various people, and of wider intelligence—the countless multitude of succeeding generations, in every land, where eloquence has been studied, or where the Roman name has been recognized —has listened to the accusation, and throbbed with con-

demnation of the criminal. Sir, speaking in an age of light, and a land of constitutional liberty where the safeguards of elections are justly placed among the highest triumphs of civilization, I fearlessly assert that the wrongs of much-abused Sicily, thus memorable in history, were small by the side of the wrongs of Kansas, where the very shrines of popular institutions, more sacred than any heathen altar, have been desecrated; where the ballot-box, more precious than any work, in ivory or marble, from the cunning hand of art, has been plundered; and where the cry, "I am an American citizen," has been interposed in vain against outrage of every kind, even upon life itself. Are you against sacrilege? I present it for your execration. Are you against robbery? I hold it up to your scorn. Are you for the protection of American citizens? I show you how their dearest rights have been cloven down, while a tyrannical usurpation has sought to instal itself on their very necks!

But the wickedness which I now begin to expose is immeasurably aggravated by the motive which prompted it. Not in any common lust for power did this uncommon tragedy have its origin. It is the rape of a virgin Territory, compelling it to the hateful embrace of slavery; and it may be clearly traced to a depraved longing for a new slave State, the hideous offspring of such a crime, in the hope of adding to the power of slavery in the National Government. Yes, sir, when the whole world, alike Christian and Turk, is rising up to condemn this wrong, and to make it a hissing to the nations, here in our Republic, *force*—ay, sir, FORCE—has been openly employed in compell-

ing Kansas to this pollution, and all for the sake of political power. There is the simple fact, which you will in vain attempt to deny, but which in itself presents an essential wickedness that makes other public crimes seem like public virtues.

But this enormity, vast beyond comparison, swells to dimensions of wickedness which the imagination toils in vain to grasp, when it is understood that for this purpose are hazarded the horrors of intestine feud not only in this distant Territory, but everywhere throughout the country. Already the muster has begun. The strife is no longer local, but national. Even now, while I speak, portents hang on all the arches of the horizon threatening to darken the broad land, which already yawns with the mutterings of civil war. The fury of the propagandists of slavery, and the calm determination of their opponents, are now diffused from the distant Territory over widespread communities, and the whole country, in all its extent —marshalling hostile divisions, and foreshadowing a strife which, unless happily averted by the triumph of Freedom, will become war—fratricidal, parricidal war —with an accumulated wickedness beyond the wickedness of any war in human annals; justly provoking the avenging judgment of Providence and the avenging pen of history, and constituting a strife, in the language of the ancient writer, more than *foreign,* more than *social,* more than *civil;* but something compounded of all these strifes, and in itself more than war; sed potius commune quoddam ex omnibus, et plus quam bellum.

Such is the crime which you are to judge. But the

criminal also must be dragged into day, that you may see and measure the power by which all this wrong is sustained. From no common source could it proceed. In its perpetration was needed a spirit of vaulting ambition which would hesitate at nothing; a hardihood of purpose which was insensible to the judgment of mankind; a madness for slavery which would disregard the Constitution, the laws, and all the great examples of our history; also a consciousness of power such as comes from the habit of power; a combination of energies found only in a hundred arms directed by a hundred eyes; a control of public opinion through venal pens and a prostituted press; an ability to subsidize crowds in every vocation of life—the politician with his local importance, the lawyer with his subtle tongue, and even the authority of the judge on the bench; and a familiar use of men in places high and low, so that none, from the President to the lowest border postmaster, should decline to be its tool; all these things and more were needed, and they were found in the slave power of our Republic. There, sir, stands the criminal, all unmasked before you—heartless, grasping, and tyrannical—with an audacity beyond that of Verres, a subtlety beyond that of Machiavel, a meanness beyond that of Bacon, and an ability beyond that of Hastings. Justice to Kansas can be secured only by the prostration of this influence; for this the power behind—greater than any President—which succors and sustains the crime. Nay, the proceedings I now arraign derive their fearful consequences only from this connection.

In now opening this great matter, I am not insensi-

ble to the austere demands of the occasion; but the dependence of the crime against Kansas upon the slave power is so peculiar and important, that I trust to be pardoned while I impress it with an illustration, which to some may seem trivial. It is related in Northern mythology that the god of Force, visiting an enchanted region, was challenged by his royal entertainer to what seemed a humble feat of strength—merely, sir, to lift a cat from the ground. The god smiled at the challenge, and, calmly placing his hand under the belly of the animal with superhuman strength strove, while the back of the feline monster arched far upward, even beyond reach, and one paw actually forsook the earth, until at last the discomfited divinity desisted; but he was little surprised at his defeat when he learned that this creature, which seemed to be a cat, and nothing more, was not merely a cat, but that it belonged to and was a part of the great Terrestrial Serpent, which, in its innumerable folds, encircled the whole globe. Even so the creature, whose paws are now fastened upon Kansas, whatever it may seem to be, constitutes in reality a part of the slave power, which, in its loathsome folds, is now coiled about the whole land. Thus do I expose the extent of the present contest, where we encounter not merely local resistance, but also the unconquered sustaining arm behind. But out of the vastness of the crime attempted, with all its woe and shame, I derive a well-founded assurance of a commensurate vastness of effort against it by the aroused masses of the country, determined not only to vindicate right against wrong, but to redeem the Republic from

the thraldom of that oligarchy which prompts, directs and concentrates the distant wrong.

Such is the crime, and such is the criminal, which it is my duty in this debate to expose, and, by the blessing of God, this duty shall be done completely to the end. . . .

But, before entering upon the argument, I must say something of a general character, particularly in response to what has fallen from Senators who have raised themselves to eminence on this floor in championship of human wrongs. I mean the Senator from South Carolina (Mr. Butler), and the Senator from Illinois (Mr. Douglas), who, though unlike as Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, yet, like this couple, sally forth together in the same adventure. I regret much to miss the elder Senator from his seat; but the cause, against which he has run a tilt, with such activity of animosity, demands that the opportunity of exposing him should not be lost; and it is for the cause that I speak. The Senator from South Carolina has read many books of chivalry, and believes himself a chivalrous knight, with sentiments of honor and courage. Of course he has chosen a mistress to whom he has made his vows, and who, though ugly to others, is always lovely to him; though polluted in the sight of the world, is chaste in his sight—I mean the harlot, Slavery. For her, his tongue is always profuse in words. Let her be impeached in character, or any proposition made to shut her out from the extension of her wantonness, and no extravagance of manner or hardihood of assertion is then too great for this Senator. The frenzy of Don Quixote, in behalf of his wench, Dul-

cinea del Toboso, is all surpassed. The asserted rights of Slavery, which shock equality of all kinds, are cloaked by a fantastic claim of equality. If the slave States cannot enjoy what, in mockery of the great fathers of the Republic, he misnames equality under the Constitution—in other words, the full power in the National Territories to compel fellow men to unpaid toil, to separate husband and wife, and to sell little children at the auction block—then, sir, the chivalric Senator will conduct the State of South Carolina out of the Union! Heroic knight! Exalted Senator! A second Moses come for a second exodus!

But not content with this poor menace, which we have been twice told was "measured," the Senator in the unrestrained chivalry of his nature, has undertaken to apply opprobrious words to those who differ from him on this floor. He calls them "sectional and fanatical"; and opposition to the usurpation in Kansas he denounces as "an uncalculating fanaticism." To be sure these charges lack all grace of originality, and all sentiment of truth; but the adventurous Senator does not hesitate. He is the uncompromising, unblushing representative on this floor of a flagrant *sectionalism,* which now domineers over the Republic, and yet with a ludicrous ignorance of his own position—unable to see himself as others see him—or with an effrontery which even his white head ought not to protect from rebuke, he applies to those here who resist his *sectionalism* the very epithet which designates himself. The men who strive to bring back the government to its original policy, when Freedom and not Slavery was sectional, he arraigns as *sectional.* This will not do.

It involves too great a perversion of terms. I tell that Senator that it is to himself, and to the "organization" of which he is the "committed advocate," that this epithet belongs. I now fasten it upon them. For myself, I care little for names; but since the question has been raised here, I affirm that the Republican party of the Union is in no just sense *sectional,* but, more than any other party, *national;* and that it now goes forth to dislodge from the high places of the government the tyrannical sectionalism of which the Senator from South Carolina is one of the maddest zealots.

As the Senator from South Carolina is the Don Quixote, the Senator from Illinois (Mr. Douglas) is the Squire of Slavery, its very Sancho Panza, ready to do all its humiliating offices. This Senator, in his labored address, vindicating his labored report—piling one mass of elaborate error upon another mass—constrained himself, as you will remember, to unfamiliar decencies of speech. Of that address I have nothing to say at this moment, though before I sit down I shall show something of its fallacies. But I go back now to an earlier occasion, when, true to his native impulses, he threw into this discussion, "for a charm of powerful trouble," personalities most discreditable to this body. I will not stop to repel the imputations which he cast upon myself; but I mention them to remind you of the "sweltered venom sleeping got," which, with other poisoned ingredients, he cast into the caldron of this debate. Of other things I speak. Standing on this floor, the Senator issued his rescript, requiring submission to the Usurped Power of Kansas; and this was

accompanied by a manner—all his own—such as befits the tyrannical threat. Very well. Let the Senator try. I tell him now that he cannot enforce any such submission. The Senator, with the slave power at his back, is strong; but he is not strong enough for this purpose. He is bold. He shrinks from nothing. Like Danton, he may cry, *"l'audace! l'audace! toujours l'audace!"* but even his audacity cannot compass this work. The Senator copies the British officer who, with boastful swagger, said that with the hilt of his sword he would cram the "stamps" down the throats of the American people, and he will meet a similar failure. He may convulse this country with a civil feud. Like the ancient madman, he may set fire to this Temple of Constitutional Liberty, grander than the Ephesian dome; but he cannot enforce obedience to that Tyrannical Usurpation.

The Senator dreams that he can subdue the North. He disclaims the open threat, but his conduct still implies it. How little that Senator knows himself or the strength of the cause which he persecutes! He is but a mortal man; against him is an immortal principle. With finite power he wrestles with the infinite, and he must fall. Against him are stronger battalions than any marshalled by mortal arm—the inborn, ineradicable, invincible sentiments of the human heart; against him is nature in all her subtle forces; against him is God. Let him try to subdue these. . . .

With regret, I come again upon the Senator from South Carolina (Mr. Butler), who, omnipresent in this debate, overflowed with rage at the simple suggestion that Kansas had applied for admission as a State; and,

with incoherent phrases, discharged the loose expectoration of his speech, now upon her Representative, and then upon her people. There was no extravagance of the ancient parliamentary debate which he did not repeat, nor was there any possible deviation from truth which he did not make, with so much of passion, I am glad to add, as to save him from the suspicion of intentional aberration. But the Senator touches nothing which he does not disfigure—with error, sometimes of principle, sometimes of fact. He shows an incapacity of accuracy, whether in stating the Constitution or in stating the law whether in the details of statistics or the diversions of scholarship. He cannot ope his mouth, but out there flies a blunder. Surely he ought to be familiar with the life of Franklin; and yet he referred to this household character, while acting as agent of our fathers in England, as above suspicion; and this was done that he might give point to a false contrast with the agent of Kansas—not knowing that, however they may differ in genius and fame, in this experience they are alike; that Franklin, when intrusted with the petition of Massachusetts Bay, was assaulted by a foul-mouthed speaker, where he could not be heard in defence, and denounced as a "thief," even as the agent of Kansas has been assaulted on this floor, and denounced as a "forger." And let not the vanity of the Senator be inspired by the parallel with the British statesman of that day; for it is only in hostility to Freedom that any parallel can be recognized.

But it is against the people of Kansas that the sensibilities of the Senator are particularly aroused. Coming, as he announces, "from a State"—ay, sir, from

South Carolina—he turns with lordly disgust from this newly-formed community, which he will not recognize even as a "body politic." Pray, sir, by what title does he indulge in this egotism? Has he read the history of "the State" which he represents? He cannot surely have forgotten its shameful imbecility from Slavery, confessed throughout the Revolution, followed by its more shameful assumptions for Slavery since. He cannot have forgotten its wretched persistence in the slave trade as the very apple of its eye, and the condition of its participation in the Union. He cannot have forgotten its Constitution, which is Republican only in name, confirming power in the hands of the few, and founding the qualifications of its legislators on "a settled freehold estate and ten negroes." And yet the Senator, to whom that "State" has in part committed the guardianship of its good name, instead of moving, with backward treading steps, to cover its nakedness, rushes forward in the very ecstasy of madness, to expose it by provoking a comparison with Kansas. South Carolina is old; Kansas is young. South Carolina counts by centuries, where Kansas counts by years. But a beneficent example may be born in a day; and I venture to say, that against the two centuries of the older "State," may be already set the two years of trial, evolving corresponding virtue, in the younger community. In the one, is the long wail of Slavery; in the other, the hymns of Freedom. And if we glance at special achievements, it will be difficult to find anything in the history of South Carolina which presents so much of heroic spirit in a heroic cause as appears in that repulse of the Missouri invaders by the be-

leaguered town of Lawrence, where even the women gave their effective efforts to Freedom. The matrons of Rome, who poured their jewels into the treasury for the public defence—the wives of Prussia, who, with delicate fingers, clothed their defenders against French invasion—the mothers of our own Revolution, who sent forth their sons, covered with prayers and blessings, to combat for human rights, did nothing of self-sacrifice truer than did these women on this occasion. Were the whole history of South Carolina blotted out of existence, from its very beginning down to the day of the last election of the Senator to his present seat on this floor, civilization might lose—I do not say how little; but surely less than it has already gained by the example of Kansas, in its valiant struggle against oppression, and in the development of a new science of emigration. Already, in Lawrence alone, there are newspapers and schools, including a High School, and throughout this infant Territory there is more mature scholarship far, in proportion to its inhabitants, than in all South Carolina. Ah, sir, I tell the Senator that Kansas, welcomed as a free State, will be a "ministering angel" to the Republic, when South Carolina, in the cloak of darkness which she hugs, "lies howling."

The Senator from Illinois (Mr. Douglas) naturally joins the Senator from South Carolina in this warfare, and gives to it the superior intensity of his nature. He thinks that the national government has not completely proved its power, as it has never hanged a traitor; but, if the occasion requires, he hopes there will be no hesitation; and this threat is directed at Kansas, and even at the friends of Kansas throughout the country.

Again occurs the parallel with the struggle of our fathers, and I borrow the language of Patrick Henry, when, to the cry from the Senator, of "treason," "treason," I reply, "if this be treason, make the most of it." Sir, it is easy to call names; but I beg to tell the Senator that if the word "traitor" is in any way applicable to those who refuse submission to a Tyrannical Usurpation, whether in Kansas or elsewhere, then must some new word, of deeper color, be invented, to designate those mad spirits who could endanger and degrade the Republic, while they betray all the cherished sentiments of the fathers and the spirit of the Constitution, in order to give new spread to slavery. Let the Senator proceed. It will not be the first time in history that a scaffold erected for punishment has become a pedestal of honor. Out of death comes life, and the "traitor" whom he blindly executes will live immortal in the cause.

"For Humanity sweeps onward; where to-day the martyr stands,
On the morrow crouches Judas, with the silver in his hands:
While the hooting mob of yesterday in silent awe return,
To glean up the scattered ashes into History's golden urn."

Among these hostile Senators, there is yet another, with all the prejudices of the Senator from South Carolina, but without his generous impulses, who, on account of his character before the country, and the rancor of his opposition, deserves to be named. I mean the Senator from Virginia (Mr. Mason), who, as the author of the Fugitive Slave Bill, has associated himself with a special act of inhumanity and tyranny. Of him I shall say little, for he has said little in this

debate, though within that little was compressed the bitterness of a life absorbed in the support of slavery. He holds the commission of Virginia; but he does not represent that early Virginia, so dear to our hearts, which gave to us the pen of Jefferson, by which the equality of men was declared, and the sword of Washington, by which Independence was secured; but he represents that other Virginia, from which Washington and Jefferson now avert their faces, where human beings are bred as cattle for the shambles, and where a dungeon rewards the pious matron who teaches little children to relieve their bondage by reading the Book of Life. It is proper that such a Senator, representing such a State, should rail against free Kansas.

Senators such as these are the natural enemies of Kansas, and I introduce them with reluctance, simply that the country may understand the character of the hostility which must be overcome. Arrayed with them, of course, are all who unite, under any pretext or apology, in the propagandism of human slavery. To such, indeed, the time-honored safeguards of popular rights can be a name only, and nothing more. What are trial by jury, *habeas corpus,* the ballot-box, the right of petition, the liberty of Kansas, your liberty, sir, or mine, to one who lends himself, not merely to the support at home, but to the propagandism abroad, of that preposterous wrong, which denies even the right of a man to himself! Such a cause can be maintained only by a practical subversion of all rights. It is, therefore, merely according to reason that its partisans should uphold the Usurpation in Kansas.

To overthrow this Usurpation is now the special,

importunate duty of Congress, admitting of no hesitation or postponement. To this end it must lift itself from the cabals of candidates, the machinations of party, and the low level of vulgar strife. It must turn from that Slave Oligarchy which now controls the Republic, and refuse to be its tool. Let its power be stretched forth toward this distant Territory, not to bind, but to unbind; not for the oppression of the weak, but for the subversion of the tyrannical; not for the prop and maintenance of a revolting Usurpation, but for the confirmation of Liberty.

"These are imperial arts and worthy thee!"

Let it now take its stand between the living and dead, and cause this plague to be stayed. All this it can do; and if the interests of slavery did not oppose, all this it would do at once, in reverent regard for justice, law, and order, driving away all the alarms of war; nor would it dare to brave the shame and punishment of this great refusal. But the slave power dares anything; and it can be conquered only by the united masses of the people. From Congress to the People I appeal. . . .

The contest, which, beginning in Kansas, has reached us, will soon be transferred from Congress to a broader stage, where every citizen will be not only spectator, but actor; and to their judgment I confidently appeal. To the People, now on the eve of exercising the electoral franchise, in choosing a Chief Magistrate of the Republic, I appeal, to vindicate the electoral franchise in Kansas. Let the ballot-box of the Union, with multitudinous might, protect the ballot-box in that Territory. Let the voters everywhere,

while rejoicing in their own rights, help to guard the equal rights of distant fellow citizens; that the shrines of popular institutions, now desecrated, may be sanctified anew; that the ballot-box, now plundered, may be restored; and that the cry, "I am an American citizen," may not be sent forth in vain against outrage of every kind. In just regard for free labor in that Territory, which it is sought to blast by unwelcome association with slave labor; in Christian sympathy with the slave, whom it is proposed to task and sell there; in stern condemnation of the crime which has been consummated on that beautiful soil; in rescue of fellow citizens now subjugated to a Tyrannical Usurpation; in dutiful respect for the early fathers, whose aspirations are now ignobly thwarted; in the name of the Constitution, which has been outraged—of the laws trampled down—of Justice banished—of Humanity degraded—of Peace destroyed—of Freedom crushed to earth; and, in the name of the Heavenly Father, whose service is perfect Freedom, I make this last appeal."

MAY 20, 1856.

Mr. Douglas—I shall not detain the Senate by a detailed reply to the speech of the Senator from Massachusetts. Indeed, I should not deem it necessary to say one word, but for the personalities in which he has indulged, evincing a depth of malignity that issued from every sentence, making it a matter of self-respect with me to repel the assaults which have been made.

As to the argument, we have heard it all before. Not a position, not a fact, not an argument has he

used, which has not been employed on the same side of the Chamber, and replied to by me twice. I shall not follow him, therefore, because it would only be repeating the same answer which I have twice before given to each of his positions. He seems to get up a speech as in Yankee land they get up a bedquilt. They take all the old calico dresses of various colors, that have been in the house from the days of their grandmothers, and invite the young ladies of the neighborhood in the afternoon, and the young men to meet them at a dance in the evening. They cut up these pieces of old dresses and make pretty figures, and boast of what beautiful ornamental work they have made, although there was not a new piece of material in the whole quilt. Thus it is with the speech which we have had rehashed here to-day, in regard to matters of fact, matters of law, and matters of argument—everything but the personal assaults and the malignity. . . .

His endeavor seems to be an attempt to whistle to keep up his courage by defiant assaults upon us all. I am in doubt as to what can be his object. He has not hesitated to charge three-fourths of the Senate with fraud, with swindling, with crime, with infamy, at least one hundred times over in his speech. Is it his object to provoke some of us to kick him as we would a dog in the street, that he may get sympathy upon the just chastisement? What is the object of this denunciation against the body of which we are members? A hundred times he has called the Nebraska Bill a "swindle," an act of crime, an act of infamy, and each time went on to illustrate the com-

plicity of each man who voted for it in perpetrating the crime. He has brought it home as a personal charge to those who passed the Nebraska Bill, that they were guilty of a crime which deserved the just indignation of heaven, and should make them infamous among men.

Who are the Senators thus arraigned? He does me the honor to make me the chief. It was my good luck to have such a position in this body as to enable me to be the author of a great, wise measure, which the Senate has approved, and the country will indorse. That measure was sustained by about three-fourths of all the members of the Senate. It was sustained by a majority of the Democrats and a majority of the Whigs in this body. It was sustained by a majority of Senators from the slaveholding States, and a majority of Senators from the free States. The Senator, by his charge of crime, then, stultifies three-fourths of the whole body, a majority of the North, nearly the whole South, a majority of Whigs, and a majority of Democrats here. He says they are infamous. If he so believed, who could suppose that he would ever show his face among such a body of men? How dare he approach one of those gentlemen to give him his hand after that act? If he felt the courtesies between men he would not do it. He would deserve to have himself spit in the face for doing so. . . .

The attack of the Senator from Massachusetts now is not on me alone. Even the courteous and the accomplished Senator from South Carolina (Mr. Butler) could not be passed by in his absence.

Mr. Mason—Advantage was taken of it.

Mr. Douglas—It is suggested that advantage is taken of his absence. I think that this is a mistake. I think the speech was written and practiced, and the gestures fixed; and, if that part had been stricken out the Senator would not have known how to repeat the speech. All that tirade of abuse must be brought down on the head of the venerable, the courteous, and the distinguished Senator from South Carolina. I shall not defend that gentleman here. Every Senator who knows him loves him. The Senator from Massachusetts may take every charge made against him in his speech, and may verify by his oath, and by the oath of every one of his confederates, and there is not an honest man in this Chamber who will not repel it as a slander. Your oaths cannot make a Senator feel that it was not an outrage to assail that honorable gentleman in the terms in which he has been attacked. He, however, will be here in due time to speak for himself, and to act for himself, too. I know what will happen. The Senator from Massachusetts will go to him, whisper a secret apology in his ear, and ask him to accept that as satisfaction for a public outrage on his character! I know the Senator from Massachusetts is in the habit of doing those things. I have had some experience of his skill in that respect. . . .

Why these attacks on individuals by name, and two-thirds of the Senate collectively? Is it the object to drive men here to dissolve social relations with political opponents? Is it to turn the Senate into a bear garden, where Senators cannot associate on terms which ought to prevail between gentlemen? These attacks are heaped upon me by man after man. When I re-

pel them, it is intimated that I show some feeling on the subject. Sir, God grant that when I denounce an act of infamy I shall do it with feeling, and do it under the sudden impulses of feeling, instead of sitting up at night writing out my denunciation of a man whom I hate, copying it, having it printed, punctuating the proof-sheets, and repeating it before the glass, in order to give refinement to insult, which is only pardonable when it is the outburst of a just indignation.

Mr. President, I shall not occupy the time of the Senate. I dislike to be forced to repel these attacks upon myself, which seem to be repeated on every occasion. It appears that gentlemen on the other side of the Chamber think they would not be doing justice to their cause if they did not make myself a personal object of bitter denunciation and malignity. I hope that the debate on this bill may be brought to a close at as early a day as possible. I shall do no more in these side discussions than vindicate myself and repel unjust attacks, but I shall ask the Senate to permit me to close the debate, when it shall close, in a calm, kind summary of the whole question, avoiding personalities.

Mr. Sumner—Mr. President, To the Senator from Illinois, I should willingly leave the privilege of the common scold—the last word; but I will not leave to him, in any discussion with me, the last argument, or the last semblance of it. He has crowned the audacity of this debate by venturing to rise here and calumniate me. He said that I came here, took an oath to support the Constitution, and yet determined not to support a particular clause in that Constitution. To

that statement I give, to his face, the flattest denial. When it was made on a former occasion on this floor by the absent Senator from South Carolina (Mr. Butler), I then repelled it. I will read from the debate of the 28th of June, 1854, as published in the "Globe," to show what I said in response to that calumny when pressed at that hour. Here is what I said to the Senator from South Carolina:

"This Senator was disturbed, when to his inquiry, personally, pointedly, and vehemently addressed to me, whether I would join in returning a fellow-man to slavery? I exclaimed, 'Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?"

You will observe that the inquiry of the Senator from South Carolina, was whether I would join in returning a fellow-man to slavery. It was not whether I would support any clause of the Constitution of the United States—far from that. . . .

Sir, this is the Senate of the United States, an important body, under the Constitution, with great powers. Its members are justly supposed, from age, to be above the intemperance of youth, and from character to be above the gusts of vulgarity. They are supposed to have something of wisdom, and something of that candor which is the handmaid of wisdom. Let the Senator bear these things in mind, and let him remember hereafter that the bowie-knife and bludgeon are not the proper emblems of Senatorial debate. Let him remember that the swagger of Bob Acres and the ferocity of the Malay cannot add dignity to this body. The Senator has gone on to infuse

into his speech the venom which has been sweltering for months—ay, for years; and he has alleged facts that are entirely without foundation, in order to heap upon me some personal obloquy. I will not go into the details which have flowed out so naturally from his tongue. I only brand them to his face as false. I say, also, to that Senator, and I wish him to bear it in mind, that no person with the upright form of man can be allowed—(Hesitation).

Mr. Douglas—Say it.

Mr. Sumner—I will say it—no person with the upright form of man can be allowed, without violation to all decency, to switch out from his tongue the perpetual stench of offensive personality. Sir, that is not a proper weapon of debate, at least, on this floor. The noisome, squat, and nameless animal, to which I now refer, is not a proper model for an American Senator. Will the Senator from Illinois take notice?

Mr. Douglas—I will; and therefore will not imitate you, sir.

Mr. Sumner—I did not hear the Senator.

Mr. Douglas—I said if that be the case I would certainly never imitate you in that capacity, recognizing the force of the illustration.

Mr. Sumner—Mr. President, again the Senator has switched his tongue, and again he fills the Senate with its offensive odor. . . .

Mr. Douglas—I am not going to pursue this subject further. I will only say that a man who has been branded by me in the Senate, and convicted by the Senate of falsehood, cannot use language requiring a reply, and therefore I have nothing more to say.

Greeley, Horace, a noted American journalist, born at Amherst, N. H., February 3, 1811; died at Pleasantville, N. Y., November 29, 1872. His early advantages were scanty, and for some years he was a journeyman printer. In 1841 he established the "New York Tribune," to which he devoted the chief energies of his life. He sat in Congress, 1848–49, and while there spoke strongly in opposition to abuses of the mileage system. He was the Democratic candidate for the Presidency in 1872, but did not long survive the excitements of the heated political campaign. He lectured frequently, and both as editor and lecturer he earnestly endeavored to promote the welfare of the working classes.

ON THE UNION OF WORKERS.

[Address delivered to the organized journeymen printers of New York, at their celebration of the birthday of Benjamin Franklin, January 17, 1850.]

THE ancient Egyptians had a custom of seating at their feasts the robed skeleton of some departed friend, whose stern silence contrasted strikingly with the mirth and hilarity of his living companions.

I believe scholars are not agreed as to the purpose and meaning of this strange custom—whether the rigid, silent guests were intended to say to the festal throng, "Enjoy and revel while you may, for time flies, man perishes; in a few years all is dust, is nothing; therefore, make haste to quaff the wine while it sparkles, to seize pleasure while the capacity of enjoyment remains to you;" or rather to impress the opposite sentiment—"Life is short; life is earnest; stupendous consequences hang suspended on your use or

abuse of the speck of time allotted you; therefore, be temperate in your indulgence, moderate in your festive mirth, and, seeing in what I am what you soon must be, consider and beware!"

I shall not, of course, pretend to decide this grave question, though I shall assume for the occasion that the latter is the true rendering; and, in accordance with the elemental idea, I venture to assume among you tonight the functions of the Egyptians' silent monitor, and while others stir you with lofty eloquence or charm you with dulcet flatteries, with pictures of the grand achievements of our art in the past, and its brilliant prospects for the future, I shall speak to you frankly of our deficiencies, our failings, and the urgent demands upon us for new and more arduous exertions in yet unrecognized fields of duty.

It is now some four centuries since the discovery or invention of our art, fully three since our continent began to be the home of civilized men, and more than two since the Pilgrim fugitives first landed on Plymouth Rock. Since that landing, and even within the last century, what amazing strides have been made in the diffusion of knowledge and the perfection of the implements and processes of industry; in the efficiency of human labor and the facilitation of intercourse bebetween country and country, clime and clime! The steam-engine, the spinning-jenny, the power-loom, the canal, steam-ship, power-press, railroad and lightning telegraph,—these, in their present perfection and efficiency, are a few of the trophies of human genius and labor within even the last century.

But while labor has thus doubled and quadrupled its

own efficacy in the production of whatever is needful to the physical sustenance, intellectual improvement and social enjoyment of man, I do not find that there has been a corresponding melioration in the condition of the laborer. That there has been some improvement I do not deny; but has it been at all commensurate with the general progress of our race in whatever pertains to physical convenience or comfort?

I think not; and I could not help pondering this matter even while our orator's silvery tones were delighting our ears with poetical descriptions of the wonders which science and invention have achieved and are achieving. I could not help considering that, while labor builds far more sumptuous mansions in our day than of old, furnishing them far more gorgeously and luxuriously, the laborer who builds those mansions lives oftenest in a squalid lodging, than which the builders of palaces in the fifteenth century can hardly have dwelt in more wretched; and that while the demands for labor, the uses of labor, the efficiency of labor, are multiplied and extended on every side by the rush of invention and the growth of luxury around us, yet in this middle of the nineteenth century (call it the last year of the first half or the first year of the last half, as you please), labor is a drug in the market; that the temperate, efficient, upright worker often finds the comfortable maintenance and proper education of his children beyond his ability; and that, in this thriving commercial emporium of the New World, this trophy and pride of Christian civilization, there are at this day not less than forty thousand human beings anxious to earn the bread of honest in-

dustry but vainly seeking, and painfully, despairingly awaiting opportunity for so doing.

This last is the feature of our condition which seems to me most important and commanding, and it is to this, on occasions like the present, and in listening to such orations as that which has just delighted us, that my thoughts are irresistibly turned.

What can be the reason of this? Why is it that these forty thousand, strong-handed, willing workers stand here thus fixed, enchained, in loathed, despairing idleness? Why are they compelled to wear out our pavements in hurrying hither and thither in anxious, heart-sick quest of something to do,—with downcast looks and trembling voice beseeching some fellow man to give them leave to labor for their bread?

I trust no one here gives any heed to the mumbling of self styled political economists about "over-production" and the kindred phrases with which counsel is darkened. "Over-production"—of what? Where? Can there be over-production of food, when so many, even in our midst, are suffering the pangs of famine? "Over-production" of clothing and fabrics, while our streets swarm with men, women and children who are not half clad, and who shiver through the night beneath the clothing they have worn by day? "Over-production" of dwellings, when not half the families of our city have adequate and comfortable habitations, not to speak of that large class whose lodgings are utterly incompatible with decency and morality?

No, friends! there is no "over production," save of articles pernicious and poisonous, like alcoholic liquors, lewd books, implements of gaming, etc.

Of whatever conduces to human sustenance, comfort or true education, there is not and never has been too much produced, although, owing to imperfect and vicious arrangements for distribution, there may often be a glut in the warehouses of trade, while thousands greatly need and would gladly purchase if they could.

What the world eminently requires is some wise adjustment, some remodelling of the social machinery diminishing its friction, whereby every person willing to work shall assuredly have work to do, and the just reward of that work in the articles most essential to his sustenance and comfort.

It may be that there is indeed a surplus of that particular product which some man's labor could most skilfully or rapidly produce,—pianos, watches, or gauzes, for example—and therefore it may be advisable to intermit for a season the production of these, yet the skill, the faculty, the muscular energy not required in that particular department of production might nevertheless be made available, even though in a subordinate degree, in the fabrication of some kindred product for which there is a demand among the general mass of consumers.

I maintain, then, that in our day no man should be compelled to stand idle or wander vainly in search of employment, even though that particular calling for which he is best fitted has now no place for him, but that the palpable self-interest of the community should prescribe the creation of some social providence expressly to take care that no man, woman or child shall ever stand uselessly idle when willing and anxious to work.

Even the most injudicious application of the labor now wasted through lack of opportunity could not fail to increase the national wealth to the extent of millions on millions per annum, while its effect on the condition of the laboring class, in preserving them from temptation, dissipation and crime, would be incalculably beneficent.

Now what I stand here to complain of is the indifference and inattention of the laboring mass, and especially of those entitled to a leading position in it, like the printers, to the discussion of a truth so grand and so fruitful as the right to labor. It is more discussed, more pondered, to-day, by merchants, capitalists, scholars, and men who are called aristocrats, than by the mass of those who earn their living by the sweat of the face.

It is now eighteen years since I came to this city a journeyman printer, during which years I have been intimately connected with our craft in one capacity or another, and yet I have never heard of a meeting of printers to consider and discuss the rights generally of labor, the causes of its depression, the means of its advancement.

During these eighteen years there have been hard times and good times, so called; seasons of activity and seasons of depression—in the course of which the country has been "saved"—I forget how often—our city has doubled in population and more than doubled in wealth, and yet the laboring class as a class is just where it was when I came here, or, if anything, in a worse condition, as the increased valuation of property has caused advance in rents and in some other neces-

saries of life. Individuals have risen out of the laboring class, becoming buyers of labor and sellers of its products, and grown rich thereby; but the condition of the laboring class, as such, has not improved, and I think is less favorable than it was twenty years ago.

Why should it not investigate, determine and develop the causes of this? Why not consider the practicability of securing work and homes to all willing to work for them? Can we imagine that improvement is to come without effort or even inquiry? Is it the order of nature or of providence that it should? Do blessings come to other classes without foresight or calculation? I have heard complaints that machinery and invention do not work for the laboring class, but rather against them.

Concede the assumption, and is not the inquiry a fair one. What has the laboring class ever done to make machinery work in its favor? When has it planned, or sought, or calculated, to render machinery its ally and aid rather than its enemy and oppressor?

I am here to-night to tell you that you, and our trade and the laboring class of our city have been glaringly unfaithful in this respect to yourselves, your posterity, and your race, and that the workers of Paris, for example, are in advance of their brethren here in knowledge of and devotion to the interests and rights of labor. And I am here, not to find fault merely, but to exhort you to awake from your apathy and heed the summons of duty.

I stand here, friends, to urge that a new leaf be now turned over, that the laboring class, instead of idly and blindly waiting for better circumstances and better

times, shall begin at once to consider and discuss the means of controlling circumstances and commanding times, by study, calculation, foresight, union. We have heard to-night of a union of printers and a printers' library, for which latter one generous donation has been proffered.

I have little faith in giving, as a remedy for the woes of mankind, and not much of any effort for the elevation or improvement of any one section of producers of wealth in our city. What I would suggest would be the union and organization of all workers for their mutual improvement and benefit, leading to the erection of a spacious edifice at some central point in our city to form a Laborers' Exchange, just as commerce now has its exchange, very properly.

Let the new exchange be erected and owned as a joint stock property, paying a fair dividend to those whose money erected it; let it contain the best spacious hall for general meetings to be found in our city, with smaller lecture-rooms for the meetings of particular sections or callings—all to be leased or rented at fair prices to all who may choose to hire them, when not needed for the primary purpose of discussing and advancing the interests of labor.

Let us have here books opened, wherein any one wanting work may inscribe his name, residence, capacities and terms, while any one wishing to hire may do likewise, as well as meet personally those seeking employment. These are but hints toward a few of the uses which such a labor exchange might subserve, while its reading-room and library, easily formed and replenished, should be opened freely and gladly to all.

Such an edifice, rightly planned and constructed, might become, and I confidently hope would become, a most important instrumentality in the great work of advancing the laboring class in comfort, intelligence and independence. I trust we need not long await its erection.

Beecher, Henry Ward, a famous American clergyman ane orator, born at Litchfield, Conn., June 24, 1813; died in Brooklyn, N. Y., March 8, 1887. He was a son of the noted clergyman, Lyman Beecher, and entering the ministry was successively pastor of a Presbyterian church at Lawrenceburg, Ind., 1837–39, of a church in Indianapolis, 1839–47, and of Plymouth Congregational church, in Brooklyn, for the remainder of his life. At Brooklyn he soon became known as the most eloquent preacher in the country, and was of equal prominence as a speaker upon anti-slavery and temperance themes. During the Civil War he delivered several powerful political addresses in behalf of the Union cause, both in America and England. He was a prolific writer in various fields, and many collections of his sermons, lectures and addresses have been published. Few public speakers of his time exceeded him in popularity. His oratory was of the most fluent, ready character, often extremely colloquial in its nature, and again rising to a strain of very lofty eloquence.

ADDRESS AT LIVERPOOL, OCTOBER, 16, 1863.

For more than twenty-five years I have been made perfectly familiar with popular assemblies in all parts of my country except the extreme South. There has not for the whole of that time been a single day of my life when it would have been safe for me to go south of Mason and Dixon's line in my own country, and all for one reason: my solemn, earnest, persistent testimony against that which I consider to be the most atrocious thing under the sun—the system of American slavery in a great free republic. (Cheers.) I have passed through that early period when right of

free speech was denied to me. Again and again I have attempted to address audiences that, for no other crime than that of free speech, visited me with all manner of contumelious epithets; and now since I have been in England, although I have met with greater kindness and courtesy on the part of most than I deserved, yet, on the other hand, I perceive that the Southern influence prevails to some extent in England. (Applause and uproar.) It is my old acquaintance; I understand it perfectly—(laughter)—and I have always held it to be an unfailing truth that where a man had a cause that would bear examination he was perfectly willing to have it spoken about. (Applause.) And when in Manchester I saw those huge placards: "Who is Henry Ward Beecher?"—(laughter, cries of "Quite right," and applause)—and when in Liverpool I was told that there were those blood-red placards, purporting to say what Henry Ward Beecher had said, and calling upon Englishmen to suppress free speech—I tell you what I thought. I thought simply this: "I am glad of it." (Laughter.) Why? Because if they had felt perfectly secure that *you* are the minions of the South and the slaves of slavery, they would have been perfectly still. (Applause and uproar.) And, therefore, when I saw so much nervous apprehension that, if I were permitted to speak—(hisses and applause)—when I found they were afraid to have me speak—(hisses, laughter, and "No, no!")—when I found that they considered my speaking damaging to their cause—(applause)—when I found that they appealed from facts and reasonings to mob law—(applause and uproar)—I said, no man need tell

me what the heart and secret counsel of these men are. They tremble and are afraid. (Applause, laughter, hisses, "No, no!" and a voice: "New York mob.") Now, personally, it is a matter of very little consequence to me whether I speak here to-night or not. (Laughter and cheers.) But, one thing is very certain, if you do permit me to speak here to-night you will hear very plain talking. (Applause and hisses.) You will not find a man—(interruption)—you will not find me to be a man that dared to speak about Great Britain 3,000 miles off, and then is afraid to speak to Great Britain when he stands on her shores. (Immense applause and hisses.) And if I do not mistake the tone and temper of Englishmen, they had rather have a man who opposes them in a manly way —(applause from all parts of the hall)—than a sneak that agrees with them in an unmanly way. (Applause and "Bravo!") Now, if I can carry you with me by sound convictions, I shall be immensely glad (applause); but if I cannot carry you with me by facts and sound arguments, I do not wish you to go with me at all; and all that I ask is simply *fair play*. (Applause, and a voice: "You shall have it, too.")

Those of you who are kind enough to wish to favor my speaking—and you will observe that my voice is slightly husky, from having spoken almost every night in succession for some time past—those who wish to hear me will do me the kindness simply to sit still, and to keep still; and I and my friends the Secessionists will make all the noise. (Laughter.)

There are two dominant races in modern history—the Germanic and the Romanic races. The Germanic

races tend to personal liberty, to a sturdy individualism, to civil and to political liberty. The Romanic race tends to absolutism in government; it is clannish; it loves chieftains; it develops a people that crave strong and showy governments to support and plan for them. The Anglo-Saxon race belongs to the great German family, and is a fair exponent of its peculiarities. The Anglo-Saxon carries self-government and self-development with him wherever he goes. He has popular *government* and popular *industry;* for the effects of a generous civil liberty are not seen a whit more plain in the good order, in the intelligence, and in the virtue of a self-governing people, than in their amazing enterprise and the scope and power of their creative industry. The power to create riches is just as much a part of the Anglo-Saxon virtues as the power to create good order and social safety. The things required for prosperous labor, prosperous manufactures, and prosperous commerce are three. First, liberty; second, liberty; third, liberty. (Hear, hear!) Though these are not merely the same liberty as I shall show you. First, there must be liberty to follow those laws of business which experience has developed, without imposts or restrictions or governmental intrusions. Business simply wants to be let alone. (Hear, hear!) Then, secondly, there must be liberty to distribute and exchange products of industry in any market without burdensome tariffs, without imposts, and without vexatious regulations. There must be these two liberties —liberty to create wealth, as the makers of it think best, according to the light and experience which business has given them; and then liberty to distribute

what they have created without unnecessary vexatious burdens. The comprehensive law of the ideal industrial condition of the world is free manufacture and free trade. (Hear, hear! A voice: "The Morrill tariff." Another voice: "Monroe.") I have said there were three elements of liberty. The third is the necessity of an intelligent and free race of customers. There must be freedom among producers; there must be freedom among the distributors; there must be freedom among the customers. It may not have occurred to you that it makes any difference what one's customers are, but it does in all regular and prolonged business. The condition of the customer determines how much he will buy, determines of what sort he will buy. Poor and ignorant people buy little and that of the poorest kind. The richest and the intelligent, having the more means to buy, buy the most, and always buy the best. Here, then, are the three liberties: liberty of the producer, liberty of the distributor, and liberty of the consumer. The first two need no discussion; they have been long thoroughly and brilliantly illustrated by the political economists of Great Britain and by her eminent statesmen; but it seems to me that enough attention has not been directed to the third; and, with your patience, I will dwell upon that for a moment, before proceeding to other topics.

It is a necessity of every manufacturing and commercial people that their customers should be very wealthy and intelligent. Let us put the subject before you in the familiar light of your own local experience. To whom do the tradesmen of Liverpool sell the most goods at the highest profit? To the ignorant and poor,

or to the educated and prosperous? (A voice: "To the Southerners." Laughter.) The poor man buys simply for his body; he buys food, he buys clothing, he buys fuel, he buys lodging. His rule is to buy the least and the cheapest that he can. He goes to the store as seldom as he can; he brings away as little as he can; and he buys for the least he can. (Much laughter.) Poverty is not a misfortune to the poor only who suffer it, but it is more or less a misfortune to all with whom he deals. On the other hand, a man well off—how is it with him? He buys in far greater quantity. He can afford to do it; he has the money to pay for it. He buys in far greater variety, because he seeks to gratify not merely physical wants, but also mental wants. He buys for the satisfaction of sentiment and taste, as well as of sense. He buys silk, wool, flax, cotton; he buys all metals—iron, silver, gold, platinum; in short, he buys for all necessities and all substances. But that is not all. He buys a better quality of goods. He buys richer silks, finer cottons, higher grained wools. Now a rich silk means so much skill and care of somebody's that has been expended upon it to make it finer and richer; and so of cotton and so of wool. That is, the price of the finer goods runs back to the very beginning, and remunerates the workman as well as the merchant. Now, the whole laboring community is as much interested and profited as the mere merchant, in this buying and selling of the higher grades in the greater varieties and quantities. The law of price is the skill; and the amount of skill expended in the work is as much for the market as are the goods. A man comes to market and says: "I have a pair of

hands," and he obtains the lowest wages. Another man comes and says: "I have something more than a pair of hands; I have truth and fidelity." He gets a higher price. Another man comes and says: "I have something more; I have hands, and strength, and fidelity, and skill." He gets more than either of the others. The next man comes and says: "I have got hands, and strength, and skill, and fidelity, but my hands work more than that. They know how to create things for the fancy, for the affections, for the moral sentiments"; and he gets more than any of the others. The last man comes and says: "I have all these qualities, and have them so highly that it is a peculiar genius"; and genius carries the whole market and gets the highest price. (Loud applause.) So that both the workman and the merchant are profited by having purchasers that demand quality, variety, and quantity. Now, if this be so in the town or the city, it can only be so because it is a law. This is the specific development of a general or universal law, and therefore we should expect to find it as true of a nation as of a city like Liverpool. I know that it is so, and you know that it is true of all the world; and it is just as important to have customers educated, intelligent, moral, and rich out of Liverpool as it is in Liverpool. (Applause.) They are able to buy; they want variety, they want the very best; and those are the customers you want. That nation is the best customer that is freest, because freedom works prosperity, industry, and wealth. Great Britain, then, aside from moral considerations, has a direct commercial and pecuniary interest in the liberty, civilization, and wealth of every

nation on the globe. (Loud applause.) You also have an interest in this, because you are a moral and religious people. ("Oh, oh!" laughter and applause.) You desire it from the highest motives; and godliness is profitable in all things, having the promise of the life that now is, as well as of that which is to come; but if there were no hereafter, and if man had no progress in this life, and if there were no question of civilization at all, it would be worth your while to protect civilization and liberty, merely as a commercial speculation. To evangelize has more than a moral and religious import—it comes back to temporal relations. Wherever a nation that is crushed, cramped, degraded under despotism is struggling to be free, you, Leeds, Sheffield, Manchester, Paisley, all have an interest that that nation should be free. When depressed and backward people demand that they may have a chance to rise—Hungary, Italy, Poland—it is a duty for humanity's sake, it is a duty for the highest moral motives to sympathize with them; but besides all these there is a material and an interested reason why you should sympathize with them. Pounds and pence join with conscience and with honor in this design. Now, Great Britain's chief want is—what?

They have said that your chief want is cotton. I deny it. Your chief want is consumers. (Applause and hisses.) You have got skill, you have got capital, and you have got machinery enough to manufacture goods for the whole population of the globe. You could turn out fourfold as much as you do, if you only had the market to sell in. It is not so much the want, therefore, of fabric, though there may be a temporary

obstruction of it; but the principal and increasing want—increasing from year to year—is, where shall we find men to buy what we can manufacture so fast? (Interruption, and a voice, "The Morrill Tariff," and applause.) Before the American war broke out, your warehouses were loaded with goods that you could not sell. (Applause and hisses.) You had overmanufactured; what is the meaning of over-manufacturing but this: that you had skill, capital, machinery, to create faster than you had customers to take goods off your hands? And you know that rich as Great Britain is, vast as are her manufactures, if she could have fourfold the present demand, she could make fourfold riches to-morrow; and every political economist will tell you that your want is not cotton primarily, but customers. Therefore, the doctrine, how to make customers, is a great deal more important to Great Britain than the doctrine how to raise cotton. It is to that doctrine I ask from you, business men, practical men, men of fact, sagacious Englishmen—to that point I ask a moment's attention. (Shouts of "Oh, oh!" hisses, and applause.) There are no more continents to be discovered. (Hear, hear!) The market of the future must be found—how? There is very little hope of any more demand being created by new fields. If you are to have a better market there must be some kind of process invented to make the old fields better. (A voice, "Tell us something new," shouts of order, and interruption.) Let us look at it, then. You must civilize the world in order to make a better class of purchasers. (Interruption.)

If you were to press Italy down again under the feet

of despotism, Italy, discouraged, could draw but very few supplies from you. But give her liberty, kindle schools throughout her valleys, spur her industry, make treaties with her by which she can exchange her wine, and her oil, and her silk for your manufactured goods; and for every effort that you make in that direction there will come back profit to you by increased traffic with her. (Loud applause.) If Hungary asks to be an unshackled nation—if by freedom she will rise in virtue and intelligence, then by freedom she will acquire a more multifarious industry, which she will be willing to exchange for your manufactures. Her liberty is to be found—where? You will find it in the Word of God, you will find it in the code of history; but you will also find it in the Price Current (Hear, hear!); and every free nation, every civilized people—every people that rises from barbarism to industry and intelligence, becomes a better customer.

A savage is a man of one story, and that one story a cellar. When a man begins to be civilized, he raises another story. When you Christianize and civilize the man, you put story upon story, for you develop faculty after faculty; and you have to supply every story with your productions. The savage is a man one story deep; the civilized man is thirty stories deep. (Applause.) Now, if you go to a lodging house, where there are three or four men, your sales to them may, no doubt, be worth something; but if you go to a lodging house like some of those which I saw in Edinburgh, which seemed to contain about twenty stories ("Oh, oh!" and interruption), every story of which is full, and all who occupy buy of you—which

is the better customer, the man who is drawn out, or the man who is pinched up? (Laughter.) Now, there is in this a great and sound principle of economy. ("Yah, yah!" from the passage outside the hall, and loud laughter.) If the South should be rendered independent—(at this juncture mingled cheering and hissing became immense; half the audience rose to their feet, waving hats and handkerchiefs, and in every part of the hall there was the greatest commotion and uproar.) You have had your turn now; now let me have mine again. (Loud applause and laughter.) It is a little inconvenient to talk against the wind; but after all, if you will just keep good-natured—I am not going to lose my temper; will you watch yours? (Applause.) Besides all that, it rests me, and gives me a chance, you know, to get my breath. (Applause and hisses.) And I think that the bark of those men is worse than their bite. They do not mean any harm—they don't know any better. (Loud laughter, applause, hisses, and continued uproar.) I was saying, when these responses broke in, that it was worth our while to consider both alternatives. What will be the result if this present struggle shall eventuate in the separation of America, and making the South—(loud applause, hisses, hooting and cries of "Bravo!")—a slave Territory exclusively—(cries of "No, no!" and laughter)—and the North a free territory—what will be the final result? You will lay the foundation for carrying the slave population clear through the Pacific Ocean. This is the first step. There is not a man that has been a leader of the South any time within these twenty years that has not had this for a plan. It was

for this that Texas was invaded, first by colonists, next by maurauders, until it was wrested from Mexico. It was for this that they engaged in the Mexican War itself, by which the vast territory reaching to the Pacific was added to the Union. Never for a moment have they given up the plan of spreading the American institutions, as they call them, straight through toward the West, until the slave, who has washed his feet in the Atlantic, shall be carried to wash them in the Pacific. (Cries of "Question," and uproar.) There! I have got that statement out, and you cannot put it back. (Laughter and applause.) Now, let us consider the prospect. If the South becomes a slave empire, what relation will it have to you as a customer? (A voice: "Or any other man." Laughter.) It would be an empire of 12,000,000 of people. Now, of these, 8,000,000 are white, and 4,000,000 are black. (A voice: "How many have you got?" Applause and laughter. Another voice: "Free your own slaves.") Consider that one-third of the whole are the miserably poor, unbuying blacks. (Cries of "No, no!" "Yes, yes!" and interruption.) You do not manufacture much for them. (Hisses, "Oh!" "No.") You have not got machinery coarse enough. (Laughter, and "No.") Your labor is too skilled by far to manufacture bagging and linsey-woolsey. (A Southerner: "We are going to free them, every one.") Then you and I agree exactly. (Laughter.) One other third consists of a poor, unskilled degraded white population; and the remaining one-third, which is a large allowance, we will say, intelligent and rich.

Now here are twelve million of people, and only one-third of them are customers that can afford to buy the kind of goods that you bring to market. (Interruption and uproar.) My friends, I saw a man once, who was a little late at a railway station, chase an express train. He did not catch it. (Laughter.) If you are going to stop this meeting, you have got to stop it before I speak; for after I have got the things out, you may chase as long as you please—you would not catch them. (Laughter and interruption.) But there is luck in leisure; I'm going to take it easy. (Laughter.) Two-thirds of the population of the Southern States to-day are non-purchasers of English goods. (A voice: "No, they are not"; "No, no!" and uproar.) Now you must recollect another fact—namely, that this is going on clear through to the Pacific Ocean; and if by sympathy or help you establish a slave empire, you sagacious Britons—("Oh, oh!" and hooting)—if you like it better, then, I will leave the adjective out—(Laughter, Hear! and applause)—are busy in favoring the establishment of an empire from ocean to ocean that should have fewest customers and the largest non-buying population. (Applause, "No, no!" A voice: "I thought it was the happy people that populated fastest.")

Now, what can England make for the poor white population of such a future empire, and for her slave population? What carpets, what linens, what cottons can you sell them? What machines, what looking-glasses, what combs, what leather, what books, what pictures, what engravings? (A voice: "We'll sell them ships.") You may sell ships to a few, but what

ships can you sell to two-thirds of the population of poor whites and blacks? (Applause.) A little bagging and a little linsey-woolsey, a few whips and manacles, are all that you can sell for the slave. (Great applause and uproar.) This very day, in the slave States of America there are eight millions out of twelve millions that are not and cannot be your customers from the very laws of trade. (A voice: "Then how are they clothed?" and interruption.) . . .

But I know that you say, you cannot help sympathizing with a gallant people. (Hear, hear!) They are the weaker people, the minority; and you cannot help going with the minority who are struggling for their rights against the majority. Nothing could be more generous, when a weak party stands for its own legitimate right against imperious pride and power, than to sympathize with the weak. But who ever sympathized with a weak thief, because three constables had got hold of him? (Hear, hear!) And yet the one thief in three policemen's hands is the weaker party. I suppose you would sympathize with him. (Hear, hear! laughter and applause.) Why, when that infamous king of Naples, Bomba, was driven into Gaeta by Garibaldi with his immortal band of patriots, and Cavour sent against him the army of Northern Italy, who was the weaker party then? The tyrant and his minions; and the majority was with the noble Italian patriots, struggling for liberty. I never heard that Old England sent deputations to King Bomba, and yet his troops resisted bravely there. (Laughter and interruption.) To-day the majority of the people of Rome is with Italy. Nothing but French bay-

onets keep her from going back to the kingdom of Italy, to which she belongs. Do you sympathize with the minority in Rome or the majority in Italy? A voice: "With Italy.") To-day the South is the minority in America, and they are fighting for *independence!* For what? (Uproar. A voice: "Three cheers for independence!" and hisses.) I could wish so much bravery had a better cause, and that so much self-denial had been less deluded; that the poisonous and venomous doctrine of State rights might have been kept aloof; that so many gallant spirits, such as Jackson, might still have lived. (Great applause and loud cheers, again and again renewed.) The force of these facts, historical and incontrovertible, cannot be broken, except by diverting attention by an attack upon the North. It is said that the North is fighting for Union, and not for emancipation. The North is fighting for Union, for that insures emancipation. (Loud cheers "Oh, oh!" "No, no!" and cheers.) A great many men say to ministers of the Gospel: "You pretend to be preaching and working for the love of the people. Why, you are all the time preaching for the sake of the Church." What does the minister say? "It is by means of the Church that we help the people," and when men say that we are fighting for the Union, I too say we are fighting for the Union. (Hear, hear! and a voice: "That's right.") But the motive determines the value; and why are we fighting for the Union? Because we never shall forget the testimony of our enemies. They have gone off declaring that the Union in the hands of the North was fatal to slavery. (Loud applause.) There is testi-

mony in court for you. (A voice: "See that," and laughter.) . . .

In the first place I am ashamed to confess that such was the thoughtlessness—(interruption)—such was the stupor of the North—(renewed interruption)—you will get a word at a time; to-morrow will let folks see what it is you don't want to hear—that for a period of twenty-five years she went to sleep, and permitted herself to be drugged and poisoned with the Southern prejudice against black men. (Applause and uproar.) The evil was made worse, because, when any object whatever has caused anger between political parties, a political animosity arises against that object, no matter how innocent in itself; no matter what were the original influences which excited the quarrel. Thus the colored man has been the football between the two parties in the North, and has suffered accordingly. I confess it to my shame. But I am speaking now on my own ground, for I began twenty-five years ago, with a small party, to combat the unjust dislike of the colored man. (Loud applause, dissension, and uproar. The interruption at this point became so violent that the friends of Mr. Beecher throughout the hall rose to their feet, waving hats and handkerchiefs, and, renewing their shouts of applause. The interruption lasted some minutes.) Well, I have lived to see a total revolution in the Northern feeling—I stand here to bear solemn witness of that. It is not my opinion; it is my knowledge. (Great uproar.) Those men who undertook to stand up for the rights of all men—black as well as white—have increased in number; and now what party in the North represents

those men that resist the evil prejudices of past years? The Republicans are that party. (Loud applause.) And who are those men in the North that have oppressed the negro? They are the Peace Democrats; and the prejudice for which in England you are attempting to punish me, is a prejudice raised by the men who have opposed me all my life. These pro-slavery Democrats abused the negro. I defended him, and they mobbed me for doing it. Oh, justice! (Loud laughter, applause, and hisses.) This is as if a man should commit an assault, maim and wound a neighbor, and a surgeon being called in should begin to dress his wounds, and by and by a policeman should come and collar the surgeon and haul him off to prison on account of the wounds which he was healing. Now, I told you I would not flinch from anything. I am going to read you some questions that were sent after me from Glasgow, purporting to be from a workingman. (Great interruption.) If those pro-slavery interrupters think they will tire me out, they will do more than eight millions in America could. (Applause and renewed interruption.) I was reading a question on your side too. "Is it not a fact that in most of the Northern States laws exist precluding negroes from equal civil and political rights with the whites? That in the State of New York the negro has to be the possessor of at least two hundred and fifty dollars' worth of property to entitle him to the privileges of a white citizen? That in some of the Northern States the colored man, whether bond or free, is by law excluded altogether, and not suffered to enter the State limits, under severe penalties? and is not Mr. Lin-

coln's own State one of them? and in view of the fact that the $20,000,000 compensation which was promised to Missouri in aid of emancipation was defeated in the last Congress (the strongest Republican Congress that ever assembled), what has the North done toward emancipation?" Now, then, there's a dose for you. (A voice: "Answer it.") And I will address myself to the answering of it. And first, the bill for emancipation in Missouri, to which this money was denied, was a bill which was drawn by what we call "log-rollers," who inserted in it an enormously disproportioned price for the slaves. The Republicans offered to give them $10,000,000 for the slaves in Missouri, and they outvoted it because they could not get $12,000,000. Already half the slave population had been "run" down South, and yet they came up to Congress to get $12,000,000 for what was not worth ten millions, nor even eight millions. Now as to those States that had passed "black" laws, as we call them; they are filled with Southern emigrants. The southern parts of Ohio, the southern part of Indiana, where I myself lived for years, and which I knew like a book, the southern part of Illinois, where Mr. Lincoln lives —(great uproar)—these parts are largely settled by emigrants from Kentucky, Tennessee, Georgia, Virginia, and North Carolina, and it was their vote, or the Northern votes pandering for political reasons to theirs, that passed in those States the infamous "black" laws; and the Republicans in these States have a record, clean and white, as having opposed these laws in every instance as "infamous." Now as to the State of New York; it is asked whether a negro is not obliged

to have a certain freehold property, or a certain amount of property, before he can vote. It is so still in North Carolina and Rhode Island for *white* folks —it is so in New York State. (Mr. Beecher's voice slightly failed him here, and he was interrupted by a person who tried to imitate him. Cries of "Shame!" and "Turn him out!") I am not undertaking to say that these faults of the North, which were brought upon them by the bad example and influence of the South, are all cured; but I do say that they are in *process* of cure which promises, if unimpeded by foreign influence, to make all such odious distinctions vanish.

There is another fact that I wish to allude to—not for the sake of reproach or blame, but by way of claiming your more lenient consideration—and that is, that slavery was entailed upon us by your action. (Hear, hear!) Against the earnest protests of the colonists the then government of Great Britain—I will concede not knowing what were the mischiefs—ignorantly, but in point of fact, forced slave traffic on the unwilling colonists. (Great uproar, in the midst of which one individual was lifted up and carried out of the room amid cheers and hisses.)

The Chairman—If you would only sit down no disturbance would take place.

The disturbance having subsided, Mr. Beecher said:

I was going to ask you, suppose a child is born with hereditary disease; suppose this disease was entailed upon him by parents who had contracted it by their own misconduct, would it be fair that those parents that had brought into the world the diseased child,

should rail at that child because it was diseased. ("No, no!") Would not the child have a right to turn round and say: "Father, it was your fault that I had it, and you ought to be pleased to be patient with my deficiencies." (Applause and hisses, and cries of "Order!" Great interruption and great disturbance here took place on the right of the platform; and the chairman said that if the persons around the unfortunate individual who had caused the disturbance would allow him to speak alone, but not assist him in making the disturbance, it might soon be put an end to. The interruption continued until another person was carried out of the hall.) Mr. Beecher continued: I do not ask that you should justify slavery in us, because it was wrong in you two hundred years ago; but having ignorantly been the means of fixing it upon us, now that we are struggling with mortal struggles to free ourselves from it, we have a right to your tolerance, your patience, and charitable constructions.

No man can unveil the future; no man can tell what revolutions are about to break upon the world; no man can tell what destiny belongs to France, nor to any of the European powers; but one thing is certain, that in the exigencies of the future there will be combinations and recombinations, and that those nations that are of the same faith, the same blood, and the same substantial interests, ought not to be alienated from each other, but ought to stand together. (Immense cheering and hisses.) I do not say that you ought not to be in the most friendly alliance with France or with Germany; but I do say that your own children, the offspring of England, ought to be nearer

to you than any people of strange tongue. (A voice: "Degenerate sons," applause and hisses; another voice: "What about the 'Trent'?") If there had been any feelings of bitterness in America, let me tell you that they had been excited, rightly or wrongly, under the impression that Great Britain was going to intervence between us and our own lawful struggle. (A voice—"No!" and applause.) With the evidence that there is no such intention all bitter feelings will pass away. (Applause.) We do not agree with the recent doctrine of neutrality as a question of law. But it is past, and we are not disposed to raise that question. We accept it now as a fact, and we say that the utterance of Lord Russell at Blairgowrie—(Applause, hisses, and a voice: "What about Lord Brougham?")—together with the declaration of the government in stopping war-steamers here—(great uproar, and applause)—has gone far toward quieting every fear and removing every apprehension from our minds. (Uproar and shouts of applause.) And now in the future it is the work of every good man and patriot not to create divisions, but to do the things that will make for peace. ("Oh, oh!" and laughter.) On our part it shall be done. (Applause and hisses, and "No, no!") On your part it ought to be done; and when in any of the convulsions that come upon the world, Great Britain finds herself struggling single-handed against the gigantic powers that spread oppression and darkness—(applause, hisses, and uproar)—there ought to be such cordiality that she can turn and say to her first-born, and most illustrious child, "Come!" (Hear, hear! applause, tremendous cheers and uproar.) I will not say

that England cannot again, as hitherto, single-handed manage any power—(applause and uproar)—but I will say that England and America together for religion and liberty—(A voice: "Soap, soap," uproar, and great applause)—are a match for the world. (Applause; a voice: "They don't want any more soft soap.") Now, gentlemen and ladies—(A voice: "Sam Slick"; and another voice: "Ladies and gentlemen, if you please")—when I came I was asked whether I would answer questions, and I very readily consented to do so, as I had in other places; but I will tell you it was because I expected to have the opportunity of speaking with some sort of ease and quiet. (A voice: "So you have.") I have for an hour and a half spoken against a storm—(Hear, hear!)—and you yourselves are witnesses that, by the interruption, I have been obliged to strive with my voice, so that I no longer have the power to control this assembly. (Applause.) And although I am in spirit perfectly willing to answer any question, and more than glad of the chance, yet I am by this very unnecessary opposition to-night incapacitated physically from doing it. Ladies and gentlemen, I bid you good-evening.

Tilden, Samuel J., a noted American statesman, born at Lebanon, N. Y., February 9, 1814; died near Yonkers, N. Y., August 4, 1886. During his college course he took an active interest in political affairs, issuing an able series of papers defending Van Buren's financial policy, and in 1840 delivered a speech on currency, which attracted much attention. He was admitted to the bar of New York in 1841, and establishing himself in New York City he speedily attained to eminence as a lawyer. After 1868 he was the leader of the Democracy of his state, and a little later was a conspicuous opponent of the Tweed "ring" in the metropolis. He was elected Governor of New York in 1874, and in 1876, as the Democratic candidate for the Presidency, received a large popular majority. The votes of three states, however, being claimed by both parties, an electoral commission was appointed, which on March 2, 1877, decided in favor of the Republican candidate. Declining all further nominations, Tilden henceforth devoted himself to his extensive professional business. His "Writings and Speeches" were published in 1885.

ADDRESS ON ADMINISTRATIVE REFORM.

DELIVERED AT SYRACUSE ON HIS NOMINATION FOR GOVERNOR, SEPTEMBER 17, 1874.

Fellow Citizens,—I thank you for the honor you do me. I know it is the cause, more than its representative, that in such a storm calls out this manifestation of interest and enthusiasm. And well it may!

A peaceful revolution in all government within the United States is going on to a sure consummation. Ideas of change pervade the political atmosphere. They spring up from the convictions of the people. The sup-

porters of the administration have lost confidence in it and themselves. The Opposition become more intense in their convictions and in their action. Multitudes pass over from support to opposition, or sink into silent discontent.

Are we asked the causes? The answer is found in the condition of our country. The fruits of a false and delusive system of government finances are everywhere around us. All business is in a dry-rot. In every industry it is hard to make the two ends meet. Incomes are shrinking away, and many men hitherto affluent are becoming anxious about their means of livelihood. Workingmen are out of employment. The poor cannot look out upon the light or air of heaven but they see the wolf at the door.

Inflation no longer inflates. Even while paper money is swelling out a new emission, values sink. Bankers' balances in the monetary centres are increased, and call loans are cheaper; but those who need more capital can neither buy nor borrow any of the forty-four millions of new greenbacks. The truth is that our body politic has been over-drugged with stimulants. New stimulants no longer lift up the languid parts to a healthy activity, they merely carry more blood to the congested centres.

Only one thing remains in its integrity,—that is our taxes. Amid general decay, taxation puts out new sprouts and grows luxuriantly. If I may borrow a figure from the greatest of our American poets,—

> "It seats itself upon the sepulchre,
> And of the triumphs of its ghastly foe
> Makes its own nourishment."

national taxes, State taxes, county taxes, town taxes, municipal taxes! The collector is as inevitable as the grim messenger of death. Incomes, profits, wages, all these fall; but taxes rise.

Six years ago I had occasion to say that while values were ascending, and for some time after, it might be easy to pay these taxes out of the froth of our apparent wealth; but that when the reaction of an unsound system of government finance should set in, the enormous taxation which that system had created would not only consume our incomes and profits, but trench upon our capital. What was then prediction is now experience. Retrenchment in public expenditure; reform in public administration; simplification and reduction of tariffs and taxes; accountability of public officers, enforced by better civil and criminal remedies, —the people must have these measures of present relief, measures of security for the future.

The federal government is drifting into greater dangers and greater evils. It is rushing onward in a career of centralism, absorbing all governmental powers and assuming to manage all the affairs of human society. It undertakes to direct the business of individuals by tariffs not intended for legitimate taxation, by granting special privileges, and by fostering monopolies at the expense of the people. It has acquired control of all banks. It has threatened to seize on all the telegraphs. It is claiming jurisdiction of all railroad corporations chartered by the States, and amenable to the just authority of the States. It is going on to usurp control of all our schools and colleges. Stretching its drag-net over the whole country, and forcing

editors and publishers away from their distant homes into the courts of the District of Columbia, it is subjecting the free press of the whole United States, for criticism of the administration, to trial by creatures of the administration, acting under the eye of the administration. It has dared to enforce this tyranny against a freeman of the metropolis of our State.

These tendencies must be stopped, or before we know it the whole character of our government will be changed; the simple and free institutions of our fathers will not only have become the worst government that has ever ruled over a civilized people, but it will also be the most ignorant. A distinguished Republican statesman—I mean Senator Conkling—lately told me that more than five thousand bills were before Congress at its last session. In a little time, as we are now going on, there will be twenty thousand. Nobody can know what is in them.

We have a country eighteen times as large as France, with a population of forty-three millions, doubling every thirty years, and full of activities and interests. A centralized government, meddling with everything and attempting to manage everything, could not know the wants or wishes of the people of the localities; it would be felt only in its blunders and its wrongs. It would be the most irresponsible, and therefore not only the most oppressive, but also the most corrupt, with which any people have been cursed.

To-day the advances which we have made toward this system are maturing their fatal fruits. The federal administration is tainted with abuses, with jobbery, and with corruption. In the dominion which it

maintains over the reconstructed southern States, organized pillage, on a scale tenfold greater than that of the Tweed ring, is the scandal and shame of the country.

Civil liberty is endangered. It is now certain that President Grant nourishes the bad ambition of a third term. If the sacred tradition established by Washington, Jefferson, Madison, and Jackson can be broken, the President may be re-elected indefinitely; and wielding from the centre the immense patronage which will grow out of such vast usurpation of authorities by the federal government, he will grasp the means of corrupt influence by which to carry the elections. There will be no organized thing in the country of sufficient power to compete with him or to resist him. The forms of free government may remain, but the spirit and substance will be changed; an elective personal despotism will have been established; Roman history, in the person of Augustus Cæsar, will be repeated.

Thoughtful men are turning their minds to the means of escape from these overshadowing evils. The Republican party cannot save the country. Ideas of governmental meddling and centralism dominate it; class interests hold it firmly to evil courses. Throngs of office-holders, contractors, and jobbers, who have grown up in fourteen years of administration, in four years of war, and during an era of paper money, are too strong in the machinery of the party for the honest and well-intending masses of the Republicans. The Republican party could contribute largely to maintain the Union during the Civil War; it cannot reconstruct civil liberty and free institutions after the peace.

A change of men is necessary to secure a change of measures. The Opposition is being matured and educated to take the administration. The Democracy, with the traditions of its best days, will form the nucleus of the opposition. It embraces vastly the larger body of men of sound ideas and sound practices in political life. It must remove every taint which has touched it in evil times. It must become a compact and homogeneous mass. It must gather to its alliance all who think the same things concerning the interests of our Republic. It is becoming an adequate and effective instrument to reform administration and to save the country. It reformed itself in order that it might reform the country.

And now in your name and in the name of five hundred thousand voters we represent, we declare that in this great work we will tread no step backward. Come weal or come woe, we will not lower our flag. We will go forward until a political revolution shall be worked out, and the principles of Jefferson and Jackson shall rule in the administration of the federal government.

Let us never despair of our country. Actual evils can be mitigated; bad tendencies can be turned aside; the burdens of government can be diminished; productive industry will be renewed; and frugality will repair the waste of our resources. Then shall the golden days of the Republic once more return, and the people become prosperous and happy.

McKinley, William, American Republican statesman, and 25th President of the United States, was born at Niles, O., January 29, 1843, and died at Buffalo, N. Y., September 14, 1901, from wounds inflicted September 6, by the hand of an assassin. He was educated at the public schools and took a brief academic course at Alleghany College, defraying the expense of his education by teaching school. In 1861, when but eighteen years old, he enlisted as a private in the 23d Ohio Volunteers, and served during the entire war, retiring with the rank of brevet-major "for gallant and meritorious service." On leaving the army, he studied law, and in 1867 was admitted to the Ohio Bar, settling in Canton, O., which he afterward made his home and where he secured a large law practice. In 1871, he married, and five years later was elected to Congress, and for over fourteen years was a continuous member thereof, serving meanwhile as chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, and introducing in 1890 the protective tariff measure known as the McKinley Bill. In 1891, he was elected Governor of Ohio, and in 1893 was again elected to that post by a largely increased majority. In 1896, he was nominated for the United States Presidency on a first ballot by more than a two-thirds vote, and was elected by a popular plurality of 300,000, receiving in the Electoral College 271 votes as against 176 cast for his Democratic opponent, Wm. J. Bryan, the uncompromising advocate of the free coinage of silver. Mr. McKinley's first administration was marked by troubles in Cuba, which led to the despatch of the United States battle-ship "Maine" to Havana to guard American interests. This vessel was, on February 15, 1898, blown up by a submarine mine; in spite of this Mr. McKinley still sought to obtain a peaceful solution of matters between Spain and her oppressed Cuban colonists, who had assumed the status of belligerents. In April following, the President sent a message to Congress advising that the United States should now interfere to

stop hostilities in Cuba, though accompanying the advice with the caution that we should not as yet recognize the Cubans as belligerents. On April 20, 1898, war was declared, Congress directing that the military and naval forces of the United States be called out to secure Cuban independence. Following this came the naval victory (May 1st) in Manila Bay, the demonstration against Porto Rico, and the joint military and naval expedition against Spain's defences and forces in Cuba. With the fall of Santiago (July 14), came Spain's overtures for peace and the cession to the United States by treaty of Porto Rico, the evacuation of Cuba, and the occupation by the United States of the Philippines until circumstances decided what should afterwards be done with the latter archipelago. Meanwhile the Filipinos, under their leader Aguinaldo, continued in revolt and added to the problems which Mr. McKinley and his administration had to deal with. Mr. McKinley was however elected, in November, 1900, for a second term as President, having with him the good will and support of the nation, as well as the hearty alliance of Congress. The United States maintained the war against the Filipinos, though by July, 1901, military rule in the islands was superseded by the organization of civil government; while in March (23, 1901), Aguinaldo was captured by Brig.-Gen. Fred. Funston and later declared his allegiance to the United States. The United States had also meanwhile taken part with the European allies in China against the Boxers, who had besieged the Foreign Legations at Pekin. In this affair, Mr. McKinley's counsels and acts of administration further proved his discreet caution, as well as his high qualities as a statesman, and won for him the loyalty and admiration of the people. This was specially shown in the course of a visit he paid to the south and southwest in the spring of 1901, and by the welcome he received in September of that year at the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo. N. Y., where, alas, he was

to meet his death at the hand of the anarchist-assassin Czolgosz. His martyrdom brought out in a remarkable degree the homage and fealty of the nation, while special honor, accompanied by appropriate memorial exercises, was paid to his memory in all the chief capitals of Europe.

LAST SPEECH.

DELIVERED AT BUFFALO, SEPTEMBER 5th, THE DAY BEFORE HE WAS ASSASSINATED.

President Milburn, Director-General Buchauan, Commissioners, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I AM glad to again be in the city of Buffalo and exchange greetings with her people, to whose generous hospitality I am not a stranger, and with whose goodwill I have been repeatedly and signally honored. To-day I have additional satisfaction in meeting and giving welcome to the foreign representatives assembled here, whose presence and participation in this Exposition have contributed in so marked a degree to its interest and success. To the Commissioners of the Dominion of Canada and the British Colonies, the French Colonies, the Republics of Mexico and of Central and South America, and the Commissioners of Cuba and Porto Rico, who share with us in this undertaking, we give the hand of fellowship and felicitate with them upon the triumphs of art, science, education and manufacture, which the old has bequeathed to the new century.

Expositions are the timekeepers of progress. They record the world's advancement. They stimulate the

energy, enterprise and intellect of the people, and quicken human genius. They go into the home. They broaden and brighten the daily life of the people. They open mighty storehouses of information to the student. Every exposition, great or small, has helped to some onward step.

Comparison of ideas is always educational and, as such, instructs the brain and hand of man. Friendly rivalry follows, which is the spur to industrial improvement, the inspiration to useful invention and to high endeavor in all departments of human activity. It exacts a study of the wants, comforts, and even the whims of the people, and recognizes the efficacy of high quality and low prices to win their favor. The quest for trade is an incentive to men of business to devise, invent, improve and economize in the cost of production. Business life, whether among ourselves, or with other peoples, is ever a sharp struggle for success. It will be none the less in the future.

Without competition we would be clinging to the clumsy and antiquated processes of farming and manufacture and the methods of business of long ago, and the twentieth would be no further advanced than the eighteenth century. But though commercial competitors we are, commercial enemies we must not be. The Pan-American Exposition has done its work thoroughly, presenting in its exhibits evidences of the highest skill and illustrating the progress of the human family in the Western Hemisphere. This portion of the earth has no cause for humiliation for the part it has performed in the march of civilization. It has not accomplished everything; far from it. It has simply done

its best, and without vanity or boastfulness, and recognizing the manifold achievements of others it invites the friendly rivalry of all the powers in the peaceful pursuits of trade and commerce, and will co-operate with all in advancing the highest and best interests of humanity. The wisdom and energy of all the nations are none too great for the world work. The success of art, science, industry and invention is an international asset and a common glory.

After all, how near one to the other is every part of the world. Modern inventions have brought into close relation widely separated peoples and made them better acquainted. Geographic and political divisions will continue to exist, but distances have been effaced. Swift ships and fast trains are becoming cosmopolitan. They invade fields which a few years ago were impenetrable. The world's products are exchanged as never before and with increasing transportation facilities come increasing knowledge and larger trade. Prices are fixed with mathematical precision by supply and demand. The world's selling prices are regulated by market and crop reports. We travel greater distances in a shorter space of time and with more ease than was ever dreamed of by the fathers. Isolation is no longer possible or desirable. The same important news is read, though in different languages, the same day in all Christendom.

The telegraph keeps us advised of what is occurring everywhere, and the press foreshadows, with more or less accuracy, the plans and purposes of the nations. Market prices of products and of securities are hourly known in every commercial mart, and the investments

of the people extend beyond their own national boundaries into the remotest parts of the earth. Vast transactions are conducted and international exchanges are made by the tick of the cable. Every event of interest is immediately bulletined. The quick gathering and transmission of news, like rapid transit, are of recent origin, and are only made possible by the genius of the inventor and the courage of the investor. It took a special messenger of the government, with every facility known at the time for rapid travel, nineteen days to go from the city of Washington to New Orleans with a message to General Jackson that the war with England had ceased and a treaty of peace had been signed. How different now. We reached General Miles, in Porto Rico, and he was able through the military telegraph to stop his army on the firing line with the message that the United States and Spain had signed a protocol suspending hostilities. We knew almost instanter of the first shots fired at Santiago, and the subsequent surrender of the Spanish forces was known at Washington within less than an hour of its consummation. The first ship of Cervera's fleet had hardly emerged from that historic harbor when the fact was flashed to our Capitol, and the swift destruction that followed was announced immediately through the wonderful medium of telegraphy.

So accustomed are we to safe and easy communication with distant lands that its temporary interruption, even in ordinary times, results in loss and inconvenience. We shall never forget the days of anxious waiting and suspense when no information was permitted to be sent from Pekin, and the diplomatic representa-

tives of the nations in China, cut off from all communication, inside and outside of the walled capital, were surrounded by an angry and misguided mob that threatened their lives; nor the joy that thrilled the world when a single message from the government of the United States brought through our minister the first news of the safety of the besieged diplomats.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century there was not a mile of steam railroad on the globe; now there are enough miles to make its circuit many times. Then there was not a line of electric telegraph; now we have a vast mileage traversing all lands and seas. God and man have linked the nations together. No nation can longer be indifferent to any other. And as we are brought more and more in touch with each other, the less occasion is there for misunderstandings, and the stronger the disposition, when we have differences, to adjust them in the court of arbitration, which is the noblest forum for the settlement of international disputes.

My fellow citizens, trade statistics indicate that this country is in a state of unexampled prosperity. The figures are almost appalling. They show that we are utilizing our fields and forests and mines, and that we are furnishing profitable employment to the millions of workingmen throughout the United States, bringing comfort and happiness to their homes, and making it possible to lay by savings for old age and disability. That all the people are participating in this great prosperity is seen in every American community and shown by the enormous and unprecedented deposits in our savings banks. Our duty in the care and security of

these deposits and their safe investment demands the highest integrity and the best business capacity of those in charge of these depositories of the people's earnings.

We have a vast and intricate business, built up through years of toil and struggle in which every par of the country has its stake, which will not permit of either neglect, nor undue selfishness. No narrow, sordid policy will subserve it. The greatest skill and wisdom on the part of manufacturers and producers will be required to hold and increase it. Our industrial enterprises, which have grown to such great proportions, affect the homes and occupations of the people and the welfare of the country. Our capacity to produce has developed so enormously and our products have so multiplied that the problem of more markets requires our urgent and immediate attention. Only a broad and enlightened policy will keep what we have. No other policy will get more. In these times of marvellous business energy and gain we ought to be looking to the future, strengthening the weak places in our industrial and commercial systems, that we may be ready for any storm or strain.

By sensible trade arrangements which will not interrupt our home production we shall extend the outlets for our increasing surplus. A system which provides a mutual exchange of commodities is manifestly essential to the continued and healthful growth of our export trade. We must not repose in the fancied security that we can forever sell everything and buy little or nothing. If such a thing were possible it would not be best for us or for those with whom we deal. We should take from our customers such of their

products as we can use without harm to our industries and labor. Reciprocity is the natural outgrowth of our wonderful industrial development under the domestic policy now firmly established.

What we produce beyond our domestic consumption must have a vent abroad. The excess must be relieved through a foreign outlet, and we should sell everywhere we can and buy wherever the buying will enlarge our sales and productions, and thereby make a greater demand for home labor.

The period of exclusiveness is past. The expansion of our trade and commerce is the pressing problem. Commercial wars are unprofitable. A policy of goodwill and friendly trade relations will prevent reprisals. Reciprocity treaties are in harmony with the spirit of the times; measures of retaliation are not. If, perchance, some of our tariffs are no longer needed for revenue or to encourage and protect our industries at home, why should they not be employed to extend and promote our markets abroad? Then, too, we have inadequate steamship service. New lines of steamships have already been put in commission between the Pacific coast ports of the United States and those on the western coasts of Mexico and Central and South America. These should be followed up with direct steamship lines between the western coast of the United States and South American ports. One of the needs of the times is direct commercial lines from our vast fields of production to the fields of consumption that we have but barely touched. Next in advantage to having the thing to sell is to have the conveyance to carry it to the buyer. We must encourage our merchant

marine. We must have more ships. They must be under the American flag, built and manned and owned by Americans. These will not only be profitable in a commercial sense; they will be messengers of peace and amity wherever they go.

We must build the Isthmian canal, which will unite the two oceans and give a straight line of water communication with the western coasts of Central and South America and Mexico. The construction of a Pacific cable cannot be longer postponed. In the furtherance of these objects of national interest and concern you are performing an important part. This exposition would have touched the heart of that American statesman whose mind was ever alert and thought ever constant for a larger commerce and a truer fraternity of the republics of the New World. His broad American spirit is felt and manifested here. He needs no identification to an assemblage of Americans anywhere, for the name of Blaine is inseparably associated with the Pan-American movement which finds here practical and substantial expression, and which we all hope will be firmly advanced by the Pan-American Congress that assembles this autumn in the capital of Mexico. The good work will go on. It cannot be stopped. These buildings will disappear; this creation of art and beauty and industry will perish from sight, but their influence will remain to "make it live beyond its too short living with praises and thanksgiving." Who can tell the new thoughts that have been awakened, the ambitions fired and the high achievements that will be wrought through this Exposition.

Gentlemen: Let us ever remember that our inter-

est is in concord, not conflict; and that our real eminence rests in the victories of peace, not those of war. We hope that all who are represented here may be moved to higher and nobler effort for their own and the world's good, and that out of this city may come not only greater commerce and trade for us all, but, more essential than these, relations of mutual respect, confidence and friendship which will deepen and endure. Our earnest prayer is that God will graciously vouchsafe prosperity, happiness and peace to all our neighbors, and like blessings to all the peoples and powers of earth.

Roosevelt, Theodore, a distinguished author, soldier and politician, twenty-sixth President of the United States, born in New York City, October 27, 1858. Entering early into politics he sat in the New York Legislature, 1882-84, and while there secured the passage of the first State Civil Service bill. He was a member of the United States civil service commission, 1889-95, and president of the board of police commissioners in his native city, 1895-97, resigning to become an assistant secretary of the navy. This post he resigned the next year and took an active part in the war with Spain as the colonel of a volunteer regiment. He was elected Governor of New York in 1898, and Vice-President in 1900, succeeding to the office of Chief Magistrate on the death of President McKinley, September 14, 1901. He is an able and forcible speaker, but his delivery is wanting in grace and polish. To the literary world he is favorably known as the author of a dozen or more volumes of histories, biographies and essays.

SPEECH SECONDING THE NOMINATION OF McKINLEY.

DELIVERED AT PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 21, 1900.

MR. CHAIRMAN,—I rise to second the nomination of William McKinley, the President who has had to meet and solve problems more numerous and more important than any other President since the days of mighty Abraham Lincoln; the President under whose administration this country has attained a higher pitch of prosperity at home and honor abroad than ever before in its history. Four years ago the Republican party nominated William McKinley as its standard

bearer in a political conflict of graver moment to the nation than any that had taken place since the close of the Civil War saw us once more a reunited country. The Republican party nominated him, but before the campaign was many days old he had become the candidate not only of all Republicans but of all Americans who were both far sighted enough to see where the true interests of the country lay and clear minded enough to be keenly sensitive to the taint of dishonor. President McKinley was triumphantly elected on certain distinct pledges, and those pledges have been made more than good. We were then in a condition of industrial paralysis. The capitalist was plunged in ruin and disaster; the wage-worker was on the edge of actual want; the success of our opponents would have meant not only immense aggravation of the actual physical distress, but also a stain on the nation's honor so deep that more than one generation would have to pass before it would be effectually wiped out. We promised that if President McKinley were elected not only should the national honor be kept unstained at home and abroad, but that the mill and the workshop should open, the farmer have a market for his goods, the merchant for his wares, and that the wage-workers should prosper as never before.

We did not promise the impossible; we did not say that, by good legislation and good administration, there would come prosperity to all men. But we did say that each man should have a better chance to win prosperity than he had ever yet had. In the long run the thrift, industry, energy, and capacity of the individual must always remain the chief factors in his

success. By unwise or dishonest legislation or administration on the part of the national authorities all these qualities in the individual can be nullified, but wise legislation and upright administration will give them free scope. And it was this free scope that we promised should be given.

Well, we kept our word. The opportunity has been given, and it has been seized by American energy, thrift, and business enterprise. As a result we have prospered as never before, and we are now prospering to a degree that would have seemed incredible four years ago, when the cloud of menace to our industrial wellbeing hung black above the land.

So it has been in foreign affairs. Four years ago the nation was uneasy because right at our doors an American island lay writhing in awful agony under the curse of worse than mediæval tyranny and misrule. We had our Armenia at our very doors, for the situation in Cuba had grown intolerable, and such that this nation could no longer refrain from interference and retain its own self-respect. President McKinley turned to this duty as he had turned to others. He sought by every effort possible to provide for Spain's withdrawal from the island which she was impotent longer to do aught than oppress. Then, when pacific means had failed and there remained the only alternative, we waged the most righteous and brilliantly successful foreign war that any country has waged during the lifetime of the present generation. It was not a great war, simply because it was won too quickly, but it was momentous indeed in its effects. It left us, as all great feats must leave those who perform them,

an inheritance both of honor and of responsibility, and under the lead of President McKinley the nation has taken up the task of securing orderly liberty and the reign of justice and law in the islands from which we drove the tyranny of Spain, with the same serious realization of duty and sincere purpose to perform it that have marked the national attitude in dealing with the economic and financial difficulties that face us at home.

This is what the nation has done in the three years that have elapsed since we made McKinley President, and all this is what he typifies and stands for. We here nominate him again, and in November next we shall elect him again, because it has been given to him to personify the cause of honor abroad and prosperity at home; of wise legislation and straightforward administration. We all know the old adage about swapping horses while crossing a stream, and the still older adage about letting well enough alone. To change from President McKinley now would not be merely to swap horses, it would be to jump off the horse that had carried us across and wade back into the torrent; and to put him for four years more into the White House means not merely to let well enough alone, but to insist that when we are thriving as never before we shall not be plunged back into the abyss of shame and panic and disaster.

We have done so well that our opponents actually use this very fact as an appeal for turning us out. We have put the tariff on a foundation so secure, we have passed such wise laws on finance that they actually appeal to the patriotic, honest men who deserted them at the last election to help them now because, forsooth,

we have done so well that nobody need fear their capacity to undo our work. I am not exaggerating. This is literally the argument that is now addressed to the Gold Democrats as a reason why they need no longer stand by the Republican party. To all such who may be inclined to listen to these arguments I would address an emphatic word of warning.

Remember that, admirable though our legislation has been during the last three years, it has been rendered possible and effective only because there was good administration to back it. Wise laws are invaluable, but, after all, they are not as necessary as wise and honest administration of the laws. The best law ever made, if administered by those who are hostile to it and who mean to break it down, cannot be wholly effective, and may be wholly ineffective. We have at last put our financial legislation on a sound basis, but no possible financial legislation can save us from fearful and disastrous panic if we trust our finances to the management of any man who would be acceptable to the leaders and guides of the Democracy in its present spirit. No Secretary of the Treasury who would be acceptable to or who could without loss of self-respect serve under the Populistic Democracy could avoid plunging this country back into financial chaos. Until our opponents have explicitly and absolutely repudiated the principles which in 1896 they professed and the leaders who embody these principles, their success means the undoing of the country. Nor have they any longer even the excuse of being honest in their folly. They have raved, they have foamed at the mouth, in denunciation of trusts and now, in my own State, their foremost party

leaders, including the man before whom the others bow with bared head and trembling knee, have been discovered in a trust which really is of infamous and perhaps of criminal character; a trust in which these apostles of Democracy, these prophets of the new dispensation, have sought to wring fortunes from the dire need of their poorer brethren.

I rise to second the nomination of William McKinley because with him as leader this country has trod the path of national greatness and prosperity with the strides of a giant, and because, under him, we can and will once more and finally overthrow those whose success would mean for the nation material disaster and moral disgrace. Exactly as we have remedied the evils which in the past we undertook to remedy, so now, when we say that a wrong shall be righted it most assuredly will be righted.

We have nearly succeeded in bringing peace and order to the Philippines. We have sent thither and to the other islands toward whose inhabitants we now stand as trustees in the cause of good government men like Wood, Taft, and Allen, whose very names are synonyms of integrity and guarantees of efficiency. Appointees like these, chosen on grounds of merit and fitness alone, are evidence of the spirit and methods in and by which this nation must approach its new and serious duties. Contrast this with what would be the fate of the islands under the spoils system so brazenly advocated by our opponents in their last national platform.

The war still goes on because the allies in this country of the bloody insurrectionary oligarchy have

taught their foolish dupes abroad to believe that if the rebellion is kept alive until next November Democratic success at the polls here will be followed by the abandonment of the islands—that means their abandonment to savages who would scramble for what we desert until some powerful civilized nation stepped in to do what we would have shown ourselves unfit to perform. Our success in November means peace in the islands. The success of our political opponents means an indefinite prolongation of misery and bloodshed.

We of this Convention now renominate the man whose name is a guarantee against such disaster. When we place William McKinley as our candidate before the people we place the Republican party on record as standing for the performance which squares with promise, as standing for the redemption in administration and legislation of the pledges made in the platform and on the stump, as standing for the upbuilding of the national honor and interest abroad and the continuance at home of the prosperity which it has already brought to the farm and the workshop.

We stand on the threshold of a new century, a century big with the fate of the great nations of the earth. It rests with us now to decide whether in the opening years of that century we shall march forward to fresh triumphs, or whether at the outset we shall deliberately cripple ourselves for the contest.

Is America a weakling, to shrink from the world work that must be done by the world Powers?

No. The young giant of the West stands on a continent, and clasps the crest of an ocean in either hand. Our nation, glorious in youth and strength, looks into

the future with fearless and eager eyes and rejoices as a strong man to run a race. We do not stand in craven mood, asking to be spared the task, cringing as we gaze on the contest.

No, we challenge the proud privilege of doing the work that Providence allots us, and we face the coming years high of heart and resolute of faith that to our people is given the right to win such honor and renown as has never yet been granted to the peoples of mankind.

Bryan, William J., a famous American politician and orator, born at Salem, Marion Co., Ill., March 19, 1860. In the earlier portion of his career he studied law and after admission to the bar practiced his profession at Jacksonville, in his native State, 1883-87. He then removed to Lincoln, Nebraska, and was a Democratic member of Congress from that State, 1891-95. He was the unsuccessful candidate of the Democrats for the Presidency in 1896 and was defeated in a second contest for that office in 1900. During the war with Spain he served in the army as colonel of a Nebraska regiment. He is an eloquent orator and skilful in debate, but not a speaker possessing much polish or refinement of style. Among his innumerable speeches the most famous is the so-called "Cross of Gold" address, delivered at the Democratic national convention held at Chicago in 1896.

THE "CROSS OF GOLD."

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen of the Convention:

I WOULD be presumptuous, indeed, to present myself against the distinguished gentlemen to whom you have listened if this were a mere measuring of abilities; but this is not a contest between persons. The humblest citizen in all the land, when clad in the armor of a righteous cause, is stronger than all the hosts of error. I come to speak to you in defence of a cause as holy as the cause of liberty—the cause of humanity.

When this debate is concluded, a motion will be made to lay upon the table the resolution offered in commendation of the Administration, and also the resolution offered in condemnation of the Administration. We object to bringing this question down to the

level of persons. The individual is but an atom; he is born, he acts, he dies; but principles are eternal; and this has been a contest over a principle.

Never before in the history of this country has there been witnessed such a contest as that through which we have just passed. Never before in the history of American politics has a great issue been fought out as this issue has been, by the voters of a great party. On the fourth of March, 1895, a few Democrats, most of them members of Congress, issued an address to the Democrats of the nation, asserting that the money question was the paramount issue of the hour, declaring that a majority of the Democratic party had the right to control the action of the party on this paramount issue; and concluding with the request that the believers in the free coinage of silver in the Democratic party should organize, take charge of, and control the policy of the Democratic party. Three months later, at Memphis, an organization was perfected, and the silver Democrats went forth openly and courageously proclaiming their belief, and declaring that, if successful, they would crystallize into a platform the declaration which they had made. Then began the conflict. With a zeal approaching the zeal which inspired the Crusaders who followed Peter the Hermit, our silver Democrats went forth from victory unto victory until they are now assembled, not to discuss, not to debate, but to enter up the judgment already rendered by the plain people of this country. In this contest brother has been arrayed against brother, father against son. The warmest ties of love, acquaintance, and association have been disregarded; old leaders

have been cast aside when they have refused to give expression to the sentiments of those whom they would lead, and new leaders have sprung up to give direction to this cause of truth. Thus has the contest been waged, and we have assembled here under as binding and solemn instructions as were ever imposed upon representatives of the people.

We do not come as individuals. As individuals we might have been glad to compliment the gentleman from New York (Senator Hill), but we know that the people for whom we speak would never be willing to put him in a position where he could thwart the will of the Democratic party. I say it was not a question of persons; it was a question of principle, and it is not with gladness, my friends, that we find ourselves brought into conflict with those who are now arrayed on the other side.

The gentleman who preceded me (ex-Governor Russell) spoke of the State of Massachusetts; let me assure him that not one present in all this Convention entertains the least hostility to the people of the State of Massachusetts, but we stand here representing people who are the equals, before the law, of the greatest citizens in the State of Massachusetts. When you (turning to the gold delegates) come before us and tell us that we are about to disturb your business interests, we reply that you have disturbed our business interests by your course.

We say to you that you have made the definition of a business man too limited in its application. The man who is employed for wages is as much a business man as his employer; the attorney in a country town is as

much a business man as the corporation counsel in a great metropolis; the merchant at the cross-roads store is as much a business man as the merchant of New York; the farmer who goes forth in the morning and toils all day, who begins in spring and toils all summer, and who by the application of brain and muscle to the natural resources of the country creates wealth, is as much a business man as the man who goes upon the Board of Trade and bets upon the price of grain; the miners who go down a thousand feet into the earth, or climb two thousand feet upon the cliffs, and bring forth from their hiding-places the precious metals to be poured into the channels of trade are as much business men as the few financial magnates who, in a back room, corner the money of the world. We come to speak of this broader class of business men.

Ah, my friends, we say not one word against those who live upon the Atlantic Coast, but the hardy pioneers who have braved all the dangers of the wilderness, who have made the desert to blossom as the rose —the pioneers away out there (pointing to the West), who rear their children near to Nature's heart, where they can mingle their voices with the voices of the birds—out there where they have erected school-houses for the education of their young, churches where they praise their Creator, and cemeteries where rest the ashes of their dead—these people, we say, are as deserving of the consideration of our party as any people in this country. It is for these that we speak. We do not come as aggressors. Our war is not a war of conquest; we are fighting in the defence of our homes, our families, and posterity. We have petitioned, and our

petitions have been scorned; we have entreated, and our entreaties have been disregarded; we have begged, and they have mocked when our calamity came. We beg no longer; we entreat no more; we petition no more. We defy them!

The gentleman from Wisconsin has said that he fears a Robespierre. My friends, in this land of the free you need not fear that a tyrant will spring up from among the people. What we need is an Andrew Jackson to stand, as Jackson stood, against the encroachments of organized wealth.

They tell us that this platform was made to catch votes. We reply to them that changing conditions make new issues; that the principles upon which Democracy rests are as everlasting as the hills, but that they must be applied to new conditions as they arise. Conditions have arisen, and we are here to meet those conditions. They tell us that the income tax ought not to be brought in here; that it is a new idea. They criticise us for our criticism of the Supreme Court of the United States. My friends, we have not criticised; we have simply called attention to what you already know. If you want criticisms, read the dissenting opinions of the court. There you will find criticisms. They say that we passed an unconstitutional law; we deny it. The income tax law was not unconstitutional when it was passed; it was not unconstitutional when it went before the Supreme Court for the first time; it did not become unconstitutional until one of the judges changed his mind, and we cannot be expected to know when a judge will change his mind. The income tax is just. It simply intends to put the burdens of government

justly upon the backs of the people. I am in favor of an income tax. When I find a man who is not willing to bear his share of the burdens of the government which protects him, I find a man who is unworthy to enjoy the blessings of a government like ours.

They say that we are opposing national bank currency; it is true. If you will read what Thomas Benton said, you will find he said that, in searching history, he could find but one parallel to Andrew Jackson; that was Cicero, who destroyed the conspiracy of Catiline and saved Rome. Benton said that Cicero only did for Rome what Jackson did for us when he destroyed the bank conspiracy and saved America. We say in our platform that we believe that the right to coin and issue money is a function of government. We believe it. We believe that it is a part of sovereignty, and can no more with safety be delegated to private individuals than we could afford to delegate to private individuals the power to make penal statutes or levy taxes. Mr. Jefferson, who was once regarded as good Democratic authority, seems to have differed in opinion from the gentleman who has addressed us on the part of the minority. Those who are opposed to this proposition tell us that the issue of paper money is a function of the bank, and that the government ought to go out of the banking business. I stand with Jefferson rather than with them, and tell them, as he did, that the issue of money is a function of government, and that the banks ought to go out of the governing business.

They complain about the plank which declares against life tenure in office. They have tried to strain it to mean that which it does not mean. What we

oppose by that plank is the life tenure which is being built up in Washington, and which excludes from participation in official benefits the humbler members of society.

Let me call your attention to two or three important things. The gentleman from New York says that he will propose an amendment to the platform providing that the proposed change in our monetary system shall not affect contracts already made. Let me remind you that there is no intention of affecting those contracts which, according to present laws, are made payable in gold; but if he means to say that we cannot change our monetary system without protecting those who have loaned money before the change was made, I desire to ask him where, in law or in morals, he can find justification for not protecting the debtors when the act of 1873 was passed, if he now insists that we must protect the creditors.

He says he will also propose an amendment which will provide for the suspension of free coinage if we fail to maintain the parity within a year. We reply that when we advocate a policy which we believe will be successful, we are not compelled to raise a doubt as to our own sincerity by suggesting that we shall do if we fail. I ask him, if he would apply his logic to us, why he does not apply it to himself. He says he wants this country to try to secure an international agreement. Why does he not tell us what he is going to do if he fails to secure an international agreement? There is more reason for him to do that than there is for us to provide against the failure to maintain the parity. Our opponents have tried for twenty years to

secure an international agreement, and those are waiting for it most patiently who do not want it at all.

And now, my friends, let me come to the paramount issue. If they ask us why it is that we say more on the money question than we say upon the tariff question, I reply that, if protection has slain its thousands, the gold standard has slain its tens of thousands. If they ask us why we do not embody in our platform all the things that we believe in, we reply that when we have restored the money of the Constitution all other necessary reforms will be possible; but that until this is done there is no other reform that can be accomplished.

Why is it that within three months such a change has come over the country? Three months ago when it was confidently asserted that those who believe in the gold standard would frame our platform and nominate our candidates, even the advocates of the gold standard did not think that we could elect a President. And they had good reason for their doubt, because there is scarcely a State here to-day asking for the gold standard which is not in the absolute control of the Republican party. But note the change. Mr. McKinley was nominated at St. Louis upon a platform which declared for the maintenance of the gold standard until it can be changed into bimetallism by international agreement. Mr. McKinley was the most popular man among the Republicans, and three months ago everybody in the Republican party prophesied his election. How is it to-day? Why, the man who was once pleased to think that he looked like Napoleon—that man shudders to-day when he remembers that he was

nominated on the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo. Not only that, but as he listens he can hear with ever-increasing distinctness the sound of the waves as they beat upon the lonely shores of St. Helena.

Why this change? Ah, my friends, is not the reason for the change evident to any one who will look at the matter? No private character, however pure, no personal popularity, however great, can protect from the avenging wrath of an indignant people a man who will declare that he is in favor of fastening the gold standard upon this country, or who is willing to surrender the right of self-government and place the legislative control of our affairs in the hands of foreign potentates and powers.

We go forth confident that we shall win. Why? Because upon the paramount issue of this campaign there is not a spot of ground upon which the enemy will dare to challenge battle. If they tell us that the gold standard is a good thing, we shall point to their platform and tell them that their platform pledges the party to get rid of the gold standard and substitute bimetallism. If the gold standard is a good thing, why try to get rid of it? I call your attention to the fact that some of the very people who are in this Convention today and who tell us that we ought to declare in favor of international bimetallism—thereby declaring that the gold standard is wrong and that the principle of bimetallism is better—these very people four months ago were open and avowed advocates of the gold standard, and were then telling us that we could not legislate two metals together, even with the aid of all the world. If the gold standard is a good thing, we ought

to declare in favor of its retention and not in favor of abandoning it; and if the gold standard is a bad thing why should we wait until other nations are willing to help us to let go? Here is the line of battle, and we care not upon which issue they force the fight; we are prepared to meet them on either issue or on both. If they tell us that the gold standard is the standard of civilization, we reply to them that this, the most enlightened of all the nations of the earth, has never declared for a gold standard and that both the great parties this year are declaring against it. If the gold standard is the standard of civilization, why, my friends, should we not have it? If they come to meet us on that issue we can present the history of our nation. More than that; we can tell them that they will search the pages of history in vain to find a single instance where the common people of any land have ever declared themselves in favor of the gold standard. They can find where the holders of fixed investments have declared for a gold standard, but not where the masses have. Mr. Carlisle said in 1878 that this was a struggle between "the idle holders of idle capital" and "the struggling masses, who produce the wealth and pay the taxes of the country"; and, my friends, the question we are to decide is: Upon which side will the Democratic party fight; upon the side of "the idle holders of idle capital" or upon the side of "the struggling masses"? That is the question which the party must answer first, and then it must be answered by each individual hereafter. The sympathies of the Democratic party, as shown by the platform, are on the side of the struggling masses who have ever been the

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN.

foundation of the Democratic party. There are two ideas of government. There are those who believe that, if you will only legislate to make the well-to-do prosperous, their prosperity will leak through on those below. The Democratic idea, however, has been that if you legislate to make the masses prosperous, their prosperity will find its way up through every class which rests upon them.

You come to us and tell us that the great cities are in favor of the gold standard; we reply that the great cities rest upon our broad and fertile prairies. Burn down your cities and leave our farms, and your cities will spring up again as if by magic; but destroy our farms and the grass will grow in the streets of every city in the country.

My friends, we declare that this nation is able to legislate for its own people on every question, without waiting for the aid or consent of any other nation on earth; and upon that issue we expect to carry every State in the Union. I shall not slander the inhabitants of the fair State of Massachusetts nor the inhabitants of the State of New York by saying that, when they are confronted with the proposition, they will declare that this nation is not able to attend to its own business. It is the issue of 1776 over again. Our ancestors, when but three millions in number, had the courage to declare their political independence of every other nation; shall we, their descendants, when we have grown to seventy millions, declare that we are less independent than our forefathers?

No, my friends, that will never be the verdict of our people. Therefore, we care not upon what lines the

battle is fought. If they say bimetallism is good, but that we cannot have it until other nations help us, we reply that, instead of having a gold standard because England has, we will restore bimetallism, and then let England have bimetallism because the United States has it. If they dare to come out in the open field and defend the gold standard as a good thing, we will fight them to the uttermost. Having behind us the producing masses of this nation and the world, supported by the commercial interests, the laboring interests and the toilers everywhere, we will answer their demand for a gold standard by saying to them: You shall not press down upon the brow of labor this crown of thorns, you shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold.

Cockran, William Bourke, an American political orator, born in County Sligo, Ireland, February 28, 1854. He came to the United States in 1871, and after a few years passed in teaching school, studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1876. Having settled in New York City he soon became prominent in politics, and in several political conventions distinguished himself as an orator. He sat in Congress as a Representative, 1887-88. He returned to Congress in 1890 for two terms, and in many political speeches during the campaign of 1896 ardently supported the gold standard, in this matter opposing the majority of the Democratic party. He has still more recently been conspicuous as an anti-imperialist. He is one of the most eloquent of recent orators and always commands the entire attention of his hearers.

REPLY TO WILLIAM J. BYRAN.

FROM SPEECH DELIVERED AT THE MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, NEW YORK, AUGUST 18, 1896.

I WILL venture to say here now that if the face of Providence should be averted from this land and such a calamity as Mr Bryan's election were permitted to overtake it, the man who would suffer most by that event would be the false prophet, who, having torn down the temple of credit and of industry, would himself be torn to pieces by a people whose prosperity he had ruined.

But let us follow Mr. Bryan's argument a little. Let us see what he means to do, according to the light which he himself has kindled for us.

We see that he can't enrich one man without im-

poverishing another. Government never can be generous and just, at the same time, because if it be generous to one it must be oppressive to another. Mr. Bryan does not pretend that by any power given him from heaven he can find anything of value on the surface of this earth that is without an owner, and therefore he can't honestly bestow it upon a favorite. But his financial scheme contemplates an increase in the price of certain commodities. (Cry of "Except gold.") I don't think that anything Mr. Bryan can do with reference to gold will ever affect it.

But, my friends, we are coming now pretty close to the woodpile behind which the traditional African is concealed; we are approaching the very crux of this discussion. Mr. Bryan proposes to increase the price of commodities. If he means anything, he means that, although I am not sure that he means anything. Now, if everything in the world or in this country, including labor, be increased in value to-morrow in like proportion, not one of us would be affected in any degree. If that were the whole of Mr. Bryan's scheme, he would never have received a Populist nomination to give him importance in the eyes of the community. If that were all that the Chicago platform meant, he would not be supporting it, and I would not be taking the trouble to oppose it. If everything in the world were increased ten per cent. in value, why we should pay ten per cent. more for what we should buy, and get ten per cent. more for what we should sell, and we would all be in the same place which we occupy now.

It is fair to assume that such a lame and impotent

conclusion is not the object which this revolutionary movement contemplates.

What, then, is the object of those whom Mr. Bryan leads? It is to increase the price of commodities and allow labor to shift for itself. If the price of commodities be increased and the price of labor left stationary, it must be plain to the most limited intelligence that a reduction in the rate of wages is accomplished. If, instead of a dollar which is equal to one hundred cents, with the purchasing power of one hundred cents anywhere in the world, the laborer is to be paid in dollars worth fifty cents each, he can only buy half as much with a day's wages as he can buy now, and the rate of his wages would be diminished one-half. If the value of this Populist scheme is to be tested for himself by any laboring man in this country, let him ask Mr. Bryan and his Populist friends the simple, common, everyday question, "In your scheme of beneficence where do I come in?" Mr. Bryan himself has a glimmering idea of where the laborer will come in, or, rather, of where he will be left out.

There is one paragraph in his speech of acceptance, which, whether it was the result of an unconscious stumbling into candor, or whether it was a contribution to truth exacted by logic in the stress of discussion, I am unable to say. But it sheds a flood of light upon the whole purpose underlying this Populist agitation.

"Wage earners," Mr. Bryan says, "know that while a gold standard raises the purchasing power of the dollar, it also makes it more difficult to obtain

possession of the dollar; they know that employment is less permanent, loss of work more probable and re-employment less certain."

This clearly is a statement that a cheaper dollar would give the laborer steadier employment and a better chance to get re-employment after he had been discharged. Now, if that means anything to a sane man, it means that if the laborer is willing to have his wages reduced he will get more work.

This statement is not original with Mr. Bryan. There never was an employer of labor who meant to make a cut in wages that did not say the same thing. I have never yet heard of anybody who attempted to cut down the rate of wages, and who told his men that he did it because he liked to do it. On the contrary, such an employer would tell his men: "If you do not submit to such a cut in wages, I cannot employ you more than half the time," and Mr. Bryan says exactly the same thing when he proposes that the laboring masses of this community accept their wage in a dollar of reduced purchasing power, so that employment will become more certain and the chance of re-employment more frequent. If it were true that a reduction in the rate of wages would increase the chances of employment, I would not blame Mr. Bryan for telling the truth, because, however unpalatable the truth may be, I believe that any man who assumes to address his fellow citizens should never shrink from stating the whole truth, no matter what may be the consequences to himself.

But, as a matter of fact, a diminution in the rate

of wages does not indicate an increase but a decrease in the field of employment. If this audience has done me the honor to follow me while I explained the principle on which wages were fixed, it must be clear that the more abundant the product, the higher the wages. You cannot have high wages unless there is an extensive production in every department of industry, and that is why I claim that the rate of wages is the one infallible test of a country's condition. An abundant production of commodities is obviously impossible unless labor be widely employed, and an active demand for labor necessarily involves a high rate of wages. High wages, then, is the necessary fruit of abundant production, and abundance necessarily means prosperity. Mr. Bryan, on the other hand, would have you believe that prosperity is advanced by cheapening the rate of wages. But a fall in the rate of wages always comes from a restricted production, because a reduction in the volume of products necessarily causes a narrower demand for labor. When, after the panic of 1873, the price of labor fell to ninety cents, it was harder to obtain employment than when the rate of wages was two dollars a day.

The difference between the Populist who seeks to cut down the rate of wages and the Democrat who seeks to maintain it is, that the Democrat believes that high wages and prosperity are inseparable and interdependent, while the Populist thinks lower wages would diminish the cost of agricultural production, and he thinks he can carry this election by tempting the farmer to make war upon his own workingmen.

Well, but the Populist tells us, and Mr. Bryan leads

the van in saying, that the creditor is a public enemy who should be deprived of the rights which he now enjoys under the laws of this country. Mr. Bryan says there will be two kinds of metallic money in existence when his system of coinage shall have been established, and if there be a difference of value between them he argues that the debtor should have the option as to the metal in which he should pay his debt; that is to say, he should be permitted by the law to commit an act of dishonesty. In order that you should understand just how a change in the standard of value would enable men to cheat each other you must consider the function which money plays in measuring debts. If I had paid ten dollars for ten yards of cloth, to be delivered to me next week, and in the interim the government should pass a law declaring that hereafter the yard measure should consist of eighteen inches and that all existing contracts should be settled by the new standard of measure, I would be cheated out of half the cloth for which I had paid. If, on the other hand, I owed a cloth merchant ten dollars for ten yards which he had delivered to me, and before the date at which my debt became payable the government should change the standard of value and cut down the unit of coinage one-half, then I would settle that debt with the equivalent of five dollars as they now exist, and the cloth merchant would have been cheated out of the half of his just due. That is just what the Populist programme proposes to do, and the important question that arises to the workman in this country is, who are the creditors and who are the debtors in this land?

Now, the Populist loves to say that the creditor is a person who oppresses the Western farmer. He invariably paints him as loud of dress, gaudy of ornament, coarse of features, with a cruel expression on his face, vicious in morals and hateful in appearance. He always declares that the money lender and the creditor are synonymous expressions, but as a matter of fact the creditors of this country are not the bankers; they are not the so-called capitalists; they are the laborers, and if the creditor is to be cheated by the reduction in the value of the dollar it is at the expense of labor that change must be made. During a discussion in the House of Representatives I advanced the proposition that a banker, in the nature of things, was not a creditor but a debtor, when I was interrupted by Mr. Bryan, who put to me a question which contains exactly the same statement concerning banks as that which he made here in his speech a week ago. I will read it to you:

"I would like to ask the gentleman," he says, "whether it is not true that every solvent bank has for every dollar that it owes, either somebody's note or the money in the vault and its own capital besides?"

Now, my answer to that I can give here. "The loans and reserves of a solvent bank, taken together, must exceed its liabilities; the excess represents its capital and profit; but as between their debts and their credits, all banks are debtors," which, my friends, will be apparent to you in a moment, if you will consider that a bank cannot loan all its deposits at interest, but must keep twenty-five per cent. of them in reserve.

The very business of banking is the business of being in debt. It is the business of dealing with other people's money, and of course the money that a bank deals with is the money which it owes to its depositors.

But the laborer is always a creditor for at least one day's work. When any man can show me a laborer who has been paid in advance for a day's work, I will acknowledge the existence of a laborer who is a debtor. But every laborer that I have known in my experience, every laborer of whom I have ever heard in my examination of the conditions of men, must, by the very law of his being, be a creditor for at least one day's work, and he is generally a creditor for a week's, or two weeks' work. Every great industrial enterprise has for its chief creditors its own laborers. The heaviest account in every department of industry, whatever it may be, is always the wage account.

The influence which maintains in active operation the whole scheme of civilization is the confidence men have in each other—confidence in their honesty, confidence in their integrity, confidence in their industry, confidence in their success. It has been said that if we adopt a silver coinage, we still would have the same soil, the same mines, the same natural resources. And it is true, but the same rivers which flow past our cities, turning the wheels of industry as they pass, flowed in the same channels four hundred years ago; the same mountains were piled full of mineral treasures; the same atmosphere enwrapped this continent; the same soil covered the fields; the same sun shone in the heavens; yet no sound then broke the silence of desolation except the savage pursuing the pathway of

war through sombre forests, and the rivers bore no sign of life except the Indian in his canoe, bent on bloodshed and destruction. The Indian could not avail himself of the bounties of nature, because he was a savage incapable of joining in that general industrial co-operation by which men aid each other in taking from the bosom of the earth the property which makes life bearable; the protection of which leads to the establishment of war, and makes civilization possible. Anything which attacks that basis of human confidence is a crime against civilization and a blow against the foundations of social order.

Now, the underlying trouble with all Populists is that they have a fundamental misconception of the principles on which civilized society is constructed. All through Mr. Bryan's speech, all through Mr. Tillman's utterances in the Convention, we find the argument proceeds upon the theory that the interests of men are irreconcilably hostile to each other; that the condition of life is one of contest, cruel, ceaseless, merciless. At Chicago, Mr. Bryan declared:

"When you come before us and tell us that we shall disturb your business interests, we reply that you have disturbed our business interests. We have petitioned, and our petitions have been scorned. We have entreated, and our entreaties have been disregarded. We have begged, and they have mocked, and our calamity came. We beg no longer; we entreat no more; we petition no more. We defy them!"

(A voice, "He was right.")

He was, my friend, he was quite right. When a

man is bereft of all sense, he has an irresistible tendency to defy those who possess any. In a convention of extremists the most extreme will always be selected for a leader. Your own prospects are not bad.

I merely desire to call the attention of this gathering to the character of the speech which won for Mr. Bryan the nomination that makes him conspicuous; to the underlying spirit which pervades it, and then to ask the workingman of this country, to ask the citizens of this Nation, if the government should be trusted to the hands of men whose conception of civilized society is one of warfare and of strife?

We believe the very essence of civilization is mutual interest, mutual forbearance, mutual co-operation. We believe the world has made great strides in the pathway of progress since the time when men's hands were at one another's throats. We believe to-day that civilized men wherever they may be, at whatever tasks they may labor, are working together for a common purpose beneficial to all; and we believe that this attempt to arbitrarily reduce wages in this country, which means an attempt to attack the prosperity of all, will be resisted not by a class, but by the whole Nation. What labor has gained, that it shall keep. The rate of wages that is paid to it to-day is the lowest rate the intelligent laborers of this country will ever willingly accept. We look forward to a further and a further increase in the prosperity of workingmen, not merely by an increase in the rate of wages, but by a further increase in the purchasing power of wages. Men who tell us that the farmer suffers because the prices of farm products have fallen while the

cost of labor has risen, forget that the efficiency of labor has increased and the cost of production has been reduced through the aid of machinery, even though the wages of the individual laborer may have risen.

While wages remain at their present rate I hope there will be a further and continued decrease in the cost of living. There is no way in which I can be admitted to a share of God's bounty except through a fall in the necessaries of life. While we preserve in existence that system of mutual co-operation which is but another name for civilized society, all men must share in all the favors which Providence showers upon the earth. The dweller in the tenement-house, stooping over a bench at which he toils through all the hours of the day, who never sees a field of waving corn, who never inhales the breezes which sweep over meadows laden with the perfume of grasses and flowers, is yet made a participator in the benefits which flow from the growing fertility of the soil, the purifying influence of the atmosphere, the ripening rays of the sun, when the necessaries of life are cheapened to him by an abundant harvest.

It is from his share in this bounty that the Populist wants to exclude the American workingman by increasing the prices of bread and meat without any corresponding increase in the rate of wages. To him we say, in the name of humanity, in the name of progress, in the name of civilization, "You shall neither place a crown of thorns upon the brow of labor nor lay a scourge upon his back. You shall not rob him of any one advantage which he has gained by long years of steady progress in the skill with which he

exercises his craft and by efficient organization among those who work with him at the same bench. You shall not obscure the golden prospect of a further improvement in his condition by a further cheapening in the cost of living, as well as by a further appreciation of the dollar in which his wages are paid." The man who raises his hand against the progress of the workingman raises his hand against prosperity. He seeks to restrict the volume of production. He seeks to degrade the condition of the man who in his own improvement is accomplishing an improvement in the condition of all mankind.

This wild attempt to divide the industrious people of this country into classes hostile to each other will fail. I do not regret this campaign. I am glad this issue has arisen. The time has come when the citizens of this country will show their capacity for self-government so that no man will again venture to challenge it. By defeating with crushing majorities the forces of disorder, they will prove that the men who have led the world in the pathway of progress will always be the vigilant guardians of liberty and order. They will not be seduced from honor by appeals to their cupidity or swerved from duty by threats of injury. They will forever jealously guard and trim the lamp of Freedom. They will ever rentlessly extinguish under their heels the red torch of Populist destruction.

When this tide of agitation shall have receded, when this Populist assault upon common honesty and upon industry shall have been repelled, the foundations of this republic will remain undisturbed; this government will stand; still sheltering a people indissolubly wedded

to freedom and law, sternly forbidding any distinction of burden or of privilege; conserving property, maintaining morality; resting forever upon the broad basis of American patriotism, American virtue, and American intelligence.

Cleveland, Grover, a distinguished American statesman, twenty-third President of the United States, born at Caldwell, N. J., March 18, 1837. After obtaining a common school education he studied law, was admitted to the bar in 1859, and established himself in practice in Buffalo. N. Y. He was assistant district attorney of Erie Co., 1863-66, and somewhat later was chosen sheriff of that county. In 1881 he was elected mayor of Buffalo, and the next year was elected governor of New York by a large Democratic majority. He was elected President of the United States in 1884 after an exciting political contest, and although defeated in the presidential election of 1888, was successful in 1892. Since the expiration of his second term as Chief Magistrate he has lived in retirement at Princeton, New Jersey. He is a dignified, though not a notably eloquent public speaker, and his addresses are characterized by thorough good sense and a perfect apprehension of the matter in hand. The eulogy which he delivered upon President McKinley is fairly characteristic of his style.

FIRST INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

DELIVERED MARCH 4, 1885.

Fellow Citizens:

In the presence of this vast assemblage of my countrymen, I am about to supplement and seal by the oath which I shall take the manifestation of the will of a great and free people. In the exercise of their power and right of self-government they have committed to one of their fellow citizens a supreme and sacred trust, and he here consecrates himself to their service.

This impressive ceremony adds little to the solemn sense of responsibility with which I contemplate the

duty I owe to all the people of the land. Nothing can relieve me from anxiety lest by any act of mine their interests may suffer, and nothing is needed to strengthen my resolution to engage every faculty and effort in the promotion of their welfare.

Amid the din of party strife the people's choice was made, but its attendant circumstances have demonstrated anew the strength and safety of a government by the people. In each succeeding year it more clearly appears that our democratic principle needs no apology, and that in its fearless and faithful application is to be found the surest guarantee of good government.

But the best results in the operation of a government wherein every citizen has a share largely depend upon a proper limitation of purely partisan zeal and effort and a correct appreciation of the time when the heat of the partisan should be merged in the patriotism of the citizen. To-day the executive branch of the government is transferred to new keeping. But this is still the government of all the people, and it should be none the less an object of their affectionate solicitude. At this hour the animosities of political strife, the bitterness of partisan defeat, and the exultation of partisan triumph, should be supplanted by an ungrudging acquiescence in the popular will, and a sober, conscientious concern for the general weal. Moreover, if from this hour we cheerfully and honestly abandon all sectional prejudice and distrust, and determine, with manly confidence in one another, to work out harmoniously the achievement of our national destiny, we shall deserve to realize all the benefits which our happy form of government can bestow.

On this auspicious occasion we may well renew the pledge of our devotion to the Constitution, which, launched by the founders of the Republic and consecrated by their prayers and patriotic devotion, has for almost a century borne the hopes and the aspirations of a great people through prosperity and peace and through the shock of foreign conflicts and the perils of domestic strife and vicissitudes.

By the Father of his Country our Constitution was commended for adoption as "the result of a spirit of amity and mutual concession." In that same spirit it should be administered, in order to promote the lasting welfare of the country and to secure the full measure of its priceless benefits to us and to those who will succeed to the blessings of our national life. The large variety of diverse and competing interests subject to Federal control, persistently seeking the recognition of their claims, need give us no fear that "the greatest good to the greatest number" will fail to be accomplished if in the halls of national legislation that spirit of amity and mutual concession shall prevail in which the Constitution had its birth. If this involves the surrender or postponement of private interests and the abandonment of local advantages, compensation will be found in the assurance that the common interest is subserved and the general welfare advanced.

In the discharge of my official duty I shall endeavor to be guided by a just and unstrained construction of the Constitution, a careful observance of the distinction between the powers granted to the Federal Government and those reserved to the States or to the people, and by a cautious appreciation of those func-

tions which by the Constitution and laws have been especially assigned to the executive branch of the government.

But he who takes the oath to-day to preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States only assumes the solemn obligation which every patriotic citizen—on the farm, in the workshop, in the busy marts of trade, and everywhere—should share with him. The Constitution which prescribes his oath, my countrymen, is yours; the government you have chosen him to administer for a time is yours; the suffrage which executes the will of freemen is yours; the laws and the entire scheme of our civil rule, from the town meeting to the State capitals and the national capital, is yours. Your every voter, as surely as your Chief Magistrate, under the same high sanction, though in a different sphere, exercises a public trust. Nor is this all. Every citizen owes to the country a vigilant watch and close scrutiny of its public servants and a fair and reasonable estimate of their fidelity and usefulness. Thus is the people's will impressed upon the whole framework of our civil polity—municipal, State, and Federal; and this is the price of our liberty and the inspiration of our faith in the Republic.

It is the duty of those serving the people in public place to closely limit public expenditures to the actual needs of the government economically administered, because this bounds the right of the government to exact tribute from the earnings of labor or the property of the citizen, and because public extravagance begets extravagance among the people. We should never be ashamed of the simplicity and prudential

economies which are best suited to the operation of a republican form of government and most compatible with the mission of the American people. Those who are selected for a limited time to manage public affairs are still of the people, and may do much by their example to encourage, consistently with the dignity of their official functions, that plain way of life which among their fellow citizens aids integrity and promotes thrift and prosperity.

The genius of our institutions, the needs of our people in their home life, and the attention which is demanded for the settlement and development of the resources of our vast territory, dictate the scrupulous avoidance of any departure from that foreign policy commended by the history, the traditions, and the prosperity of our Republic. It is the policy of independence, favored by our position and defended by our known love of justice and by our own power. It is the policy of peace suitable to our interests. It is the policy of neutrality, rejecting any share in foreign broils and ambitions upon other continents and repelling their intrusion here. It is the policy of Monroe, and of Washington, and of Jefferson—"Peace, commerce, and honest friendship with all nations; entangling alliance with none.

A due regard for the interests and prosperity of all the people demands that our finances shall be established upon such a sound and sensible basis as shall secure the safety and confidence of business interests and make the wages of labor sure and steady, and that our system of revenue shall be so adjusted as to relieve the people of unnecessary taxation, having a due

regard to the interests of capital invested and workingmen employed in American industries, and preventing the accumulation of a surplus in the Treasury to tempt extravagance and waste.

Care for the property of the nation and for the needs of future settlers requires that the public domain should be protected from purloining schemes and unlawful occupation.

The conscience of the people demands that the Indians within our boundaries shall be fairly and honestly treated as wards of the government, and their education and civilization promoted with a view to their ultimate citizenship, and that polygamy in the Territories, destructive of the family relation and offensive to the moral sense of the civilized world, shall be repressed.

The laws should be rigidly enforced which prohibit the immigration of a servile class to compete with American labor, with no intention of acquiring citizenship, and bringing with them and retaining habits and customs repugnant to our civilization.

The people demand reform in the administration of the Government and the application of business principles to public affairs. As a means to this end, civil service reform should be in good faith enforced. Our citizens have the right to protection from the incompetency of public employees who hold their places solely as the reward of partisan service, and from the corrupting influence of those who promise and the vicious methods of those who expect such rewards; and those who worthily seek public employment have the right to insist that merit and competency shall be recognized

instead of party subserviency or the surrender of honest political belief.

In the administration of a government pledged to do equal and exact justice to all men, there should be no pretext for anxiety touching the protection of the freedmen in their rights or their security in the enjoyment of their privileges under the Constitution and its amendments. All discussion as to their fitness for the place accorded to them as American citizens is idle and unprofitable except as it suggests the necessity for their improvement. The fact that they are citizens entitles them to all the rights due to that relation and charges them with all its duties, obligations, and responsibilities.

These topics and the constant and ever-varying wants of an active and enterprising population may well receive the attention and the patriotic endeavor of all who make and execute the Federal law. Our duties are practical and call for industrious application, an intelligent perception of the claims of public office, and, above all, a firm determination, by united action, to secure to all the people of the land the full benefits of the best form of government ever vouchsafed to man. And let us not trust to human effort alone, but humbly acknowledging the power and goodness of Almighty God, who presides over the destiny of nations and who has at all times been revealed in our country's history, let us invoke his aid and his blessing upon our labors.

Hanna, Marcus A., an American politician of prominence, born at New Lisbon, Ohio, September 24, 1837. He received a college education, and entering a wholesale grocery establishment in Cleveland soon became a partner in the firm. His business ability quickly brought him prosperity and wealth, and he has held such positions of trust as those of director in the Globe Ship Manufacturing Company, president of the Union National Bank, of the Cleveland City Railway Company, of the Chapin Mining Company, and the headship of an immense coal business. He has taken an ardent interest in politics and controlled the campaign securing the election of President McKinley in 1896. He has, however, made but few public addresses.

PROMOTION OF COMMERCE AND INCREASE OF TRADE.

[Delivered in the United States Senate, December 13, 1900, the Senate having under consideration the bill to promote the commerce and increase the foreign trade of the United States and to provide auxiliary cruisers, transports, and seamen for government use when necessary.]

Mr. President,—The time has not faded out of the memory of members in this chamber when, during our war with Spain, the people of the Atlantic coast were shivering with terror and appealing to the departments of this government for coast protection against the invasion of the Spanish navy and those unknown but much-dreaded torpedo-boat destroyers. Everyone who was here and conversant with affairs during that time knows that from the northern coast of Maine to the coast of Florida there was one uninterrupted demand upon the War Department for coast-protecting

guns. Every one of our large commercial cities upon the Atlantic coast thought it needed more and immediate defence for life and property.

But, Mr President, when it was known that those four ships of the American Line which had been chartered by the Navy Department, manned by their own crews, every man of whom had taken the oath of allegiance to the cause for which they proposed to fight, I say when it became known that those four swift steamers were on the picket line on the ocean, steamers that could show their heels to any man-of-war in the Spanish navy, ready to transmit to our fleet of war ships any plans or information on the part of the supposed invaders, there was a feeling of confidence, of complete confidence, of safety, that if you would descend to measure it by a money value would be worth more than the whole subsidy proposed in this bill.

I say, Mr. President, that when we attempt to combat prejudice which is used against an enterprise that induces our people to go so far in that direction of sentiment, if you please to call it, as did those who built and who run those ships, we have got to appeal to the people of the country and go behind those missionaries of foreign shipowners who come to educate Congress.

There is no one thing in the building up of our great navy that is more important as an auxiliary than to have a merchant marine of vessels of modern type, of sufficient speed and strength, built under this bill, which are made under the law a part of the United States navy whenever the Secretary, in his judgment, sees fit to call them into action.

It is a well-known fact that at the beginning of the

Spanish war, while we had a navy equal, even surpassing that of our adversary, we had no ships except those of the American Line that could be used as pickets. We had not enough ships to transport our men to Cuba or Porto Rico. We were obliged to avail ourselves of nearly every vessel plying in the coastwise trade, and we bought hundreds of tons of vessel-room from foreigners. And we paid any price for it in the emergency. I cannot impress too strongly that feature of this bill upon those who were called upon to legislate on that question. Even putting aside the feeling of pride and patriotism which should be a part of it, as a purely business proposition, I say, Mr. President, that it is a mistaken policy not to have at the service of our government these auxiliary cruisers. . . .

If I made my statement too sweeping with reference to the auxiliary cruisers, I will qualify it. I was simply speaking of that section of the bill which put the obligation upon certain vessels built under the provisions of the bill in the hands of the Secretary of the Navy. All ships built under the bill are to receive a subsidy in proportion to the speed and carrying capacity of the ship. But such vessels, when requisitioned by the government, of course cease from that moment to receive subsidy, and so long as they are subject to the control of the government they receive no subsidy. That, Mr. President, is a feature of this bill which I do not believe is fully understood in this country.

I have noticed many newspaper comments and criticisms upon this measure, nearly all tending to the one point—that this whole measure is intended to be in the

interest of certain lines or certain kinds of steamships. I deny it. I deny it because in all the discussion that has taken place during the construction of this measure by the so-called Maritime Committee every kind of ship and every kind of trade was represented there.

No one man or no one agency had any more power in shaping the policy embodied in the bill there framed than any other. I speak for myself, and I know I reflect the sentiment of the Maritime Committee when I state as the sole purpose and object that we started upon the hypothesis that something must be done to build up our merchant marine if we were to have one, and, as I said in the beginning, the spirit of conciliation and compromise prevailed at every meeting that was held and every discussion that was had.

I claim that the men who have and who take the responsibility of this measure before the country are entitled to just as much consideration for honesty of purpose and ability to accomplish the result as the people who criticise the measure as a subsidy. It was intended that the very class of vessels specially mentioned by the senator from Georgia (Mr. Clay) as the most useful to this country should receive the first and the highest consideration at the hands of the committee. It is to the low-power ship, the economic ship, the ship that can bring to us the lowest prices of transportation, that the fullest consideration is given; and when it is said that all of the benefits of this provision will be given to lines already in operation, to the men already controlling certain lines and certain business facilities engaged in foreign trade, I say that it is not true.

Yet, as you go to put into successful operation the

provisions of the proposed law, where will you look for the accomplishment of its purposes, which is so earnestly desired, but to the men who have given their lifetime to the study and operation of each business which is peculiar unto itself? If we have a few ships engaged in foreign trade to-day, all the better. If we can induce the men who are conducting that business to build more ships, all the better; it accomplishes the result for which we are striving. If the upbuilding of the merchant marine of the United States depends upon the successful issue of the measure, it must be through the hands and under the administration of the men who know and thoroughly understand the business.

The question of the admission of foreign tonnage to American registry is troubling many, and it troubled me. I have always been opposed, as a matter of principle, to giving advantage to ships constructed abroad. I was inclined to take a narrow view of that proposition when I was first called into the councils of this committee; but there are none of us who know so much upon any subject that we cannot learn something, and I learned from those discussions that it was necessary to protect the property and the capital of American citizens who had invested their money in foreign-built ships, who in the conduct of their business found it absolutely necessary that they should have ships, and finding it impossible because of the higher cost to build those ships in the United States, in order to further their business interests, were obliged to invest their capital in foreign-built ships and operate them under a foreign flag.

In that way, owing to the rapid and continuous development of our export trade, in the growth of their business in connection with our affairs at home, and through energy and effort on their part, several important lines have been established and maintained fairly well against all competition. I speak now of foreign ships owned by American citizens and operated under a foreign flag. When it came to the consideration of this question in perfecting the measure which was to come before Congress and the people of the United States, it was very important that consideration should be given to everybody alike, and there was no attempt to do otherwise and no thought or desire to do otherwise.

We felt that it was our duty as much to those who had acquired interests in ships under a foreign flag, without any prospect of anything better, and in the protection and development of their own business interests had invested their capital in that direction, that the only men who are experienced and able to put into effective operation the provisions of this law, must receive just as much consideration as those representing any other interest; and they did, but under different conditions. That was a concession made, and entirely made, to that spirit which dominates the American people, that we shall first take care of ourselves when considering the question of competition.

The condition was made that for every ship owned by American capital and operated under a foreign flag, when their owners availed themselves of the provisions of this bill, the contract would not be complete until they had constructed in the shipyards of the United

States a tonnage equal to that coming under American registry. In that connection came the interest of the American shipbuilder.

Mr. President, one of the first objections that I met in the informal discussion of this bill among business men of my acquaintance in the East was that the measure was framed purely upon the plan of building our own tonnage, even although Congress might decide to give it exclusively to that class of vessels, owing to the fact that under the conditions which had existed in this country ever since the civil war the shipbuilding industry of this country had been confined entirely to the construction of coastwise and naval vessels. The shipbuilding industry of the United States has not been profitable since then, and capital has not sought that industry for investment.

What they wanted was immediate relief, the opportunity at this time, now, to take advantage of the conditions which seemed so favorable to make one more effort in this direction, and therefore the claim was that if you depend upon the limited capacity of the shipyards of the United States, already almost filled to overflowing in the construction of our magnificent navy, of which we are all so proud, before a merchant marine can be built which will be of any service or relief to the business of the country our competitors, with the full knowledge of our purpose and intent, will, as they have always done, be ready to meet us and circumvent us if possible.

I said a moment ago that every time the question of subsidizing American ships was even mentioned in the newspapers of the United States there came a re-

newed effort and a continuing effort for the upbuilding of English and German ships, even to the extent that a cerdit almost unheard of was offered by the shipbuilders in Europe, saying:

"We will build your ships; we will let you pay for them when you can; we will extend to you a rate of interest one-half what you would be obliged to pay in your own country; we will do anything, we will do everything, rather than have you invest your capital in ships built in the United States."

I say that the necessity for immediate relief in the direction which I have indicated was the one overpowering argument, because it appealed to my business sense as right, that if the government of the United States was willing to take the responsibility of expending the money of the people in this direction, every man who is called upon to cast his vote upon this legislation would want to feel that the result would justify that vote.

No one can be blamed for considering that feature of this case. Therefore I say it was an argument that appealed to the business sense of that committee, and I believe to a large proportion of the committee of the Senate, that, having by our action adopted that policy, we felt it was necessary that the results should justify the act, and that those results should come quickly. In other words, the benefit to those who would avail themselves of the privileges in their export trade—I mean the shippers—if they found that as a result of this measure they would soon have the opportunity to

ship their export goods in American bottoms and under the American flag, they would know further, and they would know it surely, too, that that would mean a competition which would result in lowering freights across the Atlantic and the Pacific.

In one of the many speeches made yesterday, although we are all well aware of the great development of our country, I must confess that I was almost astonished at the figures read by Governor Shaw, of Iowa, showing the development of this country during the last century, what tremendous strides we have made in our export trade, and showing, too, the extent of the undertaking, under the auspices of the United States government, in a measure which we are soon to consider, the Nicaragua Canal Bill, a sister interest in connection with our merchant marine.

In connection with that subject is to be considered the cost of transportation, which I quoted as a result of the development of the lake commerce in less than thirty years, where there has been a reduction from $3.50 a ton to 60 cents a ton on iron ore, standard rate. When Governor Shaw made the statement of the immense tonnage moved upon our railroads and the further statement that the cost of railroad transportation in this country was always less than one third that of Europe, quoting England and Germany, it only showed that this whole subject of transportation goes together, and the Nicaragua Canal and any other contributing cause that helps to cheapen transportation will be in the interest of the people of this country. But after we have built that canal and opened up that great highway to the com-

merce of the world, and we find ourselves confined utterly and absolutely to our coastwise trade, a trade which is forbidden to foreigners, how can we reconcile that as a public-spirited measure commensurate with a great country, starting now on the highway to a development and prosperity unequaled in the history of the world, unless we pass the pending bill?

Mr. President, to my mind there never was a plainer business, common-sense proposition to justify action on the part of this government to give such aid as is necessary to attract capital and lay the foundation for the building up of this great industry, than is offered by this bill.

Conditions in this country to-day differ widely from those of the time immediately following the civil war. I need not refer to those conditions, but steadily and sturdily have we been growing in importance in our commerce, in our industries, and in the development of our natural resources.

There is one feature of this question which I desire briefly to touch upon, and that is from the standpoint of the shipbuilder. The upbuilding of the merchant marine of this country means more than many can appreciate without a careful study of the situation. The privilege which we give to those American citizens who bring under our registry a foreign-built vessel, requiring that they must build a compensating tonnage in this country, will make a demand, without any doubt, in the next five years, for more capacity than we have shipyards in this country to supply.

Six hundred thousand tons—300,000 tons now in existence and 300,000 tons more to be newly built—

would be added to our merchant marine, because under the provisions of this bill it is intended—and rightly so—that the benefits shall not be confined to those who first avail themselves of this $9,000,000. Anybody and everybody can go on and build ships and then go to the Secretary of the Treasury and ask a contract under the same provisions, and when he has complied with the features of the law, given bond, and signed the contract, his ship can be registered for the foreign trade and begin earning the same proportionate amount of subsidy as that given to the ships which were built and in operation before the $9,000,000 was absorbed.

It was intended and it is expected that that provision of the bill as we grow in experience and ability, as we enlarge this sphere of industry, if it is found profitable, will attract idle capital not otherwise invested; and if it pays more than the normal rate of two or three per cent interest—which has come to be the rate on the best securities upon which money can be invested—then it will have served the purpose that is intended, to not confine the size of this merchant marine in tonnage or number within the limit of the $9,000,000—not that the $9,000,000 is to be increased; but that any man who builds a vessel after that amount has been absorbed can come under the provisions of the bill, and that the necessary percentage shall be taken from the others and given to him.

One word about our shipbuilding industry. I say, should this bill become a law, it will immediately affect that industry very perceptibly and very beneficially. What does that mean? Every ship that is built in a yard of the United States will be built wholly from

materials furnished in the United States, beginning with the iron ore in the ground. Every additional ton that is demanded for this new industry will be an addition to the demand for labor in this country.

It will take that many more men to mine that ore—and I speak now more particularly of ores from Lake Superior, which is the source of our main supply—to handle it on the railroads to the lake shipping points and then on vessels to the distributing points on the lower lake, then to furnish additional ships needed upon the lakes, additional men to man them, additional men to handle that ore upon the docks in its reshipment, additional men to aid the transportation to the point of manufacture, then through all the ramifications of that manufacture to bring that iron ore into a condition to go in to the ship and during the construction of that ship until she is slipped upon the waters and is a part of the merchant marine of the United States, thousands of men will find employment in an industry heretofore comparatively unknown to this country.

Mr. President, when we look at the rapid growth of the population of the United States, aided so largely, as it is, by immense immigration, over half a million of people coming to our shores every year from foreign countries, attracted here by the belief, in fact, by the certainty, that they can better their condition, and when we find in that connection that the production in the United States is one third larger than our consumption, we are met with a very serious proposition, a proposition which, from an economic standpoint

in connection with this interest and any other legislation, should command our most serious consideration.

I say our productive capacity is one third of our consumption. So, either one of two things must happen; we must either find a foreign market for that surplus or we must curtail the production one third. What does that mean? In the conditions existing to-day it would mean to throw out of employment thousands and thousands of our workingmen. Why, then, is it not better sense and better policy to study all the conditions from the American standpoint of bettering them for ourselves and bettering the conditions of the people who look to us?

It is just as much the duty of Congress to consider a question of that kind as it is for the manufacturer. When he finds his market will not consume his product he must consider what he had best do first to protect his own interest, which he does, and that of those who are dependent upon him; or, if he be public spirited and enough of the philanthropist, he would consider those interests mutually, and would study the subject in order to avail himself of every opportunity to discover some method, even at less profit to himself, to find a market for that surplus product.

There is no country on the face of this earth that is so richly endowed with mineral wealth as ours. There is no section of this country that has more undeveloped mineral wealth than the border States of the South.

The chairman of the Senate Committee on Commerce, in his remarks the other day, made a statement which has impressed me more than ever before, because I know it is true. He said we are on the eve

of a war, not of arms, but on the eve of a contest for commercial supremacy in the markets of the world; the result of recent changing conditions, which have opened the door, and will keep open the door of those great markets of the Orient, where every nation that has any industries to protect, that has any industries to develop, is availing itself of the fullest opportunity at its command.

Mr. President, we are always proud when we speak of the greatness of our country, either in peace or in war. We are always proud when we refer to our army and our navy and their achievements. We have been especially proud of the position we have attained as the result of our war with Spain. We are equally proud of the result of our diplomacy in the treatment of these great international questions which has placed the United States in the very firing line of nations—a world Power, prepared to meet any and every emergency which may confront us as a nation, whether placed in that position as a result of circumstances or by a higher will. We are proud to claim that with our civilization goes the progress of the world. We are proud to know that the nations of Europe, which have never looked upon this country as a world Power in their councils, now not only respect but, I may say, fear us.

Occupying that position, Mr. President, shall we shrink from responsibility in meeting all questions which may arise from every standpoint of reason and business policy? When we see this opportunity open to us to possess ourselves of our share of this foreign market—aye, of more than our share—shall we refuse

to avail ourselves of it? No, Mr. President; and when the American people start in that direction they generally get all they go for.

This country is endowed with the greatest natural mineral resources of any in the world. Already the markets are opening to her coal product. The senator from Georgia stated—and truthfully so—that the development of the manufacture of pig iron has grown enormously. That is true of those infant industries in the South, where thousands of spindles are singing, where thousands and hundreds of thousands of tons of coal are being taken from beneath the soil, where the materials for the manufacture of pig iron lie within the circumference of a few miles. The industry in northern Alabama and Tennessee has grown so rapidly that almost fifty per cent of its product is being exported to Europe.

Mr. President, the limit of that export to-day is reached by the inability to secure transportation upon the high seas. In order successfully to operate and carry out great industries of that kind, looking to a foreign market, it is not only important but absolutely necessary that the manufacturer shall know what it will cost to deliver the goods. He must know what it will cost every month of the twelve months of the year if he attempts to predicate his operations upon the demand and the business that he can build up in the foreign trade.

There are other conditions in the United States which contribute much to the situation and bring to us forcibly the fact mentioned by the senator from Maine [Mr. Frye], that we are now entering upon this

great commercial struggle, as I say, with equal advantage compared with any other nation, aye, a greater advantage in every direction save one, and that is the connecting link between the producer and the consumer —the ships to carry our exports to those foreign markets. We have none, comparatively. We are growing so rich as the result of our great natural wealth, enterprise, and industry that capital for investment is increasing every year.

Mr. President, the United States has changed its condition from a debtor to a creditor nation. We are not only loaning money to foreign countries, purchasing their bonds, but we are loaning to them millions of dollars which come to us as the balance of trade and which are left in their hands because there is greater renumeration abroad than at home. Is it not better for the American people that they shall invest that capital here in any of the variety of industries which will not only call capital into activity, but will furnish bread for thousands and thousands of men, women, and children who are a part of us, depending upon us, and who in all conditions must be considered?

The question of the employment of labor and the continuance of it is one that the American people must meet, and meet boldly; and any policy that will contribute to that end in any legitimate way should commend itself to those who are called upon to act in public stations. They should act from conviction in the interests of the whole people, and from nothing else.

I alluded to the development of the Southern States. The coal and iron industries in the South are yet in

their infancy. There are there wonderful deposits of both minerals awaiting development, and the people who control those industries have told me time and again that the one difficulty they meet with every year in building up the export trade is the lack of adequate and regular transportation. I have known, since this measure began to be discussed in Congress, within the last three years, of several enterprises which contemplated the organization and establishment of a line from Pensacola to South America and one from Norfolk to South America and another to a Mediterranean port, awaiting your decision upon this question.

That development will do more for the rapid consummation of the hopes of our friends in those States than anything else, because in connection with that comes further investment of capital in those industries, and the greater the facilities the better the opportunity to increase that trade, the greater the demand for more capital. What we want in this country is to continue in this development and in the growth of our material wealth, and then to find an opportunity for the application of it.

This question is broader than the lines of the bill can write it. It will be widespread in its benefits. It is not aimed at any class or any particular industry. It is one of those measures the influence of which will permeate every industry and every class in the length and breadth of the United States. When I am told that the people of the interior of this country are not interested in the shipping question—that the farmers take no interest in it—I say it is not true in fact.

I know that every man, no matter what his vocation

in life, is interested and will be benefitted, directly or indirectly, because you cannot create an industry like this, bringing about, as it must naturally, first the development of our raw materials and then a condition which ends with the construction of the ships, opening up the markets of the world, giving greater opportunities to our merchants and manufacturers, without benefitting every industry and every line of business.

I spoke of the amount of capital seeking investment at this time; and in connection with this commercial contest I wish to go a little further. We all know that England and Germany and Holland and France long ago established in the Orient depots for the distribution of their products. Of course we know also that long ago they provided transportation by the building up of their merchant marine. They have their banking facilities. They have their agents representing every manufactured product, and altogether that makes up the organization which is the machinery by which this business must be transacted.

Every time an American product is sent to those foreign markets, whether from the farm or the factory, the mine or the mill, it goes there subject to a condition which is a tax upon every turn it makes, whether in substance or the representative of it in value. In short, the English or German shipowner charges what he pleases for the freight, and when the vessel arrives at her destination those goods are put into consignment in the hands of an English or a German factor, and by him distributed to the consumer; and every time those goods are handled they pay tribute. When the owner of the goods receives his pay, he receives it through a

foreign banking house, which collects its tribute upon every dollar. So from a business standpoint we pay as tribute, for every particle of foreign trade that we now enjoy, a sum equivalent to a fair profit.

These conditions are changing and will change more. The growing wealth of this country will demand a change, because capital will unite with transportation and will supply the connecting link between the producer and the consumer. We will establish our own depots for the distribution of our products; we will establish our own banking houses for the conduct of our exchange, so that all the profit accruing which is now paid to the foreigner will go to the American manufacturer and business man.

Mr. President, that proposition is so clear, and this opportunity is so great, I wonder that any man can hesitate to seize upon the advantage which we now have at this critical time, when we are considering our future commerce and the disposition of the great surplus of our farms and our manufacturing institutions every year. The laws of commerce are as infallible as the laws of nature. If we do not travel along the lines that experience and time have proved to be necessary to commercial development, taking immediate advantage of every opportunity offered, we must gradually fall behind again, and we shall.

When I say that a measure of this kind is in the interest of the whole people of this country, I mean it. The farmer who wants to dispose of the products of the soil, who can raise more wheat, or corn, or oats, or other products that can be sold in this country, complains that the markets of Liverpool fix the price upon

his commodity. If that be so, then why not look elsewhere for wider markets. Why not take advantage of the situation in the East.

I predict—and I do it because I believe it—that, should this bill become a law, inside of ten years there will scarcely be a bushel of wheat shipped from the Pacific coast to Europe if we avail ourselves of our opportunity, and find a way to put under our control the transportation of those products in connection with the great transportation system of the United States, which has been made a successful study until, as Governor Shaw told us yesterday, we have reduced the cost to one third of that paid by any other country. This is a part of it, and a very important part of it just now, because if we do not avail ourselves of this situation other countries will, and they are preparing now to do it.

There is a strange contradiction of interests that has crept into this matter since I have paid attention to it recently. I find that people in Boston and people in New York, engaged in the same business—what I would call a commission business—exporting, and otherwise, and who have built up a great business at each of those points, at this late day are bringing to our attention, in the way of an argument against this measure, the fact that it is detrimental to those interests.

The argument has been made to me personally, and, I presume, to many others of my colleagues, that if this measure should become a law it would greatly injure if not destroy that line of business, provided we open the door to the register of foreign vessels. On the other hand, the other house engaged in the same line

of business in Boston complains that if we do not open it wider it will ruin its business. In other words, in the first instance the admission of foreign tonnage to American register will put into operation under this bill lines of steamships that will control certain business.

Take, for example, the South American trade or the Australian trade:—

It is claimed that if a regular line is formed between New York and Brazil or the Argentine, which would supply the needs of that trade regularly, in a short time it would become a monopoly, controlling the trade, and would put freight at an abnormally high price. It is claimed that that would be the result of admitting foreign ships. There is no objection on the part of those people to a subsidy being paid to American vessels. On the other hand, the Boston party contends that unless the door is opened wide enough in this measure to give him or anybody else the privilege at any time in the near future of bringing in as many foreign ships as he can or wants to bring in, after he has made a careful calculation as to the profits of the investment, it will injure his business.

Questions of that character we have had to meet at every stage of the proceeding, but never, until within a week or two, during all of the time that I have been engaged in investigating this subject, has that phase of the question been brought to my attention, that in the same line and kind of business you do one thing and it will ruin one party, and you do the other thing and it will ruin the other party. I cannot understand it. But I do say that the bill as framed and as it is now

upon the calendar, as recently amended, is approved, so far as I know, by all the interests that have been consulted and advised with during the three years we have been considering the subject. If it fails to meet every demand and every condition which may arise, it is because we have not had an opportunity to see everybody and to consult everybody. I believe that it fully and completely answers the demand, and therefore I am in favor of its passage.

I am in favor of its passage upon the ground that it is for the best interests of the whole country, without regard to any special interest, and I know I voice the sentiments of all those who have labored so long and so faithfully in trying at least to perfect this measure when I say it is their desire that only a measure which shall contribute to those ends shall be passed by Congress. Let us start upon the hypothesis that we are all agreed that it will be a good thing for the United States to build up our merchant marine. If some of us believe that entire free ships is the best way to do it, and if the majority of us believe that connected with the other questions involved it is much better that it should be done in this way, but not by this bill, then to those who are willing to admit that the upbuilding of the American merchant marine is a good thing for the United States I say, give us something better than this, and we will support it. I would not under any circumstances be influenced by any other motive.

There is one more feature, but I shall not trespass longer upon the patience of the Senate. I wish to ask one question. Suppose there should be a war between Germany and England, or between England and

France, or between any of the great European Powers, particularly any of those three, which are the greatest maritime Powers of Europe. Ninety-two and five tenths per cent of our entire export trade is to-day carried in the ships of England, Germany, France, Norway, Sweden, and Holland. Suppose a war should break out between any of those great maritime Powers, with the conditions that always follow war, particularly now, when each one of them has been growing in naval power every year until the destructive powers of the navies of Europe would entirely obliterate the whole merchant marine of the world as a consequence.

What would become of us? What would become of the farmers then? What would become of the manufacturer looking to a foreign market to dispose of his surplus? What would become of the men who are working in the mines and the factories with that business absolutely paralyzed? We would have no ships, although a neutral power, to take up and continue that necessary transportation in order that our goods may be carried to markets; and until the war should cease or until some other remedy could be supplied the condition of the United States would be absolutely deplorable and beyond remedy.

If you bring it down to a question of dollars and cents as weighing against the higher considerations, when those conditions come upon us as a sequence of war, and we are asked what would we not give had we a merchant marine, being a neutral power, to go on with the export of our products and not suffer the consequences of the war, would we stop to consider the whole amount of the subsidy, $9,000,000, multiplied

by the twenty years of the existence of this contract, as a price to be paid in cash to remove such conditions as would bring ruin upon us for at least a while?

Oh, no, Mr. President, in making my appeal to the American people for this great industry, I want to put it upon higher grounds than that of dollars and cents. I want to put it upon the broad ground of a connecting link between the producer and the consumer, as an adjunct to our further growth and prosperity, which it is written must continue in the nature of things because of the conditions which control us and our future—conditions which rise above the speculative question whether one man will get a little more benefit than another, conditions which appeal even to our benevolence in the responsibilities that we owe to the working people of this country.

As to the popularity or the unpopularity of this measure, I stand here to-day in the presence of the whole American people and claim that this kind of legislation is inspired by the best sentiment and the wisest experience of those best qualified to judge its merits. I am standing here as the exponent of that principle, and I claim for every line in the bill that it is in the interest of the whole people of the United States, and particularly of those who must look to higher and more experienced authority to conduct the public affairs of our government in their interest. Upon that basis I make my appeal, and I leave it in your hands.

Long, John D., an eminent American statesman and orator, born at Buckfield, Maine, October 27, 1838. After teaching in Westfield, Mass., for two years, he studied law and was admitted to the bar, establishing himself in practice in Boston in 1863. He was a member of the State Legislature, 1875-79, and governor of Massachusetts, 1880-82. At the close of his third term as governor he entered Congress as Representative, resuming his legal practice in 1889. In 1897 he became secretary of the navy, which position he still (1902) holds. He is a pleasing, effective orator, with a rich, sonorous voice, and his speeches and addresses are always marked by the use of the most polished, scholarly English. His eulogy of Wendell Phillips furnishes an excellent illustration of his style.

PROBLEMS OF THE FUTURE.

DELIVERED AT BOSTON, FEBRUARY, 1899.

THERE is one disadvantage which attaches to a man who is pre-eminently good—everybody else is glad of a chance to give him a rap. It is the same with Massachusetts; everybody in other States admires and reveres her, and yet, with the instinct of human nature, takes especial delight in finding some slightest spot upon her glorious disk.

Last week in Washington the thermometer ran lower than ever before in the memory of the oldest inhabitant. Some depraved but ingenious person discovered that just at that time a railroad excursion from Boston had brought to the national capital five carloads of your best citizens—mostly female, as usual.

As a Massachusetts man I have been on the defensive ever since at the White House. I have therefore brought the President on at this time,—at my own expense,—and of course the rest of the cabinet insisted on coming, too,—attracted by the free ride and the free lunch,—to prove that if there is a spot on the face of the earth where hearts are warm, where hospitality is unbounded, and where the head of the nation and his departmental staff are welcome, it is in this hub of the universe, wrapped in her mantle of snow. I am sure they will now go back convinced of that fact.

I made an express stipulation that the rest of the cabinet should not attempt to make speeches, with the exception of the Postmaster-General, who is our orator *par excellence*. You have now heard the President and the Postmaster-General utter their statements of our relations to our new foreign possessions. What can I add?

The treaty of peace with Spain, thank heaven, has been ratified. And while, unfortunately, the delay in its ratification may be accountable for the recent bloodshed at Manila, the discussions which preceded it have not been without their value in an honest presentation of all phases of the situation, and in holding the country to the highest ideals of national duty and honor.

It is certainly cause for congratulation that the extreme imperialists who resisted the treaty have been signally overthrown. By resisting its ratification they have been insisting upon the extremest imperialism and have out-Heroded Herod. They not only would have prolonged the war with Spain, but would have taken

out of the hands of the people and put into the hands of one man, the President, absolute authority over the Philippines, limited only to the indefinite scope of what is called the war power, wielded by a purely military arm, holding a naked sword. Think of that for imperialism! It is a great credit to the President that, like those two other modest candidates, Julius Cæsar and George Washington, he has refused this offer of "a kingly crown." On the contrary, the good old democratic plan has been adopted of putting the disposition of these islands into the hands of the American people, who will duly express their will through their representatives in Congress assembled. I have no doubt that the President is delighted to have the elephant off his hands and on theirs. It is a very cold day when he gets left.

As an outside observer. I have been struck with the various methods in which this subject of the Philippines has been discussed. One of these methods may be styled as the oratorical-declamatory. On the one hand this method has found expression in saying that the duty of the American eagle is to hold on to everything on which he puts his claws, reminding one of Abraham Lincoln's story of the modest farmer, who said that all the land he wanted to own was only what adjoined his farm. Under this head, also, comes the stirring cry, which never fails to captivate the popular ear, that wherever the flag has once been let loose there it must always float. All of which sounds well, but needs a second thought.

On the other hand is the equally extravagant talk about the greed of conquest and the reduction of the

Filipino to the wretched condition of vassalage and slavery. Those who indulge in this exuberance of rhetoric forget that our war was with Spain, and that we have simply transferred to the United States, as the result of our victory in that war, the sovereignty which Spain had over the Philippines; that this transfer was incidentally very much in the interests of the islanders —more, many think, than in our own; and that it relieved them from a yoke under which they groaned, giving them the fairest promise on which their eyes ever opened—a promise which the American people will redeem.

The second method of discussion may be called the judicial-deliberate. Here, too, on the one hand are those of whom the most distinguished is, perhaps, our revered Governor Boutwell, who, I sometimes think, is the noblest Roman of us all. He is thoroughly logical and consistent. I do not believe he is much troubled with the constitutional refinements which, the moment they were stated, faded into thin air. He is troubled by no notion that it is our solemn duty not to permit these islands to be restored to Spain, and at the same time our equally solemn duty, which it is rather puzzling to reconcile with the other, that the United States is not to accept the disposition of them. He puts his feet on the substantial rock of letting them absolutely alone, withdrawing our soldiers and our ships of war, and returning to the integrity and simplicity of our old-time American continental establishment. He presents clearly and emphatically the risks of the increased costs to our revenues, and of the increased strain upon our national system which their re-

tention will bring. His objections are weighty and entitled to the most deliberate consideration.

But, on the other hand, is the view held, I think, by the great majority of our people, that we cannot thus easily, having once put our hands to the plow, look back, and that events not within our control have brought us to responsibilities which we cannot disregard and let alone, but which we must face and meet. The matter is one of great moment. I most heartily wish it had never confronted us. I wish the world would kindly let up for a while and not move so fast. I wish, also, that youth would stay. I would rather be a boy again than be Secretary of the Navy, as I am, or President of the United States, as of course I could be if I would yield to the solicitations of my friends and accept the office. But I think it is a mistake to say that it is beyond the ability of the American people to deal with a problem with which other nations have successfully dealt, or that it is a harder problem than many problems which are upon us already.

The problem of the immense accumulations of wealth; the municipal problem of our great cities, soon gathering within their limits more than half the population of the country; the problems of capital and labor; the problems of social crimes, intemperance, and political intrigues are even harder and fraught with graver dangers. Indeed, I am not sure that this new friction in the far-off tropics may not be, when applied to these older maladies in the body politic, a sort of what the physicians call a counter-irritant—an outlet for the pent-up fevers now in the national blood.

There are those who regard every new crisis as

what they call "the beginning of the end." But this phrase is like the foolish nurse's cry of "ghost" to a child. The beginning of the end was long ago—at the very birth of the Republic. God has so ordered the laws of growth that no life, or plant, or man, or nation, works out its destiny and bears its fruit except by ripening to its completion. First the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear. The glory of Greece and of Rome is in the culmination of their civilization, art, literature, and political power; and therein is their contribution to the higher civilizations which have succeeded.

So it must needs be with the great Powers of to-day, Great Britain and Germany and America. "Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die." Of what infinitely greater value in the formation of all standards of character and service are the lives of Washington and Lincoln because they are mighty shadows of the past rather than lean and slippered figures lingering on the thresholds of to-day. There never was a more beautiful triumph of the poetry of architecture, or a finer realization of the patriotism and genius of our country embodied in material shape and outline, than that White City on the borders of Lake Michigan, in which was held the World's Fair. But the impressiveness and untiring delight of that scene, which now lingers like an exquisite strain of music on the memory, would be lost if it had lasted longer. The flames consumed it, and it became eternal, and that mortal put on immortality.

It is a poor philosophy that peers hopelessly into the future only to learn how far off is the day, not of ruin

and dissolution, for that will never come, but of transition to some new form of civilization, some new form of national life, some new arrangement of national boundaries, all of which are necessary accompaniments of the enlarging and advancing progress of mankind.

Meantime, our association with them, if that association has by the force of events become a trust upon us, may well be accompanied with benefit to them and benefit to us.

There will be work in it for the philanthropist, the scholar, and the humanitarian. There will be opportunities for the outlet of our own enterprise and trade and commerce.

The imagination kindles as it recognizes what those islands of the east may yet become. They are almost an unknown land. We have not yet begun to estimate the variety and opulence of their material wealth; their splendid forests, rich with every variety of wood in almost incalculable abundance; their mines of ore of every sort; their valleys teeming with luxuriant productiveness, and capable of supplying the food of the world.

Why doubt and repine, when the time of doubting and repining is inexorably past, and when doubting and repining can now do no good? Why shall not the United States, now that these lands and tribes have been entrusted to its disposition, enter upon the trust thus imposed upon it, with the determination that, as it began by freeing them from the yoke of oppression, it will go on and ensure them still larger blessings of liberty and civilization, and will so bear itself toward them that in securing their welfare it shall also promote

its own, and, as always happens when men or nations co-operate in the spirit of justice and good will, the reward shall come to both in their mutual increase?

Is not that the statesmanship of the great Master, who limited not his mission or that of his disciples to his own chosen people, but proclaimed that his gospel should be preached in all the world unto all nations—that greatest statesman of all time, Jesus Christ?

Meantime, our duty is to meet the responsibility that is upon us. Undoubtedly it would be easier if we could shift it from our shoulders and lay it down. It is with a wrench that any man, especially any son of New England familiar with its traditions and recalling its charms of provincial life, becomes aware that these must, betimes, give way to larger demands and more trying exigencies.

And yet the fields that are before us are not altogether untrodden. It is not a new thing in the history of the world for an enlightened and civilized nation to deal with the less fortunate islands of remote seas.

A Christian nation should not lose heart at the opportunity of carrying its education, its industries, its institutions, and its untold blessings to other and less fortunate people. For one, I trust with all my heart that the result of our new relations with the Philippines may be to aid them to the acquirement of the comforts, happiness, and benefactions of our civilization; to educate them to their political elevation and to help them to the establishment of their own self-government and their own free existence.

Phelps, William Walter, an American orator and diplomat, born in New York City, August 24, 1839; died at Englewood, N. J., June 17, 1894. He studied law and practiced his profession for a few years in his native city, but relinquished it in 1869. He sat in Congress as a Representative from New Jersey, 1873-75, and in subsequent Republican conventions was a conspicuous supporter of Blaine. He was minister to Austria, 1881-82, and a member of Congress, 1882-89. During the administration of President Harrison, Phelps was minister to Germany. He delivered a number of notable addresses in Congress, among which a speech on Sound Currency deserves especial mention.

SOUND CURRENCY.

APRIL 1, 1874.

MR. SPEAKER,—We are bound to give the people of these United States a sound currency. We are bound to give them specie payments; for only gold, or a credit based on gold, is a sound currency. We are bound, whether we be Liberals, Republicans, or Democrats, by express promise; we are bound by the provisions of a law, the first ever signed by our Chief Magistrate; we are bound by the oath we took as members of this House to support the constitution; we are bound by the conventions of Philadelphia, Cincinnati, and Baltimore, which pledged the three great parties to "speedy resumption;" we are bound by the act of March, 1869, which "solemnly pledged the public faith to make provision at the earliest practicable period for the redemption of the United States notes in coin;" we are bound by the constitution, which was

formed "to promote the general welfare." Can we better provide for the general welfare than by giving to the people a uniform, stable currency?

For the general welfare, for the interests of other classes, others may speak. Let me to-day speak for the interests of labor,—the labor of the farm and of the shop,—for the poor man.

I believe, and I think I can show, that while the moral evils resulting from a depreciated currency fall uniformly, the material ill, the real suffering and loss, fall upon the laborer and the farmer. The capitalist and merchant, in the resources of varied exchanges and varied investments, may adjust and shift the loss; the poor man receives it all. Wall Street, Beacon Street, and Chestnut Street may escape; the farm and the workshop never. Therefore I urge to-day the resumption of specie payments in the name of the farmer and mechanic.

I ask a sound currency for those whose plows rust in the furrow; for those who darken the streets of Paterson with their patient waitings.

And let no man smile that I speak for those whose wants I best know and most feel: I speak for them, not to them. Shall I tell them of sufferings they have felt? Shall I point them to the silent forge and spindle and loom? They have lived and moved among them all this dreary winter, as men can live and move even among the silent monuments of departed life. They ask for a sound currency; as their representative, I ask for it in their name. They have waited, they are still waiting, with patience. So far they have asked for bread, and their government has given them a stone;

they have asked for money, their government has given them a rag.

Mr. Speaker, a century ago a part of the English people gathered around Westminster Hall to impress a sentimental grievance upon their representatives. Their subsequent conduct was not such as the friends of order could approve. Not such would be the conduct of the Paterson mechanics should they gather round this Capitol to impress their real grievances.

There would be no noise, no disorder, no riot. They would stand the livelong day in patient waiting. They would part without threat, to let in and out the representatives of the people, and as each passed they would simply say, "You believe the testimony of Jefferson, Jackson, and Benton; or, you believe the testimony of Adams, Clay, Webster, and Sumner. Give us the money they recommended; give us a dollar that is a dollar. Give us the money of our fathers; give us the money of the world."

Mr. Speaker, I could spend much time in proving financial truths that were never disputed before this year of our Lord. Why should I? Shall I put up a man of straw, to knock him down? Shall I tell truths that the theory and experience of the world have established? Could I write them better than Smith, Ricardo, Say, Rice, and Bagehot? Can I speak them better than Jefferson, and Benton, and Webster, and Clay? If there is a man who believes there is any other basis for a sound currency than gold, and who maintains that belief in the face of the world's testimony and the world's experience, I cannot convert him; I will not attempt it.

It seems to me that most of the confusion of thought and expression that appears in this discussion is the result of inaccuracy of terms. The words are used inaccurately. The confusion is one, not in the subject, not in the mind that grasps it, but in the terminology. Give that strict definition to terms, give that strict use of terms, when defined, which rules in other sciences, and all confusion must give way to order and harmony. In the great process of exchange there are two parts, two functions. For these two functions two different instruments are needed. Let us give these different instruments different names, and carefully maintain the distinction.

What is money? It is the measure of value. It is the instrument devised to transact the first step in an exchange. It is the commodity used to estimate the relative value of other commodities.

Before we can exchange commodities we must know what is their real value. We must take a commodity of fixed value, and, dividing it into units, make these represent the ratio which other commodities bear to each other. This measure of value is money.

The measure of value is gold. Why? Because gold has the mechanical qualities for such a measure. It is divisible and indestructible. It has, too, a universal and stable value. Now, money must have value, because it is used to measure value. If we wished to measure the length of commodities we should take a measure that had length. Did we wish to measure weight, we should take as a measure a commodity that had weight. So, when we measure values, we must have a measure that has value. And gold is the only

article that has a universal and stable value. Universal, for here civilization and barbarism, the past and the present, meet. Abraham counted shekels in the first recorded bargain, and William exacted from France a coin subsidy. The Pacific islander clamors for gold; and for gold the poet laureate of Great Britain sells his muse.

"But," says an objector, "have not other commodities a universal value? How with wheat? Abraham gathered wheat before shekels. Glidden's mummy unfolded wheat mixed with gold, and your islander sometimes says 'wheat' first, 'gold' afterward."

All of which is true. But the demand for wheat is finite and can be supplied. When supplied, the price falls, for there is a glut. Not so with gold. The demand is infinite; there can be no glut. It grows on what it feeds. The Incas, when their eyes were dazzled with its ubiquitous sheen, schemed for it; and our richest grangers—most virtuous of men—are still Olivers, asking for more. And gold has a stable value; not perfectly so (for I have heard of California and Australia), but more stable than any other commodity. Hence for our money, for our measure of value, we take gold.

But besides money we hear of currency. What is that? Money was the measure of value. What is currency?

Currency is the medium of exchange. It is the instrument that performs the second process in exchange. After money has fixed the relative values of commodities, currency makes the exchange. And what is currency? What does it consist of?

Mainly of credit,—credit in one of its many forms, draft and note, bill and check and account. So we have two different instruments, and two sets of names for them; one set is, the measure of value—gold, money; the other is, the medium of exchange—paper credit, currency.

And here is the only opportunity for mistake in keeping this distinction. Money is the measure of value—is gold. Currency is the medium of exchange —is paper representing gold. But as a principal can do what its representative can—money, gold, can also discharge the second process of exchange, can also be currency. It can perform the two functions. But when money performs the second function, makes the exchange, it is currency. Hence a deal of confusion. From this we escape by bearing always in mind that while money is currency, currency, except the small part which is gold, is not money. And perhaps just here it is well to say that no bullionist, no hard-money man, as far as I know, wants to use gold for currency. We want to use gold for money, for the measure of values. We want to use paper as currency, as the medium of exchange. In other words, we think gold the best measure of value; paper the best instrument of exchange, the best currency.

Reed, Thomas B., a noted American Congressman, born at Portland, Maine, October 18, 1839. He taught school for a short time, and then after studying law, was admitted to the bar in 1865, and began practice in his native town. Entering the lower house of the State Legislature in 1868, he passed into the Senate the next year, and became attorney-general of the State. He was solicitor of Portland, 1873-77, and at the close of the last named year was sent to Congress as a Representative for Maine. His talents as a debater were speedily recognized and he became the Republican leader of the House, filling the position of Speaker of that body during five Congresses. Since his retirement from political life in 1890 he has practiced law in New York City. He is a brilliant orator, and was extremely popular with his Congressional colleagues.

ADDRESS ON NATIONAL ISSUES.

DELIVERED AT OLD ORCHARD, MAINE, AUGUST 25, 1896.

In this great temple of nature, which has so often echoed with the words which teach of a nobler and broader life hereafter which is to be purchased by a manly struggle with evil here below, it is very fitting that we should commence this campaign for the opportunity to labor, which is the opportunity to live; for a sound currency, whereby we gather to ourselves the just and undiminished results of our labor; and for national honor, which is the culmination of individual honor and the foundation of national prosperity.

What seemed the great primeval curse, that in the sweat of his face should man eat bread, has been found,

in the wider view of the great cycles of the Almighty, to be the foundation of all sound hope, all sure progress, and all permanent power. Man no longer shuns labor as his deadliest foe, but welcomes it as his dearest friend. Nations no longer dream of riches as the spoils of war, but as the fruits of human energy directed by wise laws and encouraged by peace and good will.

Battlements and forts and castles, armies and navies, are day by day less and less the enginery of slaughter and more and more the guarantee of peace with honor. What the world longs for now is not the pageantry and devastation of war for the aggrandizement of the few but the full utilization of all human energy for the benefit of all mankind.

Give us but the opportunity to labor, and the whole world of human life will burst into tree and flower.

To the seventy-five millions of people which make up the great Republic the opportunity to labor means more than to all the world besides. It means the development of resources great beyond the comprehension of any mortal, and the diffusion among all of riches to which the glories of the "Arabian Nights" are but the glitter of the pawnshop, and to which the sheen of all jewels of this earth are but the gleam of the glow-worm in the pallor of the dawn.

To develop our great resources it is the one prime necessity that all our people should be at work; that all the brain and muscle should be in harmonious action, united in their endeavors to utilize the great forces of nature and to make wealth out of senseless matter and out of all the life which begins with the cradle and

ends with the grave, and out of all the powers which ebb and flow in the tides of the ocean, in the rush of the rivers, and out of the great energies which are locked up in the bosom of the earth.

Man alone has mastery of the earth and sea and sky, and by him alone can the hidden treasures be poured into the light of day.

But each individual man is weak and powerless. Only by combination each with the other can great results be had. No more striking proof of this can anywhere be found than in that complex union of men which makes up the modern nation and modern society. But while men must be united for great enterprises, the nature of man craves also liberty and individuality. Modern union and the complex, wonderfully complex condition of modern society has drawbacks and sorrows which are completely its own.

The sachems of New England had no financial troubles, no strikes. The currency question was as simple as a string of wampum. In Central Africa to-day banks never break and checks are never dishonored; for neither banks nor checks are needful for their kind of prosperity. Before the factory system rendered combinations of workmen needful there was less discontent but almost no progress, and there was no sharing, by the toilers, of the profits and the pleasures.

But if you believe, as I do, that the world is better than it was, and that all the discomforts of modern life are but a fair price paid for a higher civilization growing ever higher, then you must with patience try to understand the temporary evils and seek in good temper to rectify wrongs by good sense.

Neither loud indignation nor flowery speech, neither great promises nor wild harangues, will help any man out of disaster or any nation out of hard times. Temper will not even untie a shoe-string, and the harder you push a rope the more it will not go any whither.

What are the causes of prosperity, and what are the causes of panics? Are they mysterious things beyond human ken? If you will analyze you will find that, whatever the remote causes are,—and they are different every time,—the immediate cause of prosperity is the confidence of all the people in each other and in the situation and in the future. When the people all work together, when they all have faith in each other, then prosperity reigns.

After prosperity reigns for some time, longer or shorter, men think that hard times are permanently done away with, and get wild, and over-prosperity sets in. Then some wise men earlier than others see that the world cannot absorb all that is made, cannot permanently support all the enterprises which the overconfidence of men has set in motion, and begin to doubt, to refuse discounts, to hoard money, and call a halt to speculation. Then the distrust spreads, and panic and hard times follow. Then we set to work to climb out of our troubles, and the process is slow. While we are climbing out we suffer. What a lovely period that climbing out season is for quack doctors in finance and professors of oratory!

How they swarm!

Haven't you and I seen them in this very State of Maine, in this very county of York? How they did pour in upon us in 1878! What a great career Pro-

fessor Leo Miller had under these very skies. Where is Professor Leo Miller now? His name has perished from off the earth, and with him have passed into oblivion many hundreds of stout orators who vexed the air with the cry that fiat money alone could save the ruined nation. We were saved without fiat money then, just as we shall be saved now, not by orators or professors, but by the sound sense of an honest nation. These things are not without a parallel. History is full of just such situations as we find ourselves in now.

In 1825 England had one of those paroxysms like the one we are passing through now. Everything there had been prosperous for a long time. The hum of industry was heard all over the land. Men's eyes looked into each other with trust and faith in all mankind. Capital was accumulated in legitimate business, which is the supply of each others' wants. Then accumulated capital, eager for employment, burst the restrains of safety and speculation set in. Companies were formed to do everything under the sun, and lend everybody money, from the Czar of Russia to the King of the Mosquito shore.

Pretty soon, after a slight drain of gold, it occurred to someone to figure up all these contracts, and the astonished nation found that England had agreed to lend more money than there was in the world, twice over. Then the bubble burst. Merchants failed, banks broke, universal distrust poured over the land. For one day trade absolutely ceased in London. Nobody would take anybody's note or buy anybody's securities. Where was the difference between England prosperous

and England at a standstill? It was all in the change of one word. Confidence was prosperity. Distrust was ruin.

Then began the slow growth of confidence again, which took years. But England's prosperity did not perish. In our own country we have had many such instances, many more than I mean to mention, for history on that subject is as cheap and abundant as wheat when times go hard. Away back in 1837 the country was overwhelmed by one of the crises. The great land speculation was the termination of a period of prosperity too much prolonged. Whole families, whole towns and cities were ruined, and the memory of it, long ago as it was, clouds some family histories here in Maine to-day. Prosperity, speculation, hard times, it is the same succession of events all the world over.

The hard times of 1837 are part of history, but at least half this audience can remember 1873. We had then pulled through a tremendous war. Millions of men had been withdrawn from productive industry to try to kill each other. All the rest were busy providing for the wants of those in the field, and running in debt three thousand million dollars to pay the bills. When the army came marching home the men all went to work. The soldier, weaned from his home ties and broadened by his travels and battles, scattered himself all over the land, and the land teemed with enterprises and with vigorous men. Millions had been flung out with such profusion that dollars seemed but dross.

It was the old story over again. We had not contracted as England did in 1825, to lend the world five

times as much money as there was in it. We had done worse. We had piled up importations and spent money as if wealth was but a wish and a rub of Aladdin's lamp. You will find in a book of Professor Cairnes's a prophecy of what would happen to us in 1873, made just before it did happen. Then came five years of struggle back to a sound currency, the restoration of confidence; and then, confidence restored, fourteen years of prosperity, the results of which have never yet been effaced and never will be until the sun ceases to pour its energies upon a productive earth. We had hard times then, but, thank heaven, the American people stood steadfast and listened to no false prophets and no false economics, but moved steadfastly toward a sound currency, and the long-pent-up energies of the great American people rushed forward in the straight line of progress.

We have just passed through another of those terrible crises and are on our way to other years of wealth with this additional benefit, that the distribution of wealth, when we reach it, will be more even as well as more abundant than ever before. In 1893 we had a great crash as we had in 1873; all the world went with us, but for special causes we had gone farther, and it is for us a longer way back. In 1892 we thought hard times had been banished forever, we were sure that work and high pay were never more to be separated.

But we were mistaken. Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall. The election of 1892 was a great misfortune. It may be we should have had a collapse then, in any event; no one can be

quite sure. But if we had been in skilful hands we should never have gone so far or suffered so much.

I make no harsh criticism on the Democratic party or their President. I plant myself on Abraham Lincoln's text of Scripture, "A house divided against itself cannot stand." I do not believe that three Democrats out of ten in the business parts of this country ever meant such a change in the tariff as was made. Many of them were more astonished than we were. I make no criticism of the President. There are many things about him that I admire. He is both strong and brave. Nevertheless there are some things which ought to be squarely stated, not to provoke partisan feeling, but simply as descriptions of errors which we must avoid, not as Republicans, but as citizens of a republic the prosperity of which is under the charge of us all.

Among the arguments which the friends of silver urge to-day is one which was to be anticipated long ago, and which I knew was sure to come. When the Sherman law was struggling to be repealed, the Democratic press, and even some Republicans, told us that repeal alone would be the final remedy, and business would again revive. I never shared that belief; on the contrary, just three years ago to-day lacking a single day, while I was consorting with good Democrats, as I hope to consort with the like in this campaign, I took occasion, in the presence of three thousand men, women, and children, to declare that the repeal of the Sherman law was only one step in the upward march; since then many bad things have happened, plunging us deeper into the mire.

In that very discourse I told the Democrats that "I did not expect the Democratic party to be utterly bad." I have been always very much interested in the Democratic party. I have always been its true friend, tender, affectionate, but always truthful; pointing out its faults in a spirit of meekness, remembering ourselves, fellow Republicans, lest we also should be tempted.

But when I said in 1893 that I did not expect the party to be utterly bad, I had not the slightest idea what the convention of Chicago would do and say in 1896. Since that speech in 1893 we have had a most severe season. When the tariff act proposed by Mr. Bryan and his associates was presented in the House it was certainly a great shock to the business of the country. The change was so radical, and men like Mr. Bryan were so carried away by their own eloquence, that there seemed no limit to the possibilities of evil.

Now I am not here just now to say whether that bill was founded on just principles or not. I have my own opinion, which I propose to express at the proper time. Nor do I propose to charge Democrats with that bill. The one they finally passed was a vastly different one. But the mischief had been done. The shock had stopped business. Men did not know which way to turn. Money in hand is better than money in a bush, especially when you cannot tell what kind of a bush it will be. Then came the income tax, unconstitutional and destructive, declared so by the supreme court, and then the attendant deficiency.

That deficiency has been a corroding cancer ever

since. That deficiency, and the way it has been managed, has scared and frightened our people beyond all reason. What are four hundred million dollars increase of debt to a nation so rich that one of its big railroads on half its lines in six months can lose twice as much as paid the whole revenue of good Queen Bess in the days of her highest glory, and never pass a coupon or refuse a dividend? Why has this four hundred millions frightened us so?

Because the government has refused either to raise revenue or to separate the deficit from the redemption of greenbacks. We have been frightened by talk of an endless chain, which could have been broken like a pipe-stem by providing for the borrowing, on short-time certificates of indebtedness, lawful money directly instead of borrowing it for the gold fund indirectly, and thus creating the false impression of a struggle for gold when we were only borrowing money to pay our debts.

Had the House revenue bill of last session passed Congress and become a law, the country, with full hope of a Republican administration in the near future, would have started upward and onward.

But the condition has been peculiar. We have had a three-cornered triangular government. Everybody has been in the minority, and hence, nobody has had any responsibility, and nobody has been able to take any responsibility, and we have drifted sailless and rudderless, but, thank God, with a stout ship, stouter than all the winds that blow. When next you put the ship into commission, had you not better have a harmonious captain and crew, all of them men who have been

THOMAS B. REED.

to sea? I know that the three gentlemen, Messrs. Bryan, Watson, and Sewall, have been at sea for many years, but that is a different thing.

While I do not propose to offer any remedy—for I have not a powerful imagination and no powers of description of things which have never happened—nevertheless I venture to suggest that what has happened will happen again. The past is for the wise man the only guide for the future. What man has done man will do.

What we ought to do is to get back to the sound basis of mutual confidence. We have money in our banks. We have capital here in this country, the piled-up riches of fourteen years of prosperity. The capital of all the world is waiting to be our servant. We are to-day richer in all those things which satisfy human wants than ever in our history. Were capital free to operate we should march resistlessly. We have skilled labor to which we can pay just wages. Our crops of wheat and oats and corn and cotton will be immense.

We have paid off a great debt to foreign nations by purchase of our returned securities, and our absorption of them on a falling market deserves the wonder of the world. Of facilities to manufacture goods we are full. Look at the Sunday newspapers. What tons of paper we can furnish every day. We can make all things cheaper than ever before and more of them. What shall we do? Pursue our old course of blundering, shock business some more, or shall we set capital in motion? But how shall we set capital in motion?

We must restore confidence. How can we restore confidence? First of all by putting anarchy down and

all manner of disturbance. Peace and a stable government are the first necessity. This is a borrowing and lending world. That is a fixed fact. No amount of denunciation of money-lenders, no wild talk about Wall Street,—which, by the way, is the greatest money-borrower in the world,—will ever put down the fact.

Enterprises are carried on by the united confidence of men of money and men of brains. Bring this thing home to yourselves, and then you will understand it. If you had money or any other capital you had earned yourself, or your father had left to you, or even money you had won in the luck of a lottery, would you let it out to anybody on earth who was liable to give you back only half of it and want to call it square?

How would you, my farmer friend, like to let your farm to a fellow who by law might turn your story-and-a-half house into a shanty, spread sand over your arable land, and burn up your wood-lot, and then hand it back to you dismantled and half ruined? How quick you would invert such a fellow.

Well, the man who has other capital to let besides farms has just as much sense as you have. The first thing he wants to know is, will he get his capital back? This same idea fills the mind of the business borrower. If Jordan, or Alfred, puts his property into the forest and makes lumber and sells it on credit, he wants to know that he will be paid in as good a dollar as he put into the woods. Else why should he put dollars into the woods at all?

Now, I put it to you as men of sense, plain men of sense, would you lend money, if you had it, to any man, or set of men, or any nation, which you knew was

trying to devise some way whereby you would get back only half of it? You may not, like a silver man, understand currency. You may not be able to dally with statistics, but you do understand that simple proposition. If you were a business man, would you make things on a gold basis and sell them on credit to a people who were trying to see if they could not pay you on a silver basis?

Is it not clear as noonday why men do not lend capital and why men do not undertake enterprises? I do not say that silver agitation is the only lion in the way. I believe that the laws are so made that the American people shall do all their own work. In due time I mean to discuss that. Just now our first duty is with the silver question. My friends, I have said many times and I cannot repeat it too often, experience is the best teacher.

Within this very twelve months we have had an example of what confidence will do and what distrust will do. In December, 1895, this very last year, there was a revival of business hope. The iron business, one of the great indices of prosperity, having in many respects a good tariff schedule, began to revive. Some other industries followed suit, and a temporary hope went over the community. One great steel company had orders six months ahead. Its stock rose from 40 to 80. Men who knew best purchased it at 80 and thought it worth 125. Confidence began to show itself. Then came Venezuela, and then what Senator Brice called the petition in bankruptcy followed. Confidence died. One day the iron mills had business beyond power of supplying wants. The next day they had

none. Reasonable certainty makes business; uncertainty paralyzes it.

In 1879 we resumed specie payments. We had suitable tariff laws. The foundation for certainty was laid. We knew we were to do our own work. Capitalists, savings banks, all who had capital to lend at home and abroad, knew there was certainty of honest repayment, and business resumed its onward march.

In 1897, with such change of tariff as will be founded on business principles and have the approval of the people of the United States, we shall again have the certainty of doing our own work. With the defeat of the Bryan-Watson-Sewall combination will come certainty of repayment of capital borrowed at home and abroad; certainty that business enterprises will have a sound foundation; and 1897, with its attendant fourteen years of success, will lift us to another height of success where perhaps another set of misguided citizens, forgetful of the past, will waylay us and we shall have to beat them again. This, then, is the reasonable prospect of the future. I wish I could assure you of a future prosperity that would reign unbroken forever and ever. But history knows human nature too well.

You will see that my statements are not promises without limit. You have seen exhibited many times remedies for all the ills the world is heir to, but did you ever see a perfectly healthy world? You never will.

Omne ignotum pro magnifico is Latin, and pretty old, and of course we all understand it. But I want to give you a free translation,—Everything we do not know about always looks big.

The human creature is imaginative. If he sees a tail disappearing over a fence, he imagines the whole beast, and usually imagines the wrong beast; especially if it is dark, and wild animals abound. I suppose that all the king's horses and all his armed men never frightened the people of this world half so much as ghosts, and yet there never were any ghosts.

Whenever we take a trip into the realms of fancy we see a good many things that never were. The safe footing in this world is on the things we know. If this nation follows the silver people, what sure foothold is there anywhere? Not one. Has any nation ever failed? Mexico, supported by the great empire of China with 400,000,000 of people, has failed to lift silver above its market value. I am well aware that we are mightier than Mexico or China, or both combined. But we are not omnipotent. We are only part of the world. We cannot add a cubit to any man's stature. We cannot fix the price of wheat. Chicago, standing for the whole country, tried that once, and was worsted in the struggle. We tried to fix the price of greenbacks by calling them a dollar and backed up the promise with a hundred millions of gold.

When gold was at 200, not all the power of this country with two millions of men in arms could make a greenback buy more than fifty cents worth of anything except human labor.

Either the silver men expect silver, under free coinage, to go to par, or they do not. If they do, they have not one single fact upon which to depend. All human history is not only against them, but overwhelmingly so. If overvaluation of the silver dollar

by three cents on a dollar drove all the gold out of our country for sixty years once in its history, what will fifty cents overvaluation do? Why, it is as clear as mathematics.

We shall then be on a silver basis, whatever that may be. If we get there, the basis will either be stable or unstable. If it is stable what improvement will that be? Are there any more potatoes in four pecks than in one bushel? Are 133 seventy-five cent dollars worth any more than 100 hundred-cent dollars? Does a dollar get any more valuation by changing in its coppers?

But suppose the new standard is unstable, what will happen then? Well, human experience is here to tell you. All uncertainties are a detriment to business. For the last fifty years all the struggle of business has been toward certainties. Business has long ago ceased to be gambling. Small and sure profits often repeated are the foundation of modern wealth. The Suez Canal, the ocean cable, the swift steamships and the swiftest railroads are all harnessed into this service; and whosoever, having a stable currency, swings off into an unstable currency, sets himself against the civilized world and must take the consequences.

But, say some of these men, suppose we do swing off from Europe, we join the great silver-using countries, China and Japan and Mexico, and all the rest, with their 400,000,000 inhabitants. Why not give up the European trade and take the trade of China and Japan? This sounds well. It looks all the larger because it exists in imagination. Do you suppose we could get the trade of these countries by simply having the same money? Such ideas, like the old-time cry of "markets of the world" are of such stuff as dreams

are made of. Trade takes decades, nay, centuries, for its growth.

But let us imagine we could have all that trade which would come to us, see how actual experience will cause to dwindle the figures of the imagination. In the first place there are no 400,000,000 of silver-using people. Of these outsiders 150,000,000 are on a paper basis. We could not get them even by giving them greenbacks. How much do you suppose the remaining people take of our stuffs now? Only $50,000,000. How much do the gold countries take? Only about thirteen times as much,—$765,000,000; Great Britain alone takes $400,000,000 of our products, eight times as much as all the silver countries in the world. We buy of silver countries $117,000,000; of gold countries, $530,000,000. Putting these figures together, our trade with silver countries is $169,000,000, with gold countries $1,300,000,000, one to nine. Do you desire to exchange nine dollars worth of trade for one? Do you want to do anything which will even tend to make such an exchange?

Ah, but we want the prosperity of Japan and Mexico. Really, my friends, we passed that stage of prosperity long ago. Mexico prospers because of silver! A constant fall of the dollar and no rise of wages; and you call that prosperity! For the middleman it may be, and for the manufacturer also, but for the wage-earner not yet. So far as wages are lowered, so far has silver contributed to manufacturers' profits. But not even lowered wages—a thing intolerable for our people—has started production in Mexico. What was Mexico once, and what is she now? Once she was the land of

revolutionists, of fratricidal strife, torn asunder by the ambition of any petty chief.

Now, under Porfirio Diaz, representing the growing civilization of his country, she is the land of peace. Not silver and dwindling wages have revived Mexico, but Porfirio Diaz and the civilization he represents.

Let me venture to say just here that neither Mexico nor any other country will ever have true prosperity until she has increasing instead of diminishing wages. We passed Mexico's prosperity long years ago, and no man in his senses will ever want to go back to that. How we shall meet the competition of the cheap labor of Oriental countries is a problem for the future, but this much we do know, that cutting the dollar in two is no solution whatever, and that the permanent lowering of wages here by any device will never be tolerated by the people of America.

Rmember that this contest to-day is not between bimetallism and mono-metallism. That subject would bear discussion. This contest also is not between the East and the West. There can be no such contest. Our interests are identical. With their growth comes our growth. We cannot go on alone. We have sent our children there. Our money is there. No misfortune can happen to them that does not happen to us. We here have full esteem for the pioneers of the West, and rejoice in their prosperity. They are all a brave and vigorous people. As Burke said of the younger Pitt, they are, " not chips of the old block, but the old block itself."

Every wise man agrees that beyond the Mississippi lies the great wealth of the days to come. In the de-

velopment of this wealth we all are interested, and we in the East are not the unwise men to believe that we are not concerned in the progress and future of the West. Unfounded sectional differences are without excuse, and it will be woe to those who try to foment them. The West is too vigorous not to find out the truth, and is too valiant not to follow it when found. What the West needs is loanable capital which will develop its resources. No part of this Union is so concerned in restoring confidence as the undeveloped territory. The South, too, has a similar interest. But they are busy down there just now asserting their rights and keeping down the negro. If they could be persuaded to look after their interests what a happy country this might be.

John Sherman, whose name will be a great name in history, made a speech the other day and showed that all the demonetization of silver there ever was, was made by the help of Stewart and Jones, of Nevada, and that free coinage of silver by the United States alone will not and cannot cause any surcease of our calamities, but on the contrary would be the cause and summit of further sorrow. It is curious to see what effect that had on the silver men. One of them in Massachusetts lifted up his voice and said, Mr. John Sherman has told us of no remedy for our hard times, therefore the silver remedy which Sherman proves to be no remedy is the only remedy. This calling upon great men to help us is out of place in a land where we help ourselves. Let us do what we all of us know and good result will follow.

Is it true that when this world is badly off we have

all got to be in the slough of despond until some great man invents a remedy? Are we all to plunge into foolishness unless some great man hits upon something sure? If the world has got to wait for that panacea let me tell you that the rest of death is a flash of lightning compared with the rest we are going to take. Is there nothing in our idea that the best sense is common sense?

No, no, these things are governed by natural laws and take their course like the rolling of the round earth or the glitter of the stars. Suppose a man were created full grown and set upon a solitary earth facing the dawn. As the panorama of sunrise, the march of the fountain of light across the sky, the red sunset and the black darkness, came over him, what could he make of this termination of the gorgeous pageantry of the skies? Nothing but darkness, desolation, and death, and a wild calling on unknown gods to help him. But the man who has from earliest boyhood seen the sun disappear into the red West to light up another day may be ignorant of Kepler's laws and of Galileo's fate, but he knows no greater certainty on earth than that the day follows the night. A man who has only seen 1893 might well wonder and call on some great man for rescue, but we who have seen 1873 in England and 1837 in America know that we shall as surely rise again to business prosperity as that to-morrow's sun will rise.

Be not deceived by false prophets. In the West they tell the people that Maine is faltering. You and I know she was never so steadfast. Here in the East they tell us the West is blazing with silver crosses and is

crowned with silver thorns, but, when the tug of battle comes, the gallant West, peopled by our children, will show to the world that brothers true and tried, who have fought so many fights shoulder to shoulder in the great conflict of human progress, will never be separated from each other or from that great party around which clusters all the glories of thirty of the most illustrious years of this country's history.

Grady, Henry W., an American orator and journalist, born at Athens, Ga., May 24, 1850; died at Atlanta, Ga., December 23, 1889. Upon leaving college he engaged in journalism, at Rome, in his native State, removing to Atlanta in 1871, where he was for six years an editor on the Herald staff, and editor of the Constitution from 1880 until his death. In the later years of his career he became famous for his oratory throughout the country. Among his more noted speeches are the address on The New South, delivered before the New England Club of New York in 1886, a prohibition speech made at Atlanta in 1887, and an address given at Boston on The Future of the Negro, but a few days before his death. He ardently supported the prohibition movement, making many powerful addresses in its behalf.

THE NEW SOUTH.

SPEECH DELIVERED BEFORE THE NEW ENGLAND CLUB, NEW YORK, DECEMBER 21, 1886.

THERE was a South of slavery and secession—that South is dead. There is a South of union and freedom —that South, thank God, is living, breathing, growing every hour.

These words, delivered from the immortal lips of Benjamin H. Hill, at Tammany Hall in 1866, true then and truer now, I shall make my text to-night.

Mr. President and Gentlemen—Let me express to you my appreciation of the kindness by which I am permitted to address you. I make this abrupt acknowledgment advisedly, for I feel that if, when I raise my provincial voice in this ancient and august presence, I could find courage for no more than the

opening sentence, it would be well if in that sentence I had met in a rough sense my obligation as a guest, and had perished, so to speak, with courtesy on my lips and grace in my heart. Permitted, through your kindness, to catch my second wind, let me say that I appreciate the significance of being the first Southerner to speak at this board, which bears the substance, if it surpasses the semblance, of original New England hospitality, and honors the sentiment that in turn honors you, but in which my personality is lost and the compliment to my people made plain.

I bespeak the utmost stretch of your courtesy to-night. I am not troubled about those from whom I come. You remember the man whose wife sent him to a neighbor with a pitcher of milk, and who, tripping on the top step, fell with such casual interruptions as the landings afforded into the basement, and, while picking himself up, had the pleasure of hearing his wife call out: "John, did you break the pitcher?" "No, I didn't," said John, "but I'll be dinged if I don't."

So, while those who call me from behind may inspire me with energy if not with courage, I ask an indulgent hearing from you. I beg that you will bring your full faith in American fairness and frankness to judgment upon what I shall say. There was an old preacher once who told some boys of the Bible lesson he was going to read in the morning. The boys, finding the place, glued together the connecting pages. The next morning he read at the bottom of one page, "When Noah was one hundred and twenty years old he took unto himself a wife who was"—then turning

the page—" 140 cubits long, 40 cubits wide, built of gopher wood, and covered with pitch inside and out." He was naturally puzzled at this. He read it again, verified it, and then said: " My friends, this is the first time I ever met this in the Bible, but I accept this as an evidence of the assertion that we are fearfully and wonderfully made." If I could get you to hold such faith to-night I could proceed cheerfully to the task I otherwise approach with a sense of consecration.

Pardon me one word, Mr. President, spoken for the sole purpose of getting into the volumes that go out annually freighted with the rich eloquence of your speakers, the fact that the Cavalier as well as the Puritan was on the continent in its early days, and that he was " up and able to be about." I have read your books carefully and I find no mention of that fact, which seems an important one to me for preserving a sort of historical equilibrium if for nothing else.

Let me remind you that the Virginia Cavalier first challenged France on the continent; that Cavalier John Smith gave New England its very name, and was so pleased with the job that he has been handing his own name around ever since; and that while Myles Standish was cutting off men's ears for courting a girl without her parents' consent, and forbade men to kiss their wives on Sunday, the Cavalier was courting everything in sight, and that the Almighty had vouchsafed great increase to the Cavalier colonies, the huts in the wilderness being as full as the nests in the woods.

But having incorporated the Cavalier as a fact in your charming little books, I shall let him work out his

own salvation, as he has always done, with engaging gallantry, and we will hold no controversy as to his merits. Why should we? Neither Puritan or Cavalier long survived as such. The virtues and good traditions of both happily still live for the inspiration of their sons and the saving of the old fashion. But both Puritan and Cavalier were lost in the storm of the first Revolution, and the American citizen, supplanting both and stronger than either, took possession of the republic bought by their common blood and fashioned to wisdom, and charged himself with teaching men government and establishing the voice of the people as the voice of God.

My friends, Dr. Talmage has told you that the typical American has yet to come. Let me tell you that he has already come. Great types, like valuable plants, are slow to flower and fruit. But from the union of these colonies, Puritans and Cavaliers, from the straightening of their purposes and the crossing of their blood, slow perfecting through a century, came he who stands as the first typical American, the first who comprehended within himself all the strength and gentleness, all the majesty and grace of this republic—Abraham Lincoln.

He was the sum of Puritan and Cavalier, for in his ardent nature were fused the virtues of both, and in the depths of his great soul the faults of both were lost. He was greater than Puritan, greater than Cavalier, in that he was American, and that in his honest form were first gathered the vast and thrilling forces of his ideal government—charging it with such tremendous meaning and elevating it above human suf-

fering that martyrdom, though infamously aimed, came as a fitting crown to a life consecrated from the cradle to human liberty. Let us, each cherishing the traditions and honoring his fathers, build with reverend hands to the type of this simple but sublime life, in which all types are honored, and in our common glory as Americans there will be plenty and to spare for your forefathers and for mine.

Dr. Talmage has drawn for you, with a master's hand, the picture of your returning armies. He has told you how, in the pomp and circumstance of war, they came back to you, marching with proud and victorious tread, reading their glory in a nation's eyes! Will you bear with me while I tell you of another army that sought its home at the close of the late war—an army that marched home in defeat and not in victory —in pathos and not in splendor, but in glory that equalled yours, and to hearts as loving as ever welcomed heroes home! Let me picture to you the foot-sore Confederate soldier, as, buttoning up in his faded gray jacket the parole which was to bear testimony to his children of his fidelity and faith, he turned his face southward from Appomattox in April, 1865.

Think of him as ragged, half-starved, heavy-hearted, enfeebled by want and wounds, having fought to exhaustion, he surrenders his gun, wrings the hands of his comrades in silence, and lifting his tear-stained and pallid face for the last time to the graves that dot old Virginia hills, pulls his gray cap over his brow and begins the slow and painful journey. What does he find—let me ask you who went to your homes eager to find, in the welcome you had justly earned, full pay-

ment for four years' sacrifice—what does he find when, having followed the battle-stained cross against overwhelming odds, dreading death not half so much as surrender, he reaches the home he left so prosperous and beautiful?

He finds his house in ruins, his farm devastated, his slaves free, his stock killed, his barns empty, his trade destroyed, his money worthless, his social system, feudal in its magnificence, swept away; his people without law or legal status, his comrades slain, and the burdens of others heavy on his shoulders. Crushed by defeat, his very traditions are gone. Without money, credit, employment, material, or training, and, besides all this, confronted with the gravest problem that ever met human intelligence,—the establishing of a status for the vast body of his liberated slaves.

What does he do—this hero in gray with a heart of gold? Does he sit down in sullenness and despair? Not for a day. Surely God, who had stripped him of his prosperity, inspired him in his adversity. As ruin was never before so overwhelming, never was restoration swifter. The soldier stepped from the trenches into the furrow; horses that had charged Federal guns marched before the plow, and fields that ran red with human blood in April were green with the harvest in June; women reared in luxury cut up their dresses and made breeches for their husbands, and, with a patience and heroism that fit women always as a garment, gave their hands to work. There was little bitterness in all this. Cheerfulness and frankness prevailed.

"Bill Arp" struck the key-note when he said: "Well, I killed as many of them as they did of me, and now I'm going to work." Of the soldier returning home after the defeat and roasting some corn on the roadside, who made the remark to his comrades: "You may leave the South if you want to, but I'm going to Sandersville, kiss my wife, and raise a crop, and if the Yankees fool with me any more I'll whip 'em again."

I want to say to General Sherman, who is considered an able man in our parts, though some people think he is a kind of careless man about fire, that from the ashes he left us in 1864 we have raised a brave and beautiful city; that somehow or other we have caught the sunshine in the bricks and mortar of our homes, and have builded therein not one ignoble prejudice or memory.

But what is the sum of our work? We have found out that in the summing up the free negro counts more than he did as a slave. We have planted the schoolhouse on the hill-top and made it free to white and black. We have sowed towns and cities in the place of theories, and put business above politics. We have challenged your spinners in Massachusetts and your iron-makers in Pennsylvania. We have learned that the $400,000,000 annually received from our cotton crop will make us rich when the supplies that make it are home-raised. We have reduced the commercial rate of interest from twenty-four to six per cent, and are floating four per cent bonds.

We have learned that one northern immigrant is worth fifty foreigners; and have smoothed the path to

southward, wiped out the place where Mason and Dixon's line used to be, and hung out our latch-string to you and yours. We have reached the point that marks perfect harmony in every household, when the husband confesses that the pies which his wife cooks are as good as those his mother used to bake; and we admit that the sun shines as brightly and the moon as softly as it did before the war. We have established thrift in city and country. We have fallen in love with our work. We have restored comfort to homes from which culture and elegance never departed. We have let economy take root and spread among us as rank as the crabgrass which sprung from Sherman's cavalry camps, until we are ready to lay odds on the Georgia Yankee as he manufactures relics of the battlefield in a one-story shanty and squeezes pure olive oil out of his cotton seed, against any Down-Easter that ever swapped wooden nutmegs for flannel sausage in the valleys of Vermont. Above all, we know that we have achieved in these "piping times of peace" a fuller independence for the South than that which our fathers sought to win in the forum by their eloquence or compel in the field by their swords.

It is a rare privilege, sir, to have had part, however humble, in this work. Never was nobler duty confided to human hands than the uplifting and upbuilding of the prostrate and bleeding South—misguided, perhaps, but beautiful in her suffering, and honest, brave, and generous always. In the record of her social, industrial, and political illustration we await with confidence the verdict of the world.

But what of the negro? Have we solved the prob-

lem he presents or progressed in honor and equity toward solution? Let the record speak to the point. No section shows a more prosperous laboring population than the negroes of the South, none in fuller sympathy with the employing and land-owning class. He shares our school fund, has the fullest protection of our laws and the friendship of our people. Self-interest as well as honor demand that he should have this. Our future, our very existence, depend upon working out this problem in full and exact justice.

We understand that when Lincoln signed the Emancipation Proclamation, your victory was assured, for he then committed you to the cause of human liberty, against which the arms of man cannot prevail—while those of our statesmen who trusted to make slavery the corner-stone of the Confederacy doomed us to defeat as far as they could, committing us to a cause that reason could not defend or the sword maintain in sight of advancing civilization.

Had Mr. Toombs said, which he did not say, "that he would call the roll of his slaves at the foot of Bunker Hill," he would have been foolish, for he might have known that whenever slavery became entangled in war it must perish, and that the chattel in human flesh ended forever in New England when your fathers—not to be blamed for parting with what didn't pay—sold their slaves to our fathers—not to be praised for knowing a paying thing when they saw it.

The relations of the Southern people with the negro are close and cordial. We remember with what fidelity for four years he guarded our defenceless women and children, whose husbands and fathers were fight-

ing against his freedom. To his eternal credit be it said that whenever he struck a blow for his own liberty he fought in open battle, and when at last he raised his black and humble hands that the shackles might be struck off, those hands were innocent of wrong against his helpless charges, and worthy to be taken in loving grasp by every man who honors loyalty and devotion.

Ruffians have maltreated him, rascals have misled him, philanthropists established a bank for him, but the South, with the North, protests against injustice to this simple and sincere people. To liberty and enfranchisement is as far as law can carry the negro. The rest must be left to conscience and common sense. It must be left to those among whom his lot is cast, with whom he is indissolubly connected, and whose prosperity depends upon their possessing his intelligent sympathy and confidence. Faith has been kept with him, in spite of calumnious assertions to the contrary by those who assume to speak for us or by frank opponents. Faith will be kept with him in the future, if the South holds her reason and integrity.

But have we kept faith with you? In the fullest sense, yes. When Lee surrendered—I don't say when Johnston surrendered, because I understand he still alludes to the time when he met General Sherman last as the time when he determined to abandon any further prosecution of the struggle—when Lee surrendered, I say, and Johnston quit, the South became, and has since been, loyal to this Union.

We fought hard enough to know that we were whipped, and in perfect frankness accept as final the

arbitrament of the sword to which we had appealed. The South found her jewel in the toad's head of defeat. The shackles that had held her in narrow limitations fell forever when the shackles of the negro slave were broken. Under the old régime the negroes were slaves to the South; the South was a slave to the system. The old plantation, with its simple police regulations and feudal habit, was the only type possible under slavery. Thus was gathered in the hands of a splendid and chivalric oligarchy the substance that should have been diffused among the people, as the rich blood, under certain artificial conditions, is gathered at the heart, filling that with affluent rapture, but leaving the body chill and colorless.

The old South rested everything on slavery and agriculture, unconscious that these could neither give nor maintain healthy growth. The new South presents a perfect democracy, the oligarchs leading in the popular movement—a social system compact and closely knitted, less splendid on the surface, but stronger at the core—a hundred farms for every plantation, fifty homes for every palace—and a diversified industry that meets the complex need of this complex age.

The new South is enamored of her new work. Her soul is stirred with the breath of a new life. The light of a grander day is falling fair on her face. She is thrilling with the consciousness of growing power and prosperity. As she stands upright, full statured and equal among the people of the earth, breathing the keen air and looking out upon the expanded horizon, she understands that her emancipation came because

through the inscrutable wisdom of God her honest purpose was crossed, and her brave armies were beaten.

This is said in no spirit of time-serving or apology. The South has nothing for which to apologize. She believes that the late struggle between the States was war and not rebellion; revolution and not conspiracy, and that her convictions were as honest as yours. I should be unjust to the dauntless spirit of the South and to my own convictions if I did not make this plain in this presence. The South has nothing to take back. In my native town of Athens is a monument that crowns its central hill—a plain, white shaft. Deep cut into its shining side is a name dear to me above the names of men—that of a brave and simple man who died in a brave and simple faith. Not for all the glories of New England, from Plymouth Rock all the way, would I exchange the heritage he left me in his soldier's death. To the foot of that I shall send my children's children to reverence him who ennobled their name with his heroic blood. But, sir, speaking from the shadow of that memory which I honor as I do nothing else on earth, I say that the cause in which he suffered and for which he gave his life was adjudged by higher and fuller wisdom than his or mine, and I am glad that the omniscient God held the balance of battle in his Almighty hand and that human slavery was swept forever from American soil, the American Union was saved from the wreck of war.

This message, Mr. President, comes to you from consecrated ground. Every foot of soil about the city

in which I live is as sacred as a battle-ground of the republic. Every hill that invests it is hallowed to you by the blood of your brothers who died for your victory, and doubly hallowed to us by the blood of those who died hopeless, but undaunted in defeat—sacred soil to all of us—rich with memories that make us purer and stronger and better—silent but staunch witnesses, in its red desolation, of the matchless valor of American hearts and the deathless glory of American arms—speaking an eloquent witness in its white peace and prosperity to the indissoluble union of American States and the imperishable brotherhood of the American people.

Now, what answer has New England to this message? Will she permit the prejudice of war to remain in the hearts of the conquerors when it has died in the hearts of the conquered? Will she transmit this prejudice to the next generation that in their hearts which never felt the generous ardor of conflict it may perpetuate itself? Will she withhold, save in strained courtesy, the hand which, straight from his soldier's heart, Grant offered to Lee at Appomattox? Will she make the vision of a restored and happy people, which gathered above the couch of your dying captain, filling his heart with grace; touching his lips with praise, and glorifying his path to the grave—will she make this vision on which the last sign of his expiring soul breathed a benediction, a cheat and delusion. If she does the South, never abject in asking for comradeship, must accept with dignity its refusal; but if she does not refuse to accept in frankness and sincerity this message of good will and friendship, then will the

prophecy of Webster, delivered in this very Society forty years ago amid tremendous applause, become true, be verified in its fullest sense, when he said: "Standing hand to hand and clasping hands, we should remain united as we have been for sixty years citizens of the same country, members of the same government united, all united now and forever." There have been difficulties, contentions, and controversies, but I tell you that in my judgment—

> ——"those opened eyes,
> Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
> All of one nature, of one substance bred,
> Did lately meet in th' intestine shock,
> Shall now, in mutual well-beseeming ranks,
> March all one way."

Lodge, Henry C., an American politician and historian, born in Boston, Mass., May 12, 1850. Studying law he was admitted to the bar in 1876, and lectured on American history at Harvard University, 1876-79. From 1873 to 1879 he edited the North American Review. He sat two terms in the Massachusetts Legislature, 1880-81, and entered Congress as a Republican Representative in 1886. Since 1893 he has been a member of the United States Senate, and conspicuous there as a frequent and able debater. He is a strong partisan and an ardent exponent of expansionist ideas. He is the author of numerous histories and biographies and both as writer and speaker exhibits a polished style. His oration on Daniel Webster is fairly representative.

ORATION ON DANIEL WEBSTER.

DELIVERED AT THE UNVEILING OF HIS STATUE IN WASHINGTON, JANUARY 18, 1900.

STATUES and monuments can justify their existence on only two grounds—the nature of the subject they commemorate or as works of art. They ought, of course, to possess both qualifications in the fullest measure. Theoretically, at least, a great art should ever illustrate and should always have a great subject.

But art cannot command at will a fit subject, and it is therefore fortunately true that if the art be great it is its own all-sufficient warrant for existence. That Michael Angelo's unsurpassed figure called "Meditation" should be in theory a portrait statue and bear the name of one of the most worthless of the evil Medicean race is, after all, of slight moment. The immortal

art remains to delight and to uplift every one who looks upon it with considerate eyes; and it matters little that all the marvellous figures which the chapel of the Medici enshrines were commanded and carved in order to keep alive the memory of a family steeped in crime and a curse to every people among whom they came.

On the other hand, hard as it often is, we can endure bad art if there be no question that the great man or the shining deed deserves the commemoration of bronze or marble. But when the art is bad and the subject unworthy or ephemeral, then the monument, as was said of Sir John Vanbrugh's palaces, is simply a heavy load to the patient earth and an offence to the eyes of succeeding generations.

In these days the world sins often and grievously in this way, and is much given to the raising of monuments, too frequently upon trifling provocation. Yet the fault lies not in the mere multiplication of monuments. The genius of Greece and of the Renaissance multiplied statues, and very wisely, too, because art then was at once splendid and exuberant. But great sculptors and painters are as few now as they were plentiful in the age of Phidias or of Michael Angelo and Donatello, and we erect statues and monuments with a prodigal hand chiefly because we are very rich, and because mechanical appliances have made easy the molding of metal and the carving of stone.

It behooves us, therefore, not only to choose with care artists who can give us work worthy for posterity to look upon, but also to avoid recklessness in rearing monuments upon slight grounds. At present there

seems no disposition to heed these salutary principles. The cities and towns of Europe and of England swarm with modern statues and monuments, as a rule ugly or commonplace, too often glaring and vulgar, and very frequently erected to the memory and the glory of the illustrious obscure and of the parish hero.

We Americans sin less numerously, I think, in these respects than the Old World, but we follow their practice none the less and with many melancholy results. We should break away from the example of Europe and realize that the erection of an enduring monument in a public place is a very serious matter. We should seek out the best artists and should permit no monuments to deeds or to men who do not deserve them and who will not themselves be monumental in history and before the eyes of posterity.

Here in Washington, especially, we should bear this principle in mind, for this is the city of the nation, and it should have no place for local glories or provincial heroes. Yet even here we have been so careless that while we have given space to one or more statues of estimable persons, the fact of whose existence will be known only by their effigies, we have found as yet no place for a statue of Hamilton, the greatest constructive statesman of our history, or of the great soldier whose genius made the campaign of Vicksburg rival that of Ulm.

To-day no such doubts or criticisms need haunt or perplex us. We can thank the artist who has conceived, and most unreservedly can we thank the generous and public spirited citizen of New Hampshire who has given the statue which we unveil this morn-

ing. If anyone among our statesmen has a title to a statute in Washington it is Daniel Webster, for this is the national capital, and no man was ever more national in his conceptions and his achievements than he.

Born and bred in New Hampshire, which first elected him to the House, he long represented Massachusetts, the State of his adoption, in the Congress of the United States, and thus two historic Commonwealths cherish his memory. But much as he loved them both, his public service was given to the nation, and so given that no man doubts his title to a statue here in this city. Why is there neither doubt nor question as to Webster's right to this great and lasting honor half a century after his death?

If we cannot answer this question so plainly that he who runs may read, then we unveil our own ignorance when we unveil his statue and leave the act without excuse. I shall try, briefly, to put the answer to this essential question into words. We all feel in our hearts and minds the reply that should be made. It has fallen to me to give expression to that feeling.

What, then, are the real reasons for the great place which Webster fills in our history? I do not propose to answer this question by reviewing the history of his time or by retelling his biography. Both history and biography contain the answer, yet neither is the answer. They are indeed much more, for they carry with them, of necessity, everything concerning the man, his strength and his weakness, his virtues and his defects, all the criticism, all the differences of opinion which such a career was sure to arouse and which such an influence upon his country and upon its

thought, upon his own time and upon the future, was equally sure to generate.

There is a place for all this, but not here to-day. We do not raise a monument to Webster upon debatable grounds, and thus make it the silent champion of one side of a dead controversy. We do not set up his statue because he changed his early opinions upon the tariff, because he remained in Tyler's cabinet after that President's quarrel with the Whigs, or because he made upon the 7th of March a speech about which men have differed always and probably always will differ. Still less do we place here his graven image in memory of his failings or his shortcomings. History, with her cool hands, will put all these things into her scales and mete out her measure with calm, unflinching eyes. But this is history's task, not ours, and we raise this statue on other grounds.

> "Not ours to gauge the more or less,
> The will's defect, the blood's excess,
> The earthy humors that oppress
> The radiant mind.
> His greatness, not his littleness,
> Concerns mankind."

To his greatness, then, we rear this monument. In what does that greatness, acknowledged by all, unquestioned and undenied by any one, consist? Is it in the fact that he held high office? He was a brilliant member of Congress; for nineteen years a great senator; twice Secretary of State. But "the peerage solicited him, not he the peerage."

Tenure of office is nothing, no matter how high the place. A name recorded in the list of holders of high

office is little better than one writ in water if the office-holding be all. We do not raise this statue to the member of Congress, to the senator of the United States, or to the Secretary of State, but to Daniel Webster.

That which concerns us is what he did with these great places which were given to him; for to him, as to all others, they were mere opportunities. What did he do with these large opportunities? Still more, what did he do with the splendid faculties which nature gave him? In the answer lies the greatness which lifts him out of the ranks and warrants statues to his memory.

First, then, of those qualities which he inherited from the strong New England stock that gave him birth, and which Nature, the fairy who stands by every cradle, poured out upon him. How generous, how lavish she was to that "infant crying in the night; that infant crying for the light" in the rough frontier village of New Hampshire a hundred and eighteen years ago. She gave him the strong, untainted blood of a vigorous race—the English Puritans—who in the New World had been for five generations fighting the hard battle of existence against the wilderness and the savage.

His father was a high type of this class, a farmer and a frontiersman, a pioneer and Indian fighter, then a soldier of the Revolution. On guard the night of Arnold's treason, Washington in that dark hour declared that Captain Webster was a man who could be trusted; simple words, but an order of merit higher and more precious than any glowing ribbon or shining

star. So fathered and so descended, the child was endowed with physical attributes at once rare and inestimable.

When developed into manhood he was of commanding stature and seemed always even larger and taller than he really was. Strong, massive, and handsome, he stood before his fellow men looking upon them with wonderful eyes, if we may judge from all that those who saw him tell us. "Dull anthracite furnaces under overhanging brows, waiting only to be blown," says Carlyle, and those deep-set, glowing eyes pursue us still in all that we read of Webster, just as they seemed to haunt everyone who looked upon them in life.

When in a burst of passion or of solemn eloquence he fixed his eyes upon his hearers, each man in a vast audience felt that the burning glance rested upon him alone and that there was no escape.

Above the eyes were the high, broad brow and the great leonine head; below them the massive jaw and the firm mouth "accurately closed." All was in keeping.

No one could see him and not be impressed. The English navvy with his "There goes a king," Sydney Smith, who compared Webster to "a walking cathedral," and the great Scotchman, harsh in judgment and grudging of praise, who set him down as a "Parliamentary Hercules," all alike felt the subduing force of that personal presence.

Look upon some of the daguerreotypes taken of him in his old age, when the end was near. I think the face is one of the most extraordinary, in its dark power

and tragic sadness, of all the heads which any form of human portraiture has preserved. So imposing was he that when he rose to speak, even on the most unimportant occasions, he looked, as Parton says, like "Jupiter in a yellow waistcoat," and even if he uttered nothing but commonplaces, or if he merely sat still, such was his "might and majesty" that all who listened felt that every phrase was charged with deep and solemn meaning, and all who gazed at him were awed and impressed. Add to all this a voice of great compass, with deep organ tones, and we have an assemblage of physical gifts concentrated in this one man which would have sufficed to have made even common abilities seem splendid.

But the abilities were far from common. The intellect within answered to the outward vesture. Very early does it appear when we hear of "Webster's boy" lifted upon a stone wall to read or recite to the teamsters stopping to water their horses near the Webster farm. They were a rough, hardy set, but there was something in the child with the great dark eyes that held them and made them listen. And the father, gallant and quite pathetic soul, with a dumb and very manifest love of higher things, resolved that this boy should have all the advantages which had been denied to himself.

Like the Scottish peasants, who toiled and moiled and pinched and saved that their boy might go to the university to cultivate learning on a little oatmeal, so with many silent sacrifices Ebenezer Webster sent his son to school and college and gave him every opportunity the little State afforded. The boy was not slow

to make the most of all that was thus opened to him. The dormant talents grew and burgeoned in the congenial soil. Love of books made him their reader and master. Rare powers of memory and of acquisition showed themselves; a strong imagination led him to the great makers of verse, and natural taste took him to the masters of style, both in English and Latin.

When he passed out of college his capacity for work brought him hardly earned pittances as a school teacher, and then carried him through the toilsome, early stages of the law.

As he advanced, the eager delight of acquisition was succeeded, as is ever the case, by the passionate desire for expression, and soon the signs come of the power of analysis, of the instinct of lucid statement at once so clear and so forcible as to amount to demonstration. We see before us as we study those early years the promise of the great master of words to whom a whole nation was one day to listen.

And with all these gifts, physical and mental, possibly, but not necessarily, the outcome of them all, we see that Webster had that indefinable quality which for lack of a better name we call "charm." He exercised a fascination upon men and women alike, upon old and young, upon all who came in contact with him. When as a boy he returned from the country fair, his mother said to him, "Daniel, what did you do with your quarter?"

"Spent it."

"Ezekiel, what did you do with yours?"

"Lent it to Daniel."

As with the elder brother then, so it was through

life. Webster strode along the pathway of his great career in solemn state, and there were always people about him ready to lend to him and to give to him; not money, merely, but love and loyalty and service, ungrudging and unreasoning, without either question or hope of reward. A wonderful power this, as impalpable as the tints of the rainbow, and yet as certain as the sun which paints the colors on the clouds and makes all mankind look toward them for the bow of hope and promise.

So he went on and up from the college, the schoolhouse, and the country jury, until he stood at the head of the American bar before the supreme court of the nation. On and up he went, from the early, florid orations of youth until he became the first orator of his time, without superior or rival. He frightened and disappointed his father by refusing the safe harbor of a clerk of court, and strode onward and upward until he stood at the head of the Senate and directed from the State Department the foreign policy of his country. Up and on from the farmhouse and the schoolhouse, from the stone wall whence he read to the rude audience of teamsters, to the times when thousands hung upon his words, when he created public opinion and shaped the political thought of his nation.

What a triumphant progress it was, and of it all what now remains to make men say fifty years after his death that he merits not only a statue but lasting remembrance? Is it to be found in his success as a great advocate and lawyer, the acknowledged head of his profession? There is nothing which demands or

calls forth greater intellectual powers or larger mental resources than the highest success at the bar, and yet no reputation is more evanescent. The decisions of judges remain and become part of the law of the land, lasting monuments of the learning and the thought which brought them forth. But the arguments which enlightened courts, which swayed juries, upon which public attention was fixed in admiration, fade almost in the hour, while the brilliant lawyer who uttered them soon becomes a tradition and a memory.

We must look beyond his triumphs at the bar to find the Webster of history. Beyond his work as a lawmaker, also, for, although he had a lion's share in the legislation of his time, it is not as a constructive statesman that he lives for us to-day. In the first rank as a lawmaker and as a lawyer, something very great must remain behind if we can readily and justly set aside such claims as these and say the highest remembrance rests on other grounds.

Yet such is the case, and the first, but the lesser, of these other grounds is his power of speech. Eminent as a legislator, still more distinguished as a lawyer, Webster was supreme as an orator. I had occasion some years ago to make a very careful study of Webster's speeches and orations. I read with them, and in strict comparison, all that was best in Greek, Latin, French, and English oratory, and all that is best and finest—I do not say all that is fine and good—is to be found in those four languages. Webster stood the comparison without need of deduction or apology. I do not think that I am influenced by national feeling, for my object was to exclude the historical as well

as the personal valuation, and to reach a real estimate.

When all was done, it seemed to me that Webster was unequalled. I am sure that he is unsurpassed as an orator. There was no need for him to put pebbles in his mouth to cure stammering, or to rehearse his speeches on the seashore in conflict with the noise of the wave. He had from the hand of nature all the graces of person and presence, of voice and delivery, which the most exacting critic could demand, and these natural gifts were trained, enhanced, and perfected by years of practice in the Senate, the court-room, and before the people.

In what he said he always had distinction—rarest of qualities—and he had also the great manner, just as Milton has it in verse. To lucid statement, to that simplicity in discussion which modern times demand for practical questions, to nervous force, he added, at his best, wealth of imagery, richness of diction, humor, and pathos, all combined with the power of soaring on easy wing to the loftiest flights of eloquence. Above all he had that highest quality, the "σπουδαιότην" or high and excellent seriousness which Aristotle sets down as one of the supreme virtues of poetry, and without which neither oratory nor poetry can attain to supremacy.

Charles Fox was the author of the famous aphorism that "no good speech ever read well." This is the declaration in epigrammatic form that the speech which is prepared like an essay and read or recited, which, in other words, is literature before it is oratory, is not thoroughly good, and of the soundness of the

doctrine there can be, I think, no doubt. But this proposition is not without its dangers.

Charles Fox lived up to his own principle. He was, in my opinion, the greatest of English orators at the moment of speech, but he is little read and seldom quoted now. What he said has faded from the minds of men despite its enchanting, its enormous effect at the moment.

On the other hand, the speech which is literature before it is spoken is ineffective or only partially effective at the moment, and if it is read afterwards, however much we may enjoy the essay, we never mistake it for the genuine eloquence of the spoken word. Macaulay is an example of this latter class, as Fox is of the former. Macaulay's speeches are essays, eloquent and rhetorical, but still essays, literature, and not speeches. He was listened to with interest and delight, but he was not a great parliamentary debater or speaker.

The highest oratory, therefore, must combine in exact balance the living force and freshness of the spoken word with the literary qualities which alone ensure endurance. The best examples of this perfection are to be found in the world of imagination, in the two speeches of Brutus and Mark Antony in the play of Julius Cæsar. They are speeches and nothing else—one cool, stately, reasonable; the other a passionate, revolutionary appeal, hot from the heart and pouring from the lips with unpremeditated art, and yet they both have the literary quality, absolutely supreme in this instance, because Shakespeare wrote them.

It is not the preparation or even the writing out be-

forehand, therefore, which makes a speech into an essay, for these things can both be done without detracting from the spontaneity, without dulling the sound of the voice which the wholly great speech must have, even on the printed page. The speech loses when the literary quality becomes predominant, and absolute success as high as it is rare comes only from the nice balance of the two essential ingredients.

You find this balance, this combination, in Demosthenes and Isocrates, although I venture to think that those two great masters lean, if at all, too much to the literary side. In Cicero, although in matter and manner the best judges would rank him below the Greek masters, the combination is quite perfect. One of his most famous speeches, it is said, was never delivered at all, and none the less it is a speech and nothing else, instinct with life and yet with the impalpable literary feeling all through it, the perfect production of a very beautiful and subtle art.

Among English orators Burke undoubtedly comes nearest to the union of the two qualities, and while the words of Fox and Pitt are unread and unquoted, except by students, Burke's gorgeous sentences are recited and repeated by successive generations. Yet there is no doubt that Burke erred on the literary side, and we find the proof of it in the fact that he often spoke to empty benches, and that Goldsmith could say of him:

> "Too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
> And thought of convincing while they thought of dining."

Burke was a literary man as well as an orator and a statesman. Webster was not a literary man at all.

He never wrote books or essays, although, in Dr. Johnson's phrase, he had literature and loved it. He was an orator, pure and simple; his speeches, good, bad, or indifferent, are speeches—never essays or anything but speeches—and yet upon all alike is the literary touch. In all is the fine literary quality, always felt, never seen, ever present, never obtrusive. He had the combination of Shakespeare's Brutus or Antony, of Demosthenes or Cicero, and when he rose to his greatest heights he reached a place beyond the fear of rivalry.

Would you have a practical proof and exhibition of this fact, turn to any serious and large debate in Congress, and you will find Webster constantly quoted, as he is in every session, quoted twenty times as often as any other public man in our history. He said many profound, many luminous, many suggestive things; he was an authority on many policies and on the interpretation of the constitution. But there have been others of whom all this might be said; there were kings before Agamemnon, but they are rarely quoted, while Webster is quoted constantly.

He had strong competitors in his own day and in his own field, able, acute, and brilliant men. He rose superior to them, I think, in his lifetime, but now that they are all dead Webster is familiar to hundreds to whom his rivals are little more than names. So far as familiarity in the mouths of men goes, it is Eclipse first and the rest nowhere. It is the rare combination of speech and literature; it is the literary quality, the literary savor, which keeps what Webster said fresh, strong, and living. When we open the volumes of his

speeches it is not like unrolling the wrappings of an Egyptian mummy, to find within a dried and shrivelled form, a faint perfume alone surviving to faintly recall the vanished days, as when—

"Some queen, long dead, was young,"

Rather it is like the opening of Charlemagne's tomb, when his imperial successor started back before the enthroned figure of the great emperor looking out upon him, instinct with life under the red glare of the torches.

Let us apply another and surer test. How many speeches to a jury in a criminal trial possessing neither political nor public interest survive in fresh remembrance seventy years after their delivery? I confess I can think of no jury speeches of any kind which stand this ordeal except, in a limited way, some speeches of Erskine, and those all have the advantage of historical significance, dealing as they do with constitutional and political questions of great moment. But there is one of Webster's speeches to a jury which lives to-day, and no more crucial test could be applied than the accomplishment of such a feat. The White murder case was simply a criminal trial, without a vestige of historical, political, or general public interest. Yet Webster's speech for the prosecution has been read and recited until wellnigh hackneyed. It is in readers and manuals; and is still declaimed by schoolboys. Some of its phrases are familiar quotations and have passed into general speech. Let me recall a single passage:

"He has done the murder. No eye has seen him;

no ear has heard him. The secret is his own, and it is safe.

"Ah, gentlemen, that was a dreadful mistake. Such a secret can be safe nowhere. The whole creation of God has neither nook nor corner where the guilty can bestow it and say it is safe. . . . A thousand eyes turn at once to explore every man, everything, every circumstance connected with the time and place; a thousand ears catch every whisper; a thousand excited minds intensely dwell on the scene, shedding all their light, and ready to kindle the slightest circumstance into a blaze of discovery. Meantime the guilty soul cannot keep its own secret. It is false to itself; or, rather, it feels an irresistible impulse of conscience to be true to itself. It labors under its guilty possession, and knows not what to do with it. The human heart was not made for the residence of such an inhabitant. It finds itself preyed on by a torment which it dares not acknowledge to God or man. A vulture is devouring it, and it can ask no sympathy or assistance either from heaven or earth. The secret which the murderer possesses soon comes to possess him, and, like the evil spirit of which we read, it overcomes him, and leads him withersoever it will. He feels it beating at his heart, rising to his throat, and demanding disclosure. He thinks the whole world sees it in his face, reads it in his eyes, and almost hears its workings in the very silence of his thoughts. It has become his master. It betrays his discretion, it breaks down his courage, it conquers his prudence. When suspicions from without begin to embarrass him and the net of circumstance to entangle

him, the fatal secret struggles with still greater violence to burst forth.' It must be confessed; it will be confessed. There is no refuge from confession but suicide, and suicide is confession."

Those are words spoken to men not written for them. It is a speech and nothing else and yet we feel all through it the literary value and quality which make it imperishable.

Take another example. When Webster stood one summer morning on the ramparts of Quebec and heard the sound of drums and saw the English troops on parade, the thought of England's vast world-empire come strongly to his mind. The thought was very natural under the circumstances, not at all remarkable nor in the least original. Some years later, in a speech in the Senate, he put his thought into words, and this, as everyone knows, is the way he did it:

"A Power which has dotted over the surface of the whole globe with her possessions and military posts, whose morning drumbeat, following the sun and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England."

The sentence has followed the drumbeat round the world, and has been repeated in England and in the Antipodes by men who never heard of Webster and probably did not know that this splendid description of the British empire was due to an American. It is not the thought which has carried these words so far

through time and space. It is the beauty of the imagery and the magic of the style.

Let me take one more very simple example of the quality which distinguishes Webster's speeches above those of others, which makes his words and serious thoughts live on when others, equally weighty and serious, perhaps, sleep or die. In his first Bunker Hill oration he apostrophized the monument, just as any-one else might have tried to do, and this is what he said:

"Let it rise, let it rise till it meet the sun in his coming; let the earliest light of morning gild it, and parting day linger and play on its summit."

Here the thought is nothing, the style everything. No one can repeat those words and be deaf to their music or insensible to the rhythm and beauty of the prose with the Saxon words relieved just sufficiently by the Latin derivatives.

The ease with which it is done may be due to training, but the ability to do it comes from natural gifts which, as Goethe says, "we value more as we get older because they cannot be stuck on." Possibly to some people it may seem very simple to utter such a sentence as I have quoted. To them I can only repeat what Scott says somewhere about Swift's style, perhaps the purest and strongest we have in the language. "Swift's style," said Scott, "seems so simple that one would think any child might write like him, and yet if we try we find to our despair that it is impossible."

Such, then, were the qualities which in their perfect

combination put Webster among the very few who stand forth as the world's greatest orators. In this age of ours when the tendency is to overpraise commonplace work, to mistake notoriety for fame, and advertisement for reputation, it is of inestimable worth to a people to have as one of their own possessions such a master of speech, such a standard of distinction and of real excellence as we find in Webster, Such an orator deserves a statue.

But there is yet another ground, deeper and more serious than this. Webster deserves a statue for what he represented, for the message he delivered, and for that for which he still stands and will always stand before his countrymen and in the cold, clear light of history.

He was born just at the end of the war of the Revolution, when the country was entering upon the period of disintegration and impotence known as that of the Confederaion. He was too young to understand and to feel those bitter years of struggle and decline which culminated in the adoption of the constitution. But the first impressions of his boyhood must have been of the prosperity, strength, and honor which came from the new instrument of government and from the better union of the States. His father followed his old chief in politics as he had in the field, and Webster grew up a Federalist, a supporter of Washington, Hamilton, and Adams and of the leaders of their party.

As he came to manhood he saw the first assault upon the national principle in the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions. He had entered public life when the sec-

ond attack came in the movement which ended with the Hartford Convention, and with which, New England Federalist as he was, he could feel no sympathy. Again fifteen years passed and the third assault was delivered in the Nullification doctrines of South Carolina.

Webster was then at the zenith of his powers, and he came forward as the defender of the constitution. In the reply to Hayne he reached the highest point in parliamentary oratory and left all rivals far behind. He argued his case with consummate skill, both legally and historically. But he did far more than this. He was not merely the great orator defending the constitution, he was the champion of the national principle. Whether the constitution was at the outset an experiment or not, whether it was a contract from which each or all of the signatories could withdraw at will, was secondary. The great fact was that the constitution had done its work. It had made a nation. Webster stood forth in the Senate and before the country as the exponent of that fact and as the defender of the nation's life against the attacks of separatism. This was his message to his time. This was his true mission. In that cause he spoke as none had ever spoken before and with a splendor of eloquence and a force of argument to which no one else could attain.

It is not to be supposed for an instant that Webster discovered the fact that the constitution had made a nation or that he first and alone proclaimed a new creed to an unthinking generation. His service was equally great, but widely different from this. The great mass of the American people felt dumbly, dimly perhaps,

but none the less deeply and surely, that they had made a nation some day to be a great nation, and they meant to remain such and not sink into divided and petty republics.

This profound feeling of the popular heart Webster not only represented, but put into words. No slight service this, if rightly considered; no little marvel this capacity to change thought into speech, to give expression to the feelings and hopes of a people and crystallize them forever in words fit for such a use. To this power, indeed, we owe a large part of the world's greatest literature. The myths and legends of Greece were of no one man's invention. They were children of the popular imaginings—vague, varying—floating hither and thither, like the mists of the mountains. But Homer touched them, and they started up into a beautiful, immortal life, to delight and charm untold generations. Æschylus and Sophocles put them upon the stage, and they became types of the sorrows of humanity and of the struggle of man with fate. The Sagas of the far north, confused and diffuse, but full of poetry and imagination, slumbered until the Minnesingers wove them into the Niebelungen Lied and again until a great composer set them before our eyes, so that all men could see their beauty and pathos and read their deeper meanings. Sir Thomas Mallory rescued the Arthurian legends from chaos, and in our own day a great poet has turned them into forms which make their beauty clear to the world. Thus popular imaginings, dumb for the most part, finding at best only a rude expression, have been touched by the hand of genius and live forever.

So in politics Jefferson embodied in the Declaration of Independence the feelings of the American people and sounded to the world the first note in the great march of Democracy, which then began. The "Marseillaise," in words and music burned with the spirit of the French Revolution and inspired the armies which swept over Europe.

Thus Webster gave form and expression, at once noble and moving, to the national sentiment of his people. In what he said men saw clearly what they themselves thought, but which they could no express. That sentiment grew and strengthened with every hour, when men had only to repeat his words, in order to proclaim the creed in which they believed; and after he was dead Webster was heard again in the deep roar of the Union guns from Sumter to Appomattox.

His message, delivered as he alone could deliver it, was potent in inspiring the American people to the terrible sacrifices by which they saved the nation when he slept silent in his grave at Marshfield. Belief in the Union and the constitution, because they meant national greatness and national life, was the great dominant conviction of Webster's life. It was part of his temperament. He loved the outer world, the vast expanses of sea and sky, all that was large and unfettered in nature. So he admired great States and empires and had little faith in small ones or in the happiness or worth of a nation which has no history and which fears its fate too much to put its fortune to the touch when the accepted time has come.

It was not merely that as a statesman he saw the misery and degradation which would come from the

breaking of the Union as well as the progressive disintegration which was sure to follow, but the very thought of it came home to him with the sharpness of a personal grief which was almost agonizing. When, in the 7th of March speech, he cried out, "What States are to secede? What is to remain American? What am I to be?" a political opponent said the tone of the last question made him shudder as if some dire calamity was at hand. The greatness of the United States filled his mind. He had not the length of days accorded to Lord Bathurst, but the angel of dreams had unrolled to him the future, and the vision was ever before his eyes.

This passionate love of his country, this dream of her future, inspired his greatest efforts, where even the chief cause at the end of his life of his readiness to make sacrifices of principle which would only have helped forward what he dreaded most, but which he believed would save that for which he cared most deeply. In a period when great forces were at work which in their inevitable conflict threatened the existence of the Union of States, Webster stands out above all others as the champion, as the very embodiment of the national life and the national faith. More than any other man of that time he called forth the sentiment more potent than all reasonings which saved the nation. It was a great work, greatly done, with all the resources of a powerful intellect and with an eloquence rarely heard among men. We may put aside all his other achievements, all his other claims to remembrance, and inscribe alone upon the base of his statue the words uttered in the Senate, "Liberty and

Union, now and forever, one and inseparable." That single sentence recalls all the noble speeches which breathed only the greatness of the country and the prophetic vision which looked with undazzled gaze into a still greater future. No other words are wanted for a man who so represented and so expressed the faith and hopes of a nation. His statue needs no other explanation so long as the nation he served and the Union he loved shall last.

Ingersoll, Robert G., a noted American lawyer and orator, born at Dresden, N. Y., August 11, 1833; died at Dobbs Ferry, N. Y., July 21, 1899. He studied law and after being admitted to the bar in 1854 began the practice of his profession at Shawneetown, Illinois. He was a cavalry colonel in the Union army during the Civil War, and in 1866 was attorney-general of Illinois. He removed to Washington, D. C., in 1878, and to New York City in 1885. He was an able, brilliant lawyer, and was conspicuous as a lecturer for a long period, attracting much attention because of his iconoclastic handling of religious topics. Ingersoll was a shallow thinker but an eloquent speaker, and as a political orator was highly esteemed by many who dissented entirely from his freethinking opinions. Among his most noted addresses are the oration at his brother's grave, and his speech upon "Blaine, the Plumed Knight."

BLAINE, THE PLUMED KNIGHT.

NOMINATING SPEECH IN THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION AT CINCINNATI, JUNE 15, 1876.

Massachusetts may be satisfied with the loyalty of Benjamin H. Bristow; so am I; but if any man nominated by this convention cannot carry the State of Massachusetts I am not satisfied with the loyalty of that State. If the nominee of this convention cannot carry the grand old Commonwealth of Massachusetts by seventy-five thousand majority, I would advise them to sell out Faneuil Hall as a Democratic headquarters. I would advise them to take from Bunker Hill that old monument of glory.

The Republicans of the United States demand as their leader in the great contest of 1876 a man of intellect, a man of integrity, a man of well-known and approved political opinion. They demand a states-

* From the "New York Times," June 16, 1876.

man. They demand a reformer after, as well as before, the election. They demand a politician in the highest and broadest and best sense of that word. They demand a man acquainted with public affairs—with the wants of the people—with not only the requirements of the hour, but with the demands of the future.

They demand a man broad enough to comprehend the relations of this government to the other nations of the earth. They demand a man well versed in the powers, duties, and prerogatives of each and every department of this government.

They demand a man who will sacredly preserve the financial honor of the United States—one who knows enough to know that the national debt must be paid through the prosperity of this people. One who knows enough to know that all the financial theories in the world cannot redeem a single dollar. One who knows enough to know that all the money must be made, not by law, but by labor. One who knows enough to know that the people of the United States have the industry to make the money and the honor to pay it over just as fast as they make it.

The Republicans of the United States demand a man who knows that prosperity and resumption, when they come, must come together. When they come they will come hand in hand through the golden harvest fields; hand in hand by the whirling spindle and the turning wheel; hand in hand past the open furnace doors; hand in hand by the flaming forges; hand in hand by the chimneys filled with eager fire by the hands of the countless sons of toil.

This money has got to be dug out of the earth. You cannot make it by passing resolutions in a political meeting.

The Republicans of the United States want a man who knows that this government should protect every citizen at home and abroad; who knows that any government that will defend its defenders and will not protect its protectors is a disgrace to the map of the world. They demand a man who believes in the eternal separation and divorcement of church and school. They demand a man whose political reputation is spotless as a star; but they do not demand that their candidate shall have a certificate of moral character signed by a Confederate Congress. The man who has in full-heaped and rounded measure all of these splendid qualifications is the present grand and gallant leader of the Republican party—James G. Blaine.

Our country, crowned with the vast and marvellous achievements of its first century, asks for a man worthy of her past—prophetic of her future; asks for a man who has the audacity of genius; asks for a man who is the grandest combination of heart, conscience, and brains beneath the flag. That man is James G. Blaine.

For the Republican host led by that intrepid man there can be no such thing as defeat.

This is a grand year: a year filled with the recollections of the Revolution; filled with proud and tender memories of the sacred past; filled with the legends of liberty; a year in which the sons of freedom will drink from the fountain of enthusiasm; a year in

which the people call for a man who has preserved in Congress what our soldiers won upon the field; a year in which we call for the man who has torn from the throat of treason the tongue of slander—a man that has snatched the mask of Democracy from the hideous face of Rebellion—a man who, like an intellectual athlete, stood in the arena of debate, challenged all comers, and who, up to the present moment, is a total stranger to defeat.

Like an armed warrior, like a plumed knight, James G. Blaine marched down the halls of the American Congress and threw his shining lances full and fair against the brazen foreheads of every defamer of his country and maligner of its honor.

For the Republican party to desert a gallant man now is worse than if an army should desert their general upon the field of battle.

James G. Blaine is now, and has been for years, the bearer of the sacred standard of the Republic. I call it sacred because no human being can stand beneath its folds without becoming, and without remaining free.

Gentlemen of the Convention, in the name of the great Republic, the only republic that ever existed upon this earth; in the name of all her defenders and of all her supporters; in the name of all her soldiers living; in the name of all her soldiers who died upon the field of battle; and in the name of those who perished in the skeleton clutch of famine at Andersonville and Libby, whose sufferings he so eloquently remembers, Illinois nominates for the next President of this country that prince of parliamentarians, that leader of leaders, James G. Blaine.